



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

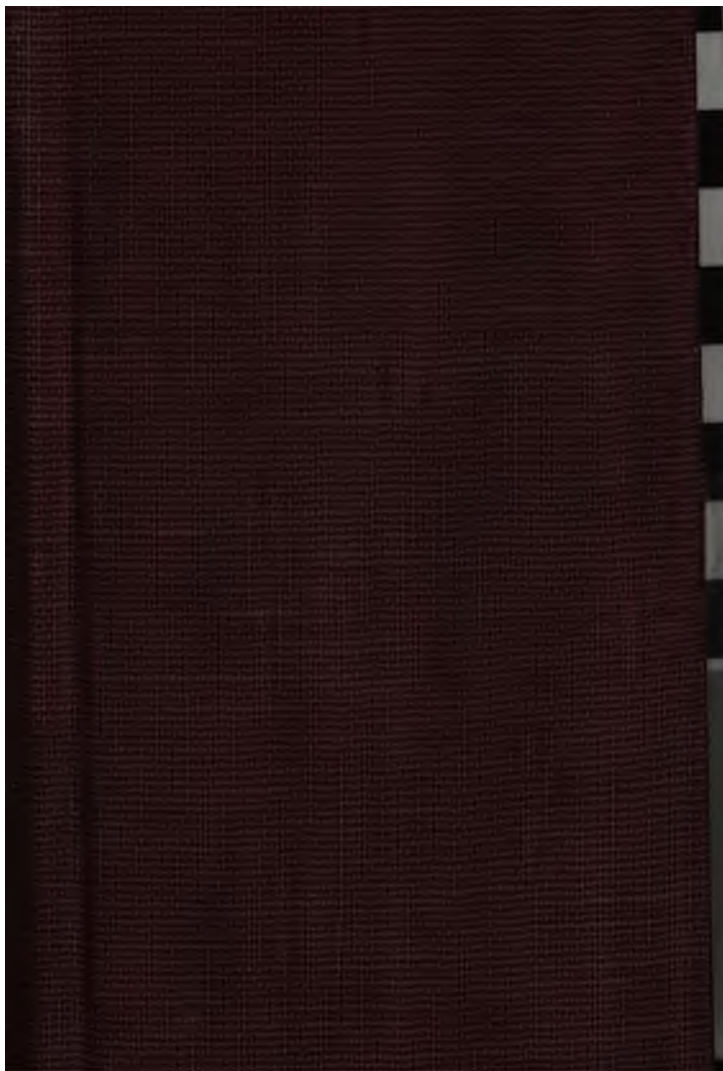
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



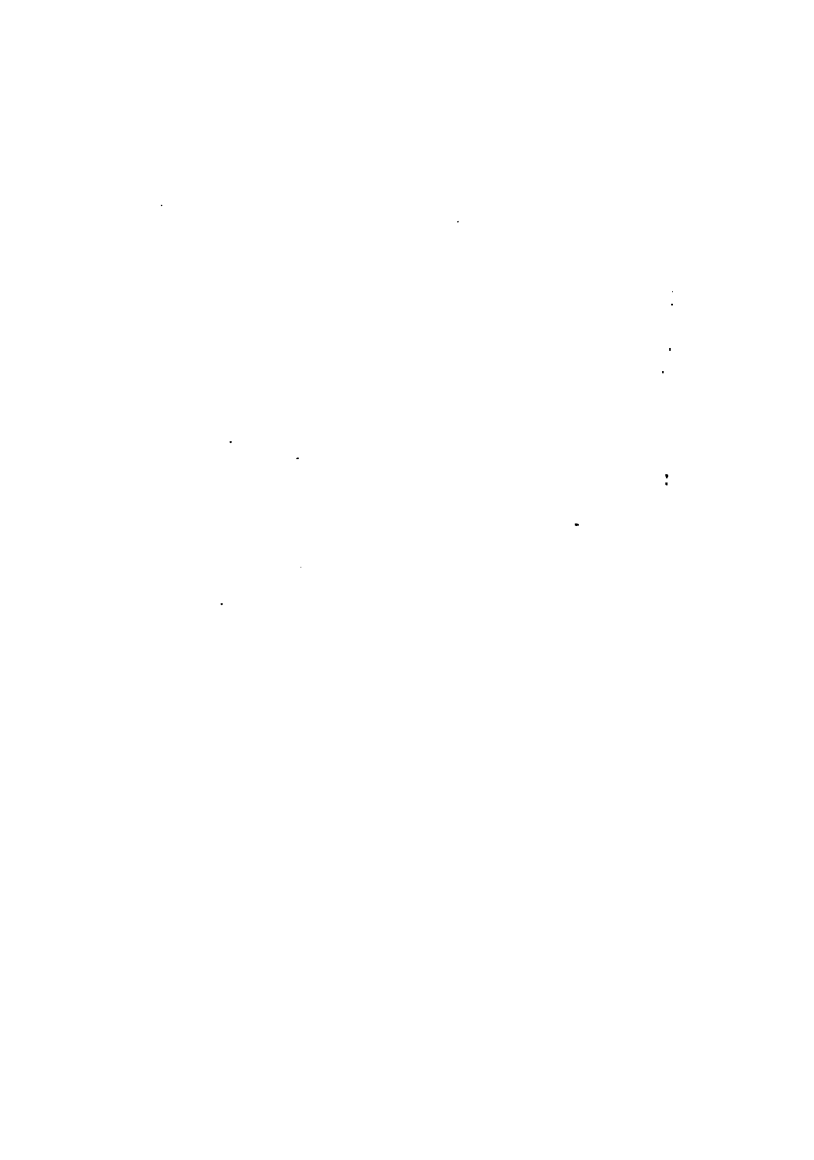
College Library



**FROM THE
I MATHESON TAYLOR
FUND**

**GIVEN IN 1899 BY
TAYLOR PHILIPS**

THE WORKS
OF
ROBERT HERRICK.





HESPERIDES;

OR,

WORKS BOTH HUMAN AND DIVINE,

OF

ROBERT HERRICK.

LONDON:

H. G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1852.

NOV 8 1923
LIBRARY
Taylor fund

PRINTED BY HARRISON AND SON,
LONDON GAZETTE OFFICE, ST. MARTIN'S

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

Memoir	17
The Argument of his Book	26
Dedication	27

INVOCATIONS.

i.	To Apollo	29
ii.	To the same	29
iii.	To Minerva	29
iv.	To Neptune	30
v.	To Larr	30
vi.	To Vulcan	30
vii.	A Hymn to the Muses	31
viii.	To the Graces	31
ix.	To his Muse	32
x.	To his Book	33
xi.	To the same	33
xii.	To his Book	34
xiii.	To the same	34
xiv.	To the same	34
xv.	To his Book	35
xvi.	To the same	35
xvii.	To the same	35
xviii.	To the same	35
xix.	To the same	35
xx.	To his Book	36
xxi.	To Critics	36

.....	UPON HIS VERSES
xxiv.	His request to Julia
xxv.	To the Generous Reader
xxvi.	To the Sour reader
xxvii.	To my Ill Reader
xxviii.	To Momus
xxix	To the Detracter
xxx.	To Joseph, Lord Bishop of Exeter
xxxi.	Where he would have his verses read
xxxii.	Lyric for Legacies
xxxiii.	On Himself

AMATORY ODES.

xxxiv.	A Hymn to Venus and Cupid
xxxv.	The Shower of Blossoms
xxxvi.	The Rosary
xxxvii.	The Dream
xxxviii.	Cherry Ripe
xxxix.	A Hymn to Juno
cl.	Upon Julia's Hair in a Golden Net
cll.	To CEnone
clii.	The Nightpiece
cliii.	Upon Julia's Recovery
cliv.	The Bleeding Hand: or, the Saviour of the World

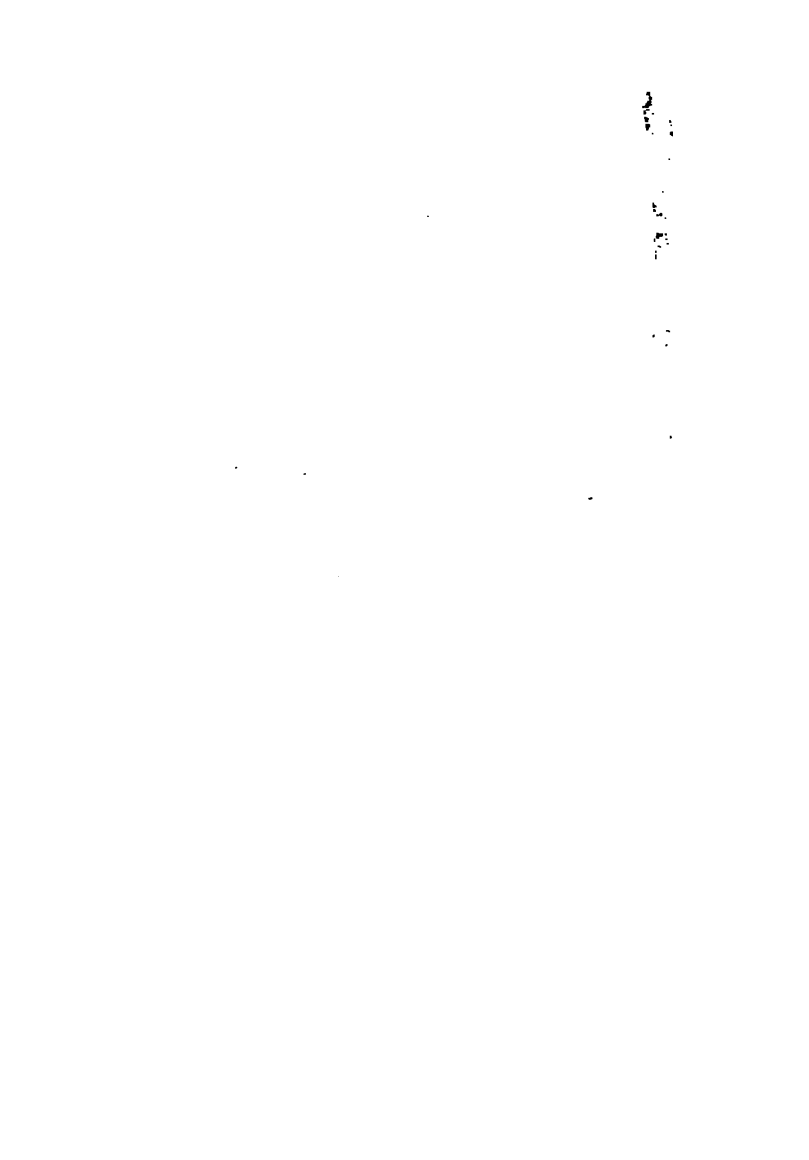
CONTENTS.

iii.	Of Love. A Sonnet	50
iii.	The Parliament of Roses. To Julia	51
liv.	Of Love	51
lv.	To Jealousy	52
lv.	Upon Love	52
lvii.	To Sappho.	53
lviii.	Not to Love. The Bachelor	53
lix.	Upon Julia's Riband	54
lx.	Discussions from Idleness	54
lxi.	Upon Julia's Voice	54
lxii.	The Vision. To Electra	55
lxiii.	Delight in Disorder	55
lxiv.	The Eye	56
lxv.	To Anthea	56
lxvi.	Hymn to the Graces	57
lxvii.	How roses came red	57
lxviii.	The Rose.—Song	58
lxix.	Age unfit for Love	58
lxx.	To Julia, in her dawn, or daybreak	59
lxxi.	Upon Love	59
lxxii.	No Loathsomeness in Love	60
lxxiii.	Love Perfumes all Parts	61
lxxiv.	Julia's Petticoat	61
lxxv.	To Dianeme	62
lxxvi.	A Hymn to Love	63
lxxvii.	To the Lark	64
lxxviii.	To Electra	64
lxxix.	Upon the Rose in Julia's Bosom	65
lxxx.	Upon his Julia	65
lxxx.	To Electra	65
lxxxii.	To Anthea, who may command him any thing	66
lxxxiii.	To a Gentlewoman objecting to him his grey hairs	67
lxxxiv.	His Protestation to Perilla	67
lxxxv.	The Cruel Maid	68
lxxxvi.	A ring presented to Julia	69
lxxxvii.	To the Western Wind	70
lxxxviii.	The Hour-glass	70



CONTENTS.

cxxiii.	The Frozen Heart	91
cxxiv.	To Perenna	91
cxxv.	To Love	91
cxxvi.	To Dianeme	92
cxxvii.	Against Love	92
cxxviii.	To his Mistress	93
cxxix.	Being once Blind, his request to Bianca	93
cxxx.	The Shoe Tying.	93
cxxxi.	No spouse but a sister	94
cxxxii.	The Pomander Bracelet	94
cxxxiii.	Upon Julia's voice	94
cxxxiv.	To Julia	95
cxxxv.	His sailing from Julia	95
cxxxvi.	The Wounded Heart	96
cxxxvii.	His answer to a question	96
cxxxviii.	To Dews A Song	97
cxxxix.	Leander's Obsequies	97
cxl.	The Lawn	98
cxli.	To the Fever, not to trouble Julia	98
cxlii.	Upon Electra's tears	98
cxliii.	To Julia	99
cxliv.	Tears are tongues	99
cxlv.	The Present; or the Bag of the Bee	99
cxlvi.	To all young men that love	100
cxlvii.	The silken snake	100
cxlviii.	Upon her blush	100
cxlix.	A meditation for his Mistress	101
cl.	His Recantation.	102
cli.	Upon Julia's hair filled with dew	102
clii.	The lily in a crystal	103
cliii.	To Pansies	105
cliv.	On Gilliflowers begotten	105
clv.	Upon a virgin kissing a rose	105
clvi.	His misery in a mistress	106
clvii.	Upon Love, by way of question and answer	106
clviii.	Upon Cupid	107



CONTENTS.

ccxxxi.	Upon Electra	138
ccxxxii.	Clothes do but cheat and cozen us	139
ccxxxiii.	The Maiden-blush	139
ccxxxiv.	Love killed by Lack	139
ccxxxv.	A Caution	140
ccxxxvi.	Love me little, Love me long	140
ccxxxvii.	His covenant or protestation to Julia	140
ccxxxviii.	A defence of Women	141
ccxxxix.	To his Girls	141
ccxl.	Upon his kinswoman, Mistress Bridget Herrick	141
ccxli.	A vow to Venus	142
ccxlii.	Nor buying or selling	142
ccxliii.	On Himself	142
ccxliv.	To Roses in Julia's bosom	142
ccxlv.	To his Girls who would have him sportful	143
ccxlvi.	His comfort	143
ccxlvii.	In praise of Women	143
ccxlviii.	Anthea's Retractation	143
ccxlix.	A Sonnet of Perilla	144
ccl.	The sadness of things for Sappho's sickness	144
ccli.	Love is a Syrup	144
cclii.	Upon Lucia dabbled in the dew	145
ccliii.	Of Love	145
ccliv.	Upon a Gentlewoman with a sweet voice	145
cclv.	Why flowers change colour	146
cclvi.	To Silvia	146
cclvii.	To Sappho	146
cclviii.	Upon Silvia. A Mistress	146
cclix.	To Myrrha hard hearted	147
cclx.	Love what it is	147
cclxi.	To Music. A Song	147
cclxii.	The Parting Verse or charge to his supposed wife when he travelled	148

o
.
HESPERIDES;

OR,

WORKS BOTH HUMAN AND DIVINE,

OF

ROBERT HERRICK.

LONDON:

H. G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1852.

CONTENTS.

ccxcvi.	Upon Cupid	171
ccxcvii.	A Canticle to Apollo	171
ccxcviii.	To Youth	171
ccxcix.	The cheat of Cupid, or the ungentle guest . . .	172
ccc.	The Bag of the Bee	173
ccci.	A Dialogue between Horace and Lydia,—trans- lated anno 1627, and set to Music by Ro. Ramsey	174
ccci.	The Vision	175
ccciil.	The Apparition of his Mistress calling him to Elysium	176
ccciiv.	To M. Kellam	178
cccvi.	The broken Crystal	178
cccvi.	The Cloud	179
cccvii.	Upon the Death of his Sparrow. An Elegy . .	179
cccviii.	The Welcome to Sack	180
cccix.	His Farewell to Sack	183
cccix.	How he would drink his Wine.	184
cccxi.	His embalming to Julia	185
cccxiil.	To Julia	185
cccxiil.	An Ode to Master Endymion Porter, upon his Brother's Death	185
cccxiv.	To Julia	186
cccxv.	To Silvia	187
cccxvi.	The Captive Bee; or the little ficher	187
cccxvii.	To Julia, the Flaminica Dialis, or Queen-Priest	188
cccxviii.	To the Water Nymphs drinking at the fountain	189
cccix.	Anacreontic	189
cccxx.	On a perfumed lady	189
cccxxi.	The Jimmall Ring, or the True-love Knot . .	190
cccxxil.	To be merry	190
cccxxiii.	To Cupid	190
cccxxiv.	Upon her Voice	190
cccxxv.	The wounded Cupid	191
cccxxvi.	Upon Cupid	191
cccxxvii.	Lovers how they come and part	192
cccxxviii.	Upon Julia's Breasts	192
cccxxix.	The Perfume	192

CONTENTS.

cccxxx.	To Orpheus	193
cccxxxi.	The candour of Julia's Teeth	193
cccxxxii.	Upon her weeping	193
cccxxxiii.	Another upon her weeping	193
cccxxxiv.	An end decreed	194
cccxxxv.	How Primroses came green	194
cccxxxvi.	To his lovely Mistresses	194

EPITHALAMIUM.

cccxxxvii.	The Tithe. To the Bride	196
cccxxxviii.	The Entertainment; or Perch Verse, at the Marriage of Mr. Henry Northly, and the most witty Mrs. Lettice Yard	197
cccxxxix.	The Good-Night, or Blessing	198
cccxl.	To Sir Thomas Southwell and his Lady	198
cccxli.	Connubii Flores; or the Well-wishes at Weddings	204
cccxlii.	A Nuptial Verse to Mistress Elizabeth Lee, now Lady Tracy	207
cccxliii.	A Nuptial Song, or Epithalamy on Sir Clipsey Crew and his Lady	208

CONTENTS OF VOL. II-

PASTORAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

To his Muse	18
How the Wall-flower came first, and why so called	19
A Paranaetical, or adviseive verse to his friend, Mr. John Wicks	20
To Daisies, not to shut so soon	21
Corinna's going a Maying	22
The Meadow Verse, or Anniversary of Mrs. Bridget Lowman	24
A Country Life; to his brother, M. Tho. Herrick	25
A Bucolic, or discourse of Neat-herds	30
His tears to Thamsis	32
A Bucolic between two; Lacon and Thyrsis	33
The Country Life; to the Honoured Mr. End. Porter Groom of the Bed-chamber to His Majesty	35
How Violets came blue	37
The Hock-Cart, or Harvest-home; to the Right Honorable Mildmay, Earl of Westmoreland	38
His Age. Dedicated to his peculiar friend, Mr. John Wicks, under the name of Posthumous	40
To Cherry blossoms	45
How Roses came red	45
To Meadows	46
i. A Pastoral upon the Birth of Prince Charles, pre- sented to the King, and Set by M. Nic. Laniere	47
A Panegyric to Sir Lewis Pemberton	4b
How lilies came white	53
An Eclogue, or Pastoral between Endymion Porter and Lycidas Herrick, Set and sung	54

CONTENTS.

xxii.	To Blossoms	55
xxiii.	To a bed of Tulips	56
xxiv.	To Primroses filled with morning dew	57
xxv.	A New year's gift sent to Sir Simeon Steward	58
xxvi.	Fair days; or dawns deceitful	59
xxvii.	To Daffodils	60
xxviii.	Upon one Lillie who married with a maid called Rose	60
xxix.	A Pastoral sung to the King	61
xxx.	Charon and Philomel. A dialogue sung	63
xxxi.	The Funeral Rites of the Rose	64
xxxii.	The succession of the four sweet months	64
xxxiii.	To Violets	65
xxxiv.	Farewell Frost, or Welcome the Spring.	65
xxxv.	To Flowers.	66

FAIRY LAND.

xxxvi.	To Larr.	68
xxxvii.	The Fairies	69
xxxviii.	Larr's portion and the Poet's part	69
xxxix.	The Fairy Temple; or Oberon's Chapel.	70
xl.	Oberon's Feast	75
xli.	Oberon's Palace	77
xlii.	The Beggar to Mab, the Fairy Queen	81
xliii.	The Hag	82
xliv.	A Hymn to the Lares.	83
xlv.	To the little Spinners.	83
xlvi.	The Genius of his house.	84
xlvii.	The departure of the Good Dæmon	84

CHARMS AND CEREMONIES.

xlviii.	Divination by a Daffodil.	86
xlix.	The Peter-penny	87
i.	Ceremonies for Christmas	88
ii.	A Charm, or an allav for Love	88
iii.	The Wassail	89
lii.	Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve	90
liv.	The Ceremonies for Candlemas Day	91

CONTENTS.

lv.	Draw-Gloves	91
lvi.	Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve	92
lvii.	Upon Candlemas day	92
lviii.	The Olive Branch	92
lix.	Christmas Eve, another ceremony	93
lx.	The Spell	93
lxi.	Another.	93
lxii.	Twelfth-Night, or King and Queen	94
lxiii.	St. Distaff's day, or the morrow after Twelfth-day	95
lxiv.	Charms	95
lxv.	The May-pole	96
lxvi.	A Song to the Maskers	96
lxvii.	Charms	97
lxviii.	Another Charm for Stables	97
lix.	On himself.	97
lxx.	Barley-Break; or last in Hell	97
lxxi.	Charm	98
lxxii.	Another to the Maids	98
lxxiii.	Another.	98
lxxiv.	Another.	98
lxxv.	The Old Wives' Prayer	99
lxxvi.	The Parting Verse, to Mistress Bridget Lowman, the feast there ended	99
lxxvii.	To Dianeme. A Ceremony in Gloucester	100
lxxviii.	The Bell-Man.	100

EPITAPHS.

lxxix.	Upon a Virgin	102
lxxx.	His own Epitaph	103
lxxxi.	Upon his Kinawoman, Mrs. M. S.	103
lxxxii.	Upon Prew, his Maid	104
lxxxiii.	Upon an Old Man, a Residentiary	104
lxxxiv.	Upon the much lamented Mr. J. Warr	104
lxxxv.	Upon a Virgin	105
lxxxvi.	Upon a Maid	105
lxxxvii.	Upon the Lady Crew	105
lxxxviii.	Upon a Maid	106

CONTENTS.

lxxxix.	Upon a Child	106
xc.	Upon a Wife that died mad with jealousy	106
xcI.	Upon a Young Mother of many children	106
xcii.	Upon a Maid that died the day she was married	107
xciii.	An Epitaph upon a Sober Matron	107
xciv.	Upon his Spaniel Tracy	107
xcv.	Upon a Lady that died in child-bed, and left a daughter behind her.	108
xcvi.	Upon a Child	108
xcvii.	Upon a Maid	108
xcviii.	Upon a Child that died	109
xcix.	Upon Ben Jonson	109
c.	Upon Himself being buried	109
ci.	Upon a Virgin	109
cii.	Upon a Child. An Epitaph.	110
ciii.	Upon a comely and curious Maid	110
civ.	On Himself	110
cv.	On Himself	110

APHORISMS.

cvi.	Fame makes us forward	112
cvii.	True Friendship	113
cviii.	Cruelty base in Commanders	113
cix.	Little and Loud	113
cx.	Shipwreck	113
cxI.	Poverty and Riches	114
cxii.	Again	114
cxiii.	Laws.	114
cxiv.	Good luck not lasting	114
cxv.	Glory	114
cxvi.	Poets	114
cxvii.	No despite to the dead.	114
cxviii.	Painting sometimes permitted	115
cxix.	Physicians	115
cxx.	Long look'd for comes at last	115
cxxi.	Never too late to die	115
cxxii.	The Covetous still Captives	115

CONTENTS.

cxxxiii.	Mean things overcome Mighty	11
cxxxiv.	Kings	11
cxxxv.	First Work and then Wages	11
cxxxvi.	Tears and laughter	11
cxxxvii.	Glory	11
cxxxviii.	Possessions	11
cxxxix.	Poverty the greatest Pack	11
cxxx.	True Safety	11
cxxxxi.	Fame	11
cxxxxii.	By Use comes Easiness	11
cxxxxiii.	Money makes the Mirth	11
cxxxxiv.	Maids nays are nothing.	11
cxxxxv.	Delay.	11
cxxxxvi.	Ambition	11
cxxxxvii.	The Rosemary Branch	11
cxxxxviii.	Once seen, and no more	11
cxxxxix.	Love	11
cxl.	Denial in Women no disheartening in Men	11
cxli.	The last stroke strikes sure	11
cxlii.	Perseverance	11
cxliii.	Distance betters dignities	11
cxliv.	Adversity	11
cxlv.	Fortune	11
cxlvi.	Writing	11
cxlvii.	Society	11
cxlviii.	Satisfaction for Sufferings	11
cxlix.	Need	11
cl.	The Body	11
cii.	On Love	11
ciii.	Another	11
ciiii.	Factions	12
clv.	Slavery	12
clvi.	Surfeits	12
clvii.	Tears	12
clviii.	Truth	12
clviii.	The Eyes before the Ears	12
cl'x.	Want	12

CONTENTS.

clx.	Blame	121
clxi.	Twilight	121
clxii.	Verses	121
clxiii.	Happiness	121
clxiv.	Things of choice, long coming	121
clxv.	Burial	121
clxvi.	The Mean	121
clxvii.	His Loss	122
clxviii.	Upon Love	122
clxix.	Lenity	122
clxx.	Grief	122
clxxi.	Counsel	122
clxxii.	Most Words, less Works	122
clxxiii.	Draw and Drink	122
clxxiv.	Penitence	123
clxxv.	Beauty	123
clxxvi.	Readiness	123
clxxvii.	The Eye	123
clxxviii.	Virtue best United	123
clxxix.	Regression spoils Resolution	123
clxxx.	Contention	123
clxxxi.	Consultation.	124
clxxxii.	Our own Sins unseen	124
clxxxiii.	No pains, no gains.	124
clxxxiv.	Examples : or, like princee like people.	124
clxxxv.	Potentates	124
clxxxvi.	Death ends all woe	124
clxxxvii.	Clemency in Kings	124
clxxxviii.	Anger	125
clxxxix.	Moderation	125
cx.	Power and Peace	125
cxci.	Cruelties	125
cxcii.	Health	125
cxciiii.	Biting of Beggars	125
cxciiv.	Adversity.	125
cxceiv.	Want	126
cxcevi.	Grief	126

CONTENTS.

i.	No action hard to Affection	126
ii.	Rewards and Punishments	126
.	Shame, no Statist	126
.	Kissing and Bussing.	126
.	Cross and Pile	126
.	Loss from the least	127
.	Great spirits supervive	127
.	The credit of the conqueror	127
.	Change gives content	127
.	Accusation	127
.	Pride allowable in Poets.	127
.	Discord not disadvantageous	127
.	Ill Government	128
.	None free from fault	128
.	Pity to the Prostrate	128
.	Rewards	128
l.	Nothing New	128
.	Gain and Gettings	128
.	Lots to be liked.	128
ii.	Griefs	129
iii.	Empires	129
iiii.	Putrefaction	129
v.	Passion	129
.	The Crowd and Company	129
i.	Policy in Princes	129
ii.	His Weakness in Woes	129
iii.	Man's dying-place uncertain	130
iv.	Nothing Free-cost	130
v.	Beginning, difficult	130
vi.	Rest	130
vii.	Comforts in Crosses	130
viii.	Partial-gilt Poetry	130
ix.	Fear gets Force	130
x.	No man without Money.	131
xi.	The present time best pleaseth	131
xii.	Bad wages for good service.	131
xiii.	Choose for the best	131

CONTENTS.

ccxxi.	Money gets the Mastery	136
ccxxii.	Virtue is Sensible of Suffering	137
ccxxiii.	Soft Music	137
ccxxiv.	Presence and Absence	137
ccxxv.	Bribes and Gifts get all	137
ccxxvi.	Virtue	137
ccxxvii.	Provision, or Provision	137
ccxxviii.	Casualties	137
ccxxix.	Reverence to Riches	138
ccxxx.	Devotion makes the Deity	138
ccxxxi.	Ambition	138
ccxxxii.	Zeal required in Love	138
ccxxxiii.	The Definition of Beauty	138
ccxxxiv.	Hope Heartens	138
ccxxxv.	Some Comfort in Calamity	138
ccxxxvi.	Expenses Exhaust	139
ccxxxvii.	Sorrows Succeed	139
ccxxxviii.	Dreams	139
ccxxxix.	Treason	139
ccxc.	Two Things Odious	139
ccxci.	No Bashfulness in Begging	139
ccxcii.	Neglect	139
ccxciii.	Like Loves his Like	140
ccxciv.	The more Mighty, the more Merciful	140
ccxcv.	Twilight	140
ccxcvi.	Comfort in Calamity	140
ccxcvii.	Smart.	140
ccxcviii.	On Fortune	140
ccxcix.	False Mourning	140
ccc.	Merits make the Man	141
ccci.	Gold before Goodness	141
cccii.	Repletion	141
ccciiii.	Dangers Wait on Kings	141
ccciv.	Event of Things not in our Power	141
cccv.	The difference betwixt Kings and Subjects	141
cccvi.	Safety on the Shore	141
cccvii.	Sufferance	142

CONTENTS.

cccviii.	The Eyes	142
cccix.	Single Life most secure	142
cccx.	Bashfulness	142
cccxi.	Few Fortunate	142
cccxii.	Supreme Fortune falls soonest	142
cccxiii.	Hunger	142
cccxiv.	Distrust	143
cccxv.	Pleasures Pernicious	143
cccxvi.	Excess	143
cccxvii.	Recompense	143
cccxviii.	The will makes the work ; consent makes the cure	143
cccix.	Sauce for Sorrows	143
cccxx.	No danger to men desperate	143
cccxxi.	Gentleness	144
cccxxii.	On Love	144
cccxxiii.	The Soul is the Salt	144
cccxxiv.	Flattery	144
cccxxv.	Upon Kings	144
cccxxvi.	A King and no King	144
cccxxvii.	Plots not still Prosperous	144
cccxxviii.	Foolishness	145
cccxxix.	Truth and Falsehood	145
cccxxx.	On Love	145
cccxxxi.	Abstinence	145
cccxxxii.	War	145
cccxxxiii.	The Voice and Viol	145
cccxxxiv.	Obedience	145
cccxxxv.	After Autumn, Winter	146
cccxxxvi.	A Good Death	146
cccxxxvii.	Sincerity	146
cccxxxviii.	Diet	146
cccxxxix.	Speak in Season	146
cccxl.	The End	146
cccxli.	The End	146

ENCOMIASTIC VERSES

cccxlj.	To his Muse	146
---------	-----------------------	-----

CONTENTS.

cccxlvi.	The Poet's good wishes for the most hopeful and handsome Prince, the Duke of York	149
cccxliv.	To the Rt. Hon. Mildmay, Earl of Westmoreland.	150
ccclv.	Upon my Ben Jonson	150
cccxlvi.	Another	151
cccxlvii.	To the Lady Mary Villars, Governess to the Princess Henrietta	151
cccxlviii.	To the Right Honourable Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery	152
cccxliv.	To the High and Noble Prince George, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Buckingham	152
cccl.	To the Queen	153
cccli.	To the King	153
ccclii.	To his Nephew, to be prosperous in his Art of Painting	153
cccliii.	To his Peculiar Friend, Sir Edward Fish, Knight	154
cccliv.	To his Peculiar Friend, M. Thomas Shapcott .	154
ccclv.	To Mistress Mary Willand	154
ccclvi.	To the Right Gracious Prince, Lodwick Duke of Richmond and Lenox	155
ccclvii.	To his Kinsman, Sir Thomas Soame	155
ccclviii.	To his Worthy Friend, M. Tho. Falconbridge .	156
ccclix.	To his Honoured Kinsman, Sir William Soame .	156
ccclx.	To Mistress Katharine Bradshaw	157
ccclxi.	To his Faithful Friend, Master John Crofts . .	157
ccclxii.	To his Kinswoman, Mrs. Penelope Wheeler . .	158
ccclxiii.	Another upon her	158
ccclxiv.	To the most Learned Antiquary, M. John Selden .	158
ccclxv.	To the Patron of the Poets, M. End Porter . .	159
ccclxvi.	To the Right Honourable Edward, Earl of Dorset	159
ccclxvii.	To the King, to cure the evil	160
ccclxviii.	To his Honoured Kinsman, Sir Richard Stone .	160
ccclxix.	To the most virtuous Mistress Pot	161
ccclxx.	Upon his Kinswoman, Mistress Elizabeth Herrick	161
ccclxxi.	To Doctor Alabaster	162
ccclxxii.	To M. Laurence Sweetnam	162
ccclxxiii.	To his Worthy Kinsman, Mr. Stephen Soame .	163
clxxiv.	To his Honoured Friend, Sir John Mince . . .	163

- ccclxxviii. To the King, upon his coming into the V
 ccclxxix. To the King
 ccclxxx. To his dear Valentine, Mrs. Margaret Falk
 ccclxxx. To his Hon. Friend, M. John Weare, Cou
 ccclxxxii. To the most comely and proper M. Eliasbe
 ccclxxxiii. To the Honoured Master Endymion Por
 ccclxxxiv. To Sir John Berkley, Governor of Exete
 ccclxxxv. To his Worthy Friend, M. Arthur Bartl
 ccclxxxvi. Upon M. William Lawes, the rare music
 ccclxxxvii. To his Honoured Friend Mr. Charles Cc
 ccclxxxviii. To M. Leonard Willan, his Peculiar Fr
 ccclxxxix. To his Worthy Friend, M. John Hall,
 cccxc. To his Brother, Nicholas Herrick .
 cccxci. To the most accomplished Gentleman
 Michael Oulsworth
 cccxcii. The School or Pearl of Putney, the m
 all singular manners, Mrs. Portman
 cccxciii. To the King, upon his welcome to Ham
 cccxciv. To his Kinsman, M. Tho. Herrick .
 cccxcv. Ultimus Heroum; or, to the most learn
 the Right Hon. Henry, Marquis of D
 cccxcvi. To his Muse. Another to the same
 cccxcvii. To M. H. Lawes, the Composer of his
 cccxcviii. To Sir George Parry, Doctor of the Civ
 cccxcix. To his learned friend, M. J. Harmer, J
 cccc. To his brother-in-law, Master John W

CONTENTS.

MORAL AND PATHETIC.

ccccix.	To M. Denham, on his Prospective Poem	181
ccccx.	To his Dying Brother, Master William Herrick	182
ccccxi.	To Mistress Dorothy Parsons	182
ccccxii.	Upon the troublesome times	183
ccccxiii.	On himself	183
ccccxiv.	Upon his sister-in-law, Mrs. Elizab. Herrick	184
ccccxv.	Upon the Bishop of Lincoln's imprisonment	184
ccccxvi.	To Anthea	185
ccccxvii.	Dean-bourn, a rude river in Devon	185
ccccxviii.	To Sir Clipseby Crew	185
ccccxix.	To the King and Queen	186
ccccxx.	The bad season makes the Poet sad	187
ccccxxi.	Men mind no state in sickness	187
ccccxxii.	His Prayer to Ben Jonsen	188
ccccxxiii.	To his Tomb-maker	188
ccccxxiv.	The Poet hath lost his pipe	188
ccccxxv.	To his Verses	189
ccccxxvi.	To my dearest sister, M. Mercy Herrick	189
ccccxxvii.	To his closet gods	190
ccccxxviii.	To his friend, on the unfortunate times	190
ccccxxix.	His Poetry his Pillar	191
ccccxxx.	Safety to look to look to one's self	192
ccccxxxi.	No Shipwreck of Virtue. To a Friend	192
ccccxxxii.	The Curse. A Song	192
ccccxxxiii.	Four things makes us happy here	192
ccccxxxiv.	To his household gods	193
ccccxxxv.	Good precepts, or counsel	193
ccccxxxvi.	To Julia	194
ccccxxxvii.	To his Maid Prew	194
ccccxxxviii.	To Electra	194
ccccxxxix.	His Alms	195
ccccxl.	The Plunder	165
ccccxli.	Upon his Eye-sight failing him	195
ccccxlii.	A Hymn to Clipseby Crew	196
ccccxliii.	A Dirge upon the death of Lord Bernard Stuart.	197

ccccxvii.	To his Kinswoman, Mistress f
ccccxviii.	The Rainbow
ccccxlix.	The Dream
ccccl.	The Christian Militant . . .
ccccli.	His Lachrymæ, or mirth turn
cccclii.	On Himself
ccccliii.	To the Yew and Cypress to g
ccccliv.	On Himself
cccclv.	A good Husband
cccclvi.	On Himself
cccclvii.	Purposes
cccclviii.	Hope well and have well; or fi
cccclix.	Change common to all . . .
cccclx.	Comfort to a Lady upon the D
cccclxi.	His Wish to Privacy
cccclxii.	To Biancha
cccclxiii.	Content, not Cates
cccclxiv.	An Hymn to the Muses . . .
cccclxv.	His Grace, or private wealth
cccclxvi.	To Fortune
cccclxvii.	Not every day fit for verse .
cccclxviii.	His return to London . . .
cccclxix.	The Invitation
cccclxx.	Proof to no purpose.
cccclxxi.	To Silvia
cccclxxii.	Felicity knows no Fence . .

CONTENTS.

ccccxxxi.	Life is the Body's Light	213
ccccxxxii.	Happiness to Hospitality	214
ccccxxxiii.	Haste hurtful	214
ccccxxxiv.	The Sacrifice	215
ccccxxxv.	To his Friend, to avoid contention of words	215
ccccxxxvi.	The Transfiguration	216
ccccxxxvii.	Julia's Churching, or Purification	216
ccccxxxviii.	To the Passenger	217
ccccxxxix.	Purgatory	217
cccx.	His charge to Julia at his death	217
cccxci.	Poetry perpetuates the Poet	218
cccxcii.	To Anthea	218
cccxciii.	The Bed-man, or Grave maker	218
cccxciv.	Crosses	218
cccxcv.	The Honey-comb	219
cccxcvi.	Out of time or tune	219
cccxcvii.	Revenge	219
cccxcviii.	Suffer that thou canst not shift	219
cccxcix.	To Julia	220
d.	Crutches	220
di.	To the reverend shade of his religious father	221
dii.	To Anthea	221
diil.	Discontents in Devon	222
div.	To Perilla	222
dv.	Comfort to a youth that had lost his love	223
dvi.	His Desire	223
dvii.	To Perenna	224
dviii.	Conformity	224
dix.	His Cavalier	224
dx.	To Laurels	225
dxi.	To Perenna, a mistress.	225
dxii.	The Plaudit, or end of Life	225
dxiii.	Upon M. E. Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis	226
dxiv.	His Wish.	226
dxv.	To Robin Red-breast.	226
dxvi.	Fair shows deceive	227
dxvii.	The Beggar.	227

CONTENTS.

dxviii.	His Change	
dxix.	The Mad Maid's Song	
dxx.	A Vow to Mars	
dxxi.	Upon Man	
dxxii.	Even-Song	
dxxiii.	Liberty	
dxxiv.	No want where there's little	
dxxv.	Clemency	
dxxvi.	Pray and prosper	
dxxvii.	Upon Prudence Baldwin, her sickness	
dxxviii.	Upon Julia's Alms	
dxxix.	To the Nightingale and Robin Red-breast	
dxxx.	To Julia in the Temple	
dxxxi.	Matins, or Morning Prayer	
dxxxii.	Littleness no cause of leanness	
dxxxiii.	The coming of good-luck	
dxxxiv.	Upon the loss of his finger	
dxxxv.	His content in the Country	
dxxxvi.	On Himself	
dxxxvii.	His Winding-sheet	
dxxxviii.	The Mount of the Muses	
dxxxix.	On Himself	
dxl.	To the Lady Crew, upon the death of her Child	
dxli.	His Wish	
dxlii.	A Mean in our Means	
dxliii.	On Himself	
dxliv.	To Springs and Fountains	
dxlv.	The Watch	
dxlvi.	Rest refreshes	
dxlvii.	The End of his Work	
dxlviii.	To crown it	
dxlix.	His Pillar of Fame	



MEMOIR.

all the minor poets who followed in the immediate wake of that most glorious constellation, Shakespeare, there are few who possess greater merit, or who have been more undeservedly neglected, than the subject of this memoir, the jocund and joyous Herrick.

Herrick was the fourth son of Nicholas and Anne Herrick, and was born on the 20th of August,

The family was one of some note. The surname appears to have suffered change in its orthography, one of the ancestors of the family having spelt the name Errick; his father adopting the name of Herrick, and our poet that of Hearick, subsequently changed into Herrick. Nicholas Herrick in the year 1640 settled and carried on business as a goldsmith in Cheapside, and it was here that our poet was born. In his works he speaks of

“The golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julian Heyrick gave me birth.”

Nothing is known as to how or where he passed his childhood; even the place of his education cannot be

ter, as we find more than one
l Westminster," and to the youthful sports and
s for which that seminary of learning has ever
is still now, celebrated. By his uncle and guar
William Heyrick, he was at the age of twenty
ered a Fellow Commoner of St. John's Col
mbridge. Here he devoted himself to study;
ere are a few of his letters extant addressed to
acle, the burden of which was principally for to
o furnish himself with books. In 1618 he appe
ave determined on the study of the law, and wi
permission of his uncle, he removed to Trinity
where he took his degree in Arts; subsequently
however, he discontinued his legal pursuits, and
into holy orders, though it is not known at wh
or by what bishop he was ordained. Having
of the Earl of Exeter, he was p

poems, such as *Discontents in Devon*, and *Mirth turned to Mourning*, breathing a strong spirit of distaste and discontent. In this there is probably some poetical exaggeration, for it is certain that the greater part of his poems were composed amidst the quiet scenes around his country dwelling; and it was here that he must have acquired that love of flowers and of fragrance which, as is justly remarked by one of his commentators, "gave to his verse the beauty of the one, and the sweetness of the other."

Herrick never married, but lived a regular bachelor's life, attended by a single faithful and favourite housekeeper, Prudence Baldwin, to whom, under the diminutive title of "Prue," some of his little poems are addressed. But it was not fated that our poet should pass quietly through the troubles of that stormy period. In 1648, he was ejected from his living, and retired to Westminster, where he assumed a lay habit and the title of esquire, possibly for the sake of safety. Here he suffered great distress, to relieve which, he collected and published his poems, under the title of *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*, dedicating them to the Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II. His poems brought him into considerable repute, more particularly amongst the royalists, by whom he was regarded as a fellow-sufferer. During his residence in London,

(twelve years,) he enjoyed the friendship of the day; having numbered amongst his friends men as Selden, Ben Jonson, Cotton, Denham, William and Henry Lawes, the great composers of the day; to many of these friends he addressed epigrams, which will be found amongst his other poems.

At the restoration, he was re-instated in his office by Charles II., where he died, although the cause of his decease is not known. It is probably that he took place in 1674, that being the year in which his successor was inducted into the living of the Priors.

“ It is a remarkable fact that a poet so highly admired in his day as Herrick evidently was, has ever since that period, been almost in complete oblivion; while the phlegmatic grace and simplicity of Waller, and the grace without pedantry of Cowley, have been the subjects of general admiration, the

obstacle to the poems, as they were originally issued, being received into general favour. The blemishes to which we allude are the indelicacy and occasional coarseness of expression which we sometimes find in his works. But, throwing aside the impurities of our author, and estimating the chaster effusions of his felicitous genius, we do not hesitate to pronounce him the very best of English lyric poets. He is the most joyous and gladsome of bards, singing like the grasshopper, as if he would never grow old. He is as fresh as the spring, as blithe as summer, and as ripe as autumn. We know of no English poet who is so *abandonne*, as the French call it, who so wholly gives himself up to his present feelings; who is so much heart and soul in what he writes, and this not on one subject but on all subjects alike. The spirit of song dances in his veins, and flutters round his lips, now bursting into the joyful and hearty voice of the Epicurean; sometimes breathing strains "soft as the sigh of buried love," and sometimes uttering feelings of the most delicate pensiveness. His poems resemble a luxuriant meadow full of king-cups and wild flowers, or a July firmament sparkling with a myriad of stars. His fancy fed upon all the fair and sweet things of nature; it is redolent of roses and jessamines; it is as light and airy as the thistle-down, or the bubbles which

laughing boys blow upon the air, where they float in a waving line of beauty. Like the sun, it communicates a delightful gladness to every thing it shines upon, and is as bright and radiant as his beams; and yet many of his pieces conclude with the softest touches of sensibility and feeling. And as for his versification, it presents one of the most varied specimens of rhythmical harmony in the language, flowing with an almost wonderful grace and flexibility."

We have said that there were blemishes in the poems of our author, but these blemishes must be attributed to the time in which he lived, not to himself. Herrick trifled in this way solely in compliment to the taste of the age. Whenever he wrote to please himself, he wrote from the heart to the heart.

His poems were much admired at the time of their being published, as will be seen by the following extracts from works which made their appearance about the same period. The first is from a quaint satire, called "Naps upon Parnassus," and bears date 1658:—

" — Flaveus Horace
He was but a sour-ass
And good for nothing but lyric;
There's but one to be found,
In all English ground,
Writes as well; who is hight Robert Herrick."

The second is from *Musarum Delicia*, 1655, where it is said of him:—

— “Old sack
Young Herrick took, to entertain
The muses in a sprightly vein.”

In consonance with which, he makes “the apparition of his mistress” say:—

“I’ll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon
Quaffing his full-crown’d bowls of burning wine,
And, in his raptures, speaking lines of thine.”

In conclusion, we cannot avoid echoing the encomium of one of the reviewers of our bard.*

“And now farewell, young Herrick! for young is the spirit of thy poetry, as thy wisdom is old; and mayest thou flourish in immortal youth, thou boon companion, and most jocund songster; may thy finest poems be piped from hill to hill, throughout England; and thy spirit, tinged with superstitious lore, be gladdened by the music! May the flowers breathe incense to thy fame, for thou hast not left one of them unsung! May the silvery springs and circumambient air murmur thy praises as thou hast warbled theirs, and may those,

* Retrospective Review, vol. v.

at panegyrics --

ting, for we have read thee much, and like
ch, and would fain hope that thy thoughts as
guage may be liked as well as we like thee."

G. T. F.

HESPERIDES
OF
ROBERT HERRICK.

THE

ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassalls, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these, to sing of cleanly wantonness;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the fairy king.

TO THE
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
AND
MOST HOPEFUL PRINCE,
CHARLES,
PRINCE OF WALES.

Well may my book come forth like public day,
When such a light as you are leads the way ;
Who are my works' creator, and alone
The flame of it, and the expansion.
And look how all those heavenly lamps acquire
Light from the sun, that inexhausted fire ;
So all my morn and evening stars from you
Have their existence, and their influence too.
Full is my book of glories ; but all these
By you become immortal substances.



•

INVOCATIONS

&c.

I.

TO APOLLO.

Thou mighty lord and master of the lyre
Unshorn Apollo, come, and re-inspire
My fingers so, the lyric-strings to move,
That I may play, and sing a hymn of love.

II.

TO THE SAME.

Phœbus, when that I a verse
Or some numbers more rehearse ;
Tune my words, that they may tall
Each way smoothly musical ;
For which favour, there shall be
Swans devoted unto thee.

III.

TO MINERVA.

Goddess, I begin an art,
Come thou in, with thy best part,

Each way smooth, and civilly;
And a *broad-faced* owl shall be
Offer'd up, with vows, to thee.

IV.

TO NEPTUNE.

Mighty Neptune, may it please
Thee, the rector of the seas,
That my bark may safely run
Through thy watery region;
And a tunny-fish shall be
Offer'd up with thanks to thee.

V.

TO LARR.

Though I cannot give thee fires
Glittering to my free desires:

VII.

A HYMN TO THE MUSES.

O, you the virgins nine,
That do our souls incline
To noble discipline,
Nod to this vow of mine,
Come then, and now inspire,
My viol and my lyre
With your eternal fire,
And make me one entire
Composer in your quire :
Then I'll your altars strew
With roses sweet and new :
And ever live a true
Acknowledger of you.

VIII.

TO THE GRACES.

Ponder my words, if so that any be
Known guilty here of incivility ;
Let what is graceless, discomposed, and rude,
With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endued.
Teach it to blush, to curtsy, lisp, and shew
Demure, yet full of temptation too.
Numbers yet tickle, or but lightly please,
Unless they have some wanton carriages ;
This if ye do, each piece will here be good,
And graceful made by your neat sisterhood.

TO HIS MUSE.

r, mad maiden, wilt thou roam ?
er'twere to stay at home ;
thou may'st sit, and piping please
or and private cottages :
ots and hamlets best agree
his thy meaner minstrelsy ;
with the reed, thou may'st express
epherd's fleecy happiness :
ith thy eclogues intermix
smooth and harmless bucolics ;
on a hillock thou may'st sing
a handsome shepherdling ;
the maid that keeps the neat,
breath more sweet than violet ;
, there perhaps, such lines as these
take the simple villages :
or the court, the country wit
spicable unto it.
then at home ; and do not go,
y abroad to seek for woe :
tempts in courts and cities dwell ;

TO HIS BOOK.

—

X.

TO HIS BOOK.

Like to a bride, come forth, my book, at last,
With all thy richest jewels overcast ;
Say, if there be 'mongst many gems here, one
Deserveless of the name of Paragon ;
Blush not at all for that, since we have set
Some pearls on queens that have been counterfeit.

XI.

TO THE SAME.

Go thou forth my book, though late,
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good luck may send
Thee a kinsman or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I
With my fates neglected lie.
If thou know'st not where to dwell
See, the fire's by. Farewell.

XII.

TO HIS BOOK.

While thou did'st keep thy candour undefiled,
 Dearly I loved thee ; as my first-born child :
 But when I saw thee wantonly to roam
 From nouse to house, and never stay at home ;
 I brake my bonds of love, and bade thee go,
 Regardless whether well thou sped'st or no,—
 On with thy fortunes then, whate'er they be ;
 If good I'll smile, if bad I'll sigh for thee.

XIII.

TO THE SAME.

Make haste away, and let one be
 A friendly patron unto thee ;
 Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lie
 Torn for the use of pasterie ;
 Or see thy injur'd leaves serve well
 To make loose gowns for mackarel ;
 Or see the grocers, in a trice,
 Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

XIV.

TO THE SAME.

If hap it must, that I must see thee lie
 Absyrtus-like, all torn confusedly,
 With solemn tears, and with much grief of heart,
 I'll re-collect thee, weeping part by part ;
 And having wash'd thee, close thee in a chest
 With spice, that done I'll leave thee to thy rest.

XV.

TO HIS BOOK.

Thou art a plant, sprung up to wither never,
But like a laurel, to grow green for ever.

XVI.

TO THE SAME.

Take mine advice, and go not near
Those faces, sour as vinegar ;
For these, and nobler numbers can
Ne'er please the supercilious man.

XVII.

TO THE SAME.

Come thou not near those men who are like bread
O'er leavened ; or like cheese o'er rennetted.

XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Be bold my book, nor be abashed, or fear
The cutting thumb-nail, or the brow severe ;
But by the Muses swear, all here is good,
If but well read, or ill read, understood.

XIX.

TO THE SAME.

Before the press scarce one could see
A little peeping part of thee ;

My care for thee is now the same,
Having resign'd thy shamefacedness,
So with thy faults and fates; yet stay
And take this sentence then away;
Whom one belov'd will not suffice,
She'll run to all adulteries.

XX.

TO HIS BOOK.

As bound, almost, now of my book I see,
But yet no end of those therein or me;
Here we begin new life; while thousands quite
Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

XXI.

TO CRITICS.

I'll write, because I'll give
You critics means to live;
For should I not supply
The cause, the effect would die.

XXIII.

UPON HIS VERSES.

What offspring other men have got,
The how, where, when, I question not :
These are the children I have left ;
Adopted some, none got by theft ;
But all are touch'd, like lawful plate,
And no verse illegitimate.

XXIV

HIS REQUEST TO JULIA.

Julia, if I chance to die
Ere I print my poetry,
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire :
Better 'twere my book were dead,
Than to live not perfected.

XXV.

TO THE GENEROUS READER.

See, and not see, and if thou chance t'esp
Some aberrations in my poetry ;
Wink at small faults, the greater, ne'ertheless,
Hide, and with them their father's nakedness.
Let's do our best our watch and ward to keep ;
Homer himself, in a long work may sleep.



XXX.

TO JOSEPH, LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

Whom should I fear to write to if I can
Stand before you, my learned Diocesan ?
And never show blood-guiltiness, or fear,
To see my lines excathedrated here.
Since none so good are, but you may condemn ;
Or here so bad, but you may pardon them.
If then, my lord, to sanctify my muse
One only poem out of all you'll choose,
And mark it for a rapture nobly writ,
'Tis good confirm'd, for you have bishop'd it.

XXXI.

WHERE HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

In sober mornings, do not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse ;—
But when that men have both well drunk and fed
Let my enchantments then be sung or read.
When laurel spirts i' the fire, and when the hearth
Smiles to itself and gilds the roof with mirth ;
When up the Thyrsè is raised, and when the sound
Of sacred orgies flies around around ;
When the rose reigns, and locks with ointment shine,
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

THE SEAGULLS ARE
Each way smooth, and civilly;
And a *broad-faced* owl shall be
Offer'd up, with vows, to thee.

IV.

TO NEPTUNE.

Mighty Neptune, may it please
Thee, the rector of the seas,
That my bark may safely run
Through thy watery region;
And a tunny-fish shall be
Offer'd up with thanks to thee.

V.

TO LARR.

Though I cannot give thee fires
Glitt'ring to my free desires;
These accept, and I'll be free.
Offering poppy unto thee.

VII.

A HYMN TO THE MUSES.

O, you the virgins nine,
 That do our souls incline
 To noble discipline,
 Nod to this vow of mine,
 Come then, and now inspire,
 My viol and my lyre
 With your eternal fire,
 And make me one entire
 Composer in your quire :
 Then I'll your altars strew
 With roses sweet and new :
 And ever live a true
 Acknowledger of you.

VIII.

TO THE GRACES.

Ponder my words, if so that any be
 Known guilty here of incivility ;
 Let what is graceless, discomposed, and rude,
 With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endued.
 Teach it to blush, to curtsy, lisp, and shew
 Demure, yet full of temptation too.
 Numbers yet tickle, or but lightly please,
 Unless they have some wanton carriages ;
 This if ye do, each piece will here be good,
 And graceful made by your neat sisterhood.

Whither, mad maiden, wilt thou roam ?
Far safer 'twere to stay at home ;
Where thou may'st sit, and piping pleas
The poor and private cottages :
Since cots and hamlets best agree
With this thy meaner minstrelsy ;
There, with the reed, thou may'st expre
The shepherd's fleecy happiness :
And with thy eclogues intermix
Some smooth and harmless bucolics ;
There on a hillock thou may'st sing
Unto a handsome shepherdling ;
Or to the maid that keeps the neat,
With breath more sweet than violet ; .
There, there perhaps, such lines as the
May take the simple villages :
But for the court, the country wit
Is despicable unto it.
Stay then at home ; and do not go,
Or fly abroad to seek for woe :
Contempts in courts and cities dwell ;
No critic haunts the poor man's cell,
Where thou may'st hear thine own lines

TO HIS BOOK.

—

X.

TO HIS BOOK.

Like to a bride, come forth, my book, at last,
With all thy richest jewels overcast ;
Say, if there be 'mongst many gems here, one
Deserveless of the name of Paragon ;
Blush not at all for that, since we have set
Some pearls on queens that have been counterfeit.

XI.

TO THE SAME.

Go thou forth my book, though late,
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good luck may send
Thee a kinsman or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I
With my fates neglected lie.
If thou know'st not where to dwell
See, the fire's by. Farewell.

WHILE THOU ART BY MY SIDE,
Dearly I loved thee ; as my first-born
But when I saw thee wantonly to roa
From nouse to house, and never stay
I brake my bonds of love, and bade t
Regardless whether well thou sped'st
On with thy fortunes then, whate'er t
If good I'll smile, if bad I'll sigh for

XIII.

TO THE SAME.

Make haste away, and let one
A friendly patron unto thee ;
Lest rapt from hence, I see th
Torn for the use of pasterie ;
Or see thy injur'd leaves serv
To make loose gowns for ma
Or see the grocers, in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve

XIV.

TO THE SAME.

... that I must see thee

XV.

TO HIS BOOK.

Thou art a plant, sprung up to wither never,
But like a laurel, to grow green for ever.

XVI.

TO THE SAME.

Take mine advice, and go not near
Those faces, sour as vinegar ;
For these, and nobler numbers can
Ne'er please the supercilious man.

XVII.

TO THE SAME.

Come thou not near those men who are like bread
O'er leavened ; or like cheese o'er rennetted.

XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Be bold my book, nor be abashed, or fear
The cutting thumb-nail, or the brow severe ;
But by the Muses swear, all here is good,
If but well read, or ill read, understood.

XIX.

TO THE SAME.

Before the press scarce one could see
A little peeping part of thee ;

Having resign'd thy shamefac'dne
Go with thy faults and fates ; yet
And take this sentence then away
Whom one belov'd will not suffice,
She'll run to all adulteries.

XX.

TO HIS BOOK.

The bound, almost, now of my book
But yet no end of those therein or more
Here we begin new life ; while thousands
Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night

XXI.

TO CRITICS.

I'll write, because I'll give
You critics means to live ;
For should I not supply
The cause, the effect would die

XXIII.

UPON HIS VERSES.

What offspring other men have got,
 The how, where, when, I question not :
 These are the children I have left ;
 Adopted some, none got by theft ;
 But all are touch'd, like lawful plate,
 And no verse illegitimate.

XXIV

HIS REQUEST TO JULIA.

Julia, if I chance to die
 Ere I print my poetry,
 I most humbly thee desire
 To commit it to the fire :
 Better 'twere my book were dead,
 Than to live not perfected.

XXV.

TO THE GENEROUS READER.

See, and not see, and if thou chance t'esp
 Some aberrations in my poetry ;
 Wink at small faults, the greater, ne'ertheless,
 Hide, and with them their father's nakedness.
 Let's do our best our watch and ward to keep ;
 Homer himself, in a long work may sleep.

XXVI.

TO THE SOUR READER.

If thou dislik'st the piece thou light'st on first
Think that of all that I have writ, the worst.

XXVII.

TO MY ILL READER.

Thou say'st my lines are hard,
And I the truth will tell;
They are both hard and marr'd,
If thou not read'st them well.

XXVIII.

TO MOMUS.

Who read'st this book that I have writ,
And canst not mend but carp at it;
By all the muses! thou shalt be
Anathema to it, and me.

XXIX.

TO THE DETRACTER.

I ask'd thee oft what poets thou hast read
And lik'st the best? Still thou repli'st, The dead.
I shall, ere long, with green turfs covered be:
Then sure thou'lt like, or thou wilt envy me.

XXX.

TO JOSEPH, LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

Whom should I fear to write to if I can
Stand before you, my learned Diocesan ?
And never show blood-guiltiness, or fear,
To see my lines excathedrated here.
Since none so good are, but you may condemn ;
Or here so bad, but you may pardon them.
If then, my lord, to sanctify my muse
One only poem out of all you'll choose,
And mark it for a rapture nobly writ,
'Tis good confirm'd, for you have bishop'd it.

XXXI.

WHERE HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

In sober mornings, do not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse ;—
But when that men have both well drunk and fed
Let my enchantments then be sung or read.
When laurel spirts i' the fire, and when the hearth
Smiles to itself and gilds the roof with mirth ;
When up the Thyrse is raised, and when the sound
Of sacred orgies flies around around ;
When the rose reigns, and locks with ointment shine,
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

HESPERIDES.

XXXII.

LYRIC FOR LEGACIES.

Gold I've none, for use or show,
Neither silver to bestow
At my death ; but thus much know
That each lyric here shall be
Of my love a legacy,
Left to all posterity.
Gentle friends, then do but please
To accept such coins as these,
As my last remembrances.

XXXIII.

ON HIMSELF.

Live by thy muse thou shalt, when others die,
Leaving no fame to long posterity ;
When monarchies trans-shifted are, and gone
Here shall endure thy vast dominion.



AMATORY ODES.

XXXIV.

A HYMN TO VENUS AND CUPID.

Sea-born goddess, let me be,
By thy son thus grac'd and thee,
That when ere I woo, I find
Virgins coy, but not unkind.
Let me, when I kiss a maid,
Taste her lips, so overlaid
With love's syrup, that I may
In your temple, when I pray,
Kiss the altar, and confess,
There's in love no bitterness.

AMATORY ODES.

—

XXXV.

THE SHOWER OF BLOSSOMS.

Love in a shower of blossoms came
 Down, and half drown'd me with the same :
 The blooms that fell were white and red ;
 But with such sweets commingled,
 As whether, this I cannot tell,
 My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell ;
 But true it was, as I roll'd there,
 Without a thought of hurt or fear,
 Love turn'd himself into a bee,
 And with his javelin wounded me ;
 From which mishap this use I make,—
 Where most sweets are, there lies a snake ;
 Kisses and favours are sweet things,—
 But those have thorns, and these have stings.

XXXVI.

THE ROSARY.

One ask'd me where the roses grew,—
 I bade him not go seek ;
 But forthwith bade my Julia shew
 A bud in either cheek.

As shews the air, when with a rainbow grac
So smiles that riband 'bout my Julia's wais
Or like —— nay, 'tis that zonulet of love,
Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove

LX.

DISSUASIONS FROM IDLENESS.

Cynthius, pluck ye by the ear,
That ye may good doctrine hear
Play not with the maiden hair,
For each ringlet there's a snare :
Cheek, and eye, and lip, and chin,
These are traps to take fools in :
Arms, and hands, and all parts else,
Are but toils, or manacles,
Set on purpose to intrall
Men, but slothfuls most of all.
Live employ'd, and so live free
From these fetters ; like to me,
Who have found, and still can prove,
The lazy man the most doth love.

XL.

UPON JULIA'S HAIR IN A GOLDEN NET.

Tell me ; what needs those rich deceits,
 These golden toils, and trammel-nets,
 To take thine hairs ; when they are known
 Already tame, and all thine own ?
 'Tis I am wild ; and more than hairs
 Deserve these meshes, and those snares.
 Set free thy tresses ; let them flow
 As airs do breathe, or winds do blow ;
 And let such curious networks be
 Less set for them, than spread for me.

XLI.

TO CENONE.

What, conscience, say, is it in thee,
 When I a heart had one,
 To take away that heart from me,
 And to retain thy own ?

For shame, or pity now incline
 To play a loving part ;
 Either to send me kindly thine,
 Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both ; but if thou dost
 Resolve to part with neither,
 Why, yet to shew that thou art just,
 Take me and mine together.

Her eyes the glow worm ~~attend~~
The shooting stars attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee !

No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee ;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
What though the moon does slumber ?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number !

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me ;
And, when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee !

Now strength, and newer purple get
 Each here-declining violet.
 O primroses! let this day be
 A resurrection unto ye;
 And to all flowers allied in blood,
 Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood;
 For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
 Claret and cream commingled.
 And those her lips do now appear
 As beams of coral, but more clear.

XLIV.

THE BLEEDING HAND; OR, THE SPRIG OF EGLANTINE
 GIVEN TO A MAID.

From this bleeding hand of mine
 Take this sprig of eglantine;
 Which, though sweet unto your smell,
 Yet, the fretful briar will tell,
 He who plucks the sweets shall prove
 Many thorns to be in love.

XLV.

TO DIANEME.

Give me *one* kiss,
 And no more:
 If so be this
 Makes you poor,
 To enrich you
 I'll restore
 For that one, two
 Thousand score.

XLVI.

THE CHANGES. TO CORINNA.

AN EXPOSTULATION.

Be not proud, but now incline
Your soft ear to discipline.
You have changes in your life,
Sometimes peace and sometimes strife;
You have ebbs of face, and flows,
As your health or comes or goes;
You have hopes, and doubts, and fears,
Numberless as are your hairs;
You have pulses that do beat
High, and passions less of heat;
You are young, but must be old;
And, to these, ye must be told,
Time, ere long, will come and plough
Loathed furrows in your brow;
And the dimness of your eye.
Will no other thing imply;
 But you must die,
 As well as I.

XLVIII.

TO HIS MISTRESS OBJECTING TO HIM NEITHER
TOYING, OR TALKING.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your curls, and kiss the time away ;
You blame me too, because I can't devise
Some sport, to please those babies in your eyes :
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love, when I the least express it !
Small griefs find tongues ; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound ;
Deep waters noiseless are ; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below :
So when love speechless is, she doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such,
Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

XLIX.

UPON ROSES.

Under a lawn, than skies more clear,
Some ruffled roses nestling were ;
And, snuggling there, they seem'd to lie
As in a flowery nunnery ;
They blush'd and look'd more fresh than flowers,
Quicken'd of late by pearly showers ;
And all, because they were possest
But of the heat of Julia's breast,
Which, as a warm and moisten'd spring,
Gave them their ever flourishing.

WHICH BURNED ME UP, WHEN I
The fire of hell it was.

Give me my earthen cups again ;
The crystal I contemn,
Which, though enchased with pearl
A deadly draught in them.

And thou, O Cupid ! come not to
My threshold ; since I see,
For all I have, or else can do,
Thou still wilt cozen me.

LXXII.

NO LOATHSOMENESS IN LOVE

What I fancy I approve,
No dislike there is in love :
Be my mistress short or tall,
And distorted therewithal ;
Be she likewise one of those,
That an acre hath of nose ;
Be her forehead and her eyes
Full of incongruities.

LXXIII.

LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

If I kiss Anthea's breast,
There I smell the phœnix' nest;
If her lip, the more sincere
Altar of incense I smell there;
Bosom, hands, and arms, are all
Richly aromatical:
Goddess Isis can't transfer
Musks and ambers more from her;
Nor can Juno sweeter be,
When she lies with Jove, than she.

LXXIV

JULIA'S PETTICOAT.

Thy azure robe I did behold,
As airy as the leaves of gold,
Which erring here, and wand'ring there,
Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where:
Sometimes 'twould pant, and sigh, and heave,
As if to stir it scarce had leave;
But having got it, thereupon,
'Twould make a brave expansion;
And, pounced with stars, it shew'd to me
Like a celestial canopy:
Sometimes 'twould blaze, and then abate,
Like to a flame grown moderate:
Sometimes away 'twould wildly fling,
Then to thy thigh so closely cling,

LV.

TO JEALOUSY.

O Jealousy, that art
The canker of the heart,
And mak'st all hell
Where thou dost dwell ;
For pity be
No fury, or no firebrand to me !

Far from me I'll remove
All thoughts of irksome love,
And turn to snow,
Or crystal grow,
To keep still free,
O soul-tormenting Jealousy, from thee !

LVI.

UPON LOVE.

Love's a thing, as I do hear,
Ever full of pensive fear ;
Rather than to which I'll fall,
Trust me, I'll not like at all :
If to Love I should intend,
Let my hair then stand on end ;
And that terror likewise prove
Fatal to me in my love.
But if horror cannot slake
Flames, which wo'd an entrance make
Then the next thing I desire,
Is to love, and live i'th' fire.

LXXVI.

A HYMN TO LOVE.

I will confess,
With cheerfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me ;
That, let her lay
On me all day,
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry :
It, ah ! too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all ;
Since love so much contents me.

No, no ; I'll be
In fetters free :
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for pain,
I'll entertain
The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers, and wine,
And cakes divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee ;
Which done, no more
I'll come before
Thee and thine altars empty.

Good speed, for I this day
Betimes my matins say,
Because I do
Begin too woo.
Sweet-singing lark,
Be thou the clark,
And know thy when
To say amen.
And if I prove
Blest in my love,
Then thou shalt be
High-priest to me,
At my return
To incense burn,
And so to solemnize
Love's and my sacrifice.

LXXVIII.

TO ELECTRA.

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile:
Lest, having that, or this.

LXII.

THE VISION TO ELECTRA.

I dreamt we both were in a bed
Of roses, almost smothered;
The warmth and sweetness had me there
Made lovingly familiar;
But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night, will blush by day,
I kiss'd thee, panting, and I call
Night to the record, that was all
But ah! if empty dreams so please,
Love, give me more such nights as these.

LXIII.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Inthrals the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribands to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

LXIV.

THE EYE.

Make me a heaven, and make me there
 Many a less and greater sphere ;
 Make me the straight and oblique lines,
 The motions, latitudes, and the signs ;
 Make me a chariot, and a sun,
 And let them through a zodiac run ;
 Next, place me zones and tropics there
 With all the seasons of the year ;
 Make me a sunset, and a night ;
 And then present the morning's light
 Clothed in her chamlets of delight ;
 To these, make clouds to pour down rain,
 With weather foul, then fair again :
 And when, wise artist, that thou hast
 With all that can be this heaven graced
 Ah ! what is then this curious sky,
 But only my Corinna's eye ?

LXV.

TO ANTHEA.

Ah, my Anthea ! must my heart still break ?
 Love makes me write what shame forbids to speak.
 Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score,
 Then to that twenty, add a hundred more ;
 A thousand to that hundred ; so kiss on,
 To make that thousand up a million.
 Treble that million, and when that is done,
 Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun.

LXVI.

HYMN TO THE GRACES.

When I love, as some have told,
Love I shall when I am old.
O ye Graces! made me fit
For the welcoming of it:
Clean my rooms, as temples be,
To entertain that deity:
Give me words wherewith to woo,
Suppling and successful too;
Winning postures, and withal
Manners each way musical;
Sweetness, to allay my sour
And unsmooth behaviour:
For I know you have the skill
Vines to prune, though not to kill;
And of any wood ye see,
You can make a Mercury.

LXVII.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

Roses at first were white,
Till they could not agree
Whether my Sappho's breast
Or they more white should be.

But being vanquish'd quite,
A blush their cheeks bespread,
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red.

LXVIII.

THE ROSE.—SONG.

Go, happy rose, and interweve
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods at will.
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and go,
And tell her this,—but do not so!
Lest a handsome anger fly,
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up; as well as I.

LXIX.

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

Maidens tell me I am old;
Let me in my glass behold,
Whether smooth, or not, I be;
Or if hair remains to me.
Well! or be't, or be't not so;
This for certainty I know,
Ill it fits old men to play,
When that death bids come away.

LXX.

TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN, OR DAYBREAK.

By the next kindling of the day,
My Julia, thou shalt see,
Ere Ave Mary thou canst say,
I'll come and visit thee.

Yet, ere thou counsell'st with thy glass,
Appear thou to mine eyes
Naked and smooth, as she that was
The prime of paradise.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
A lawn; that thou may'st look
As purest pearls, or pebbles do,
When peeping through a brook.

As lilies shrined in crystal, so
Do thou to me appear;
Or damask roses, when they grow
To sweet acquaintance there.

LXXI.

UPON LOVE.

A crystal vial Cupid brought,
Which had a juice in it;
Of which who drank, he said, no thought
Of love he should admit.

LXVIII.

THE ROSE.—SONG.

Go, happy rose, and interweave
With other flowers, bind my love.

Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;

Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods at will.
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and go,
And tell her this,—but do not so!

Lest a handsome anger fly,
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up, as well as I.

LXIX.

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

Maidens tell me I am old;
Let me in my glass behold,
Whether smooth, or not, I be;
Or if hair remains to me.
Well! or be't, or be't not so;
This for certainty I know,
Ill it fits old men to play,
When that death bids come away.

LXXIII.

LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

If I kiss Anthea's breast,
There I smell the phoenix' nest;
If her lip, the more sincere
Altar of incense I smell there;
Bosom, hands, and arms, are all
Richly aromatical:
Goddess Isis can't transfer
Musks and ambers more from her;
Nor can Juno sweeter be,
When she lies with Jove, than she.

LXXIV

JULIA'S PETTICOAT.

Thy azure robe I did behold,
As airy as the leaves of gold,
Which erring here, and wand'ring there,
Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where:
Sometimes 'twould pant, and sigh, and heave,
As if to stir it scarce had leave;
But having got it, thereupon,
'Twould make a brave expansion;
And, pounced with stars, it shew'd to me
Like a celestial canopy:
Sometimes 'twould blaze, and then abate,
Like to a flame grown moderate:
Sometimes away 'twould wildly fling,
Then to thy thigh so closely cling,

I, greedy of the prize, did drink,
 And emptied soon the glass,
 Which burnt me so, that I do think
 The fire of hell it was.

Give me my earthen cups again ;
 The crystal I contemn,
 Which, though enchased with pearls, contain
 A deadly draught in them.

And thou, O Cupid ! come not to
 My threshold ; since I see,
 For all I have, or else can do,
 Thou still wilt cozen me.

LXXII.

NO LOATHSOMENESS IN LOVE.

What I fancy I approve,
 No dislike there is in love :
 Be my mistress short or tall
 And distorted therewithal ;
 Be she likewise one of those,
 That an acre hath of nose ;
 Be her forehead and her eyes
 Full of incongruities.
 Be her cheeks so shallow too,
 As to shew her tongue wag through
 Be her lips ill hung, or set ;
 And her grinders black as jet ;
 Has she thin hair, hath she none ;
 She's to me a paragon.

LXXIII.

LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

If I kiss Anthea's breast,
 There I smell the phœnix' nest;
 If her lip, the more sincere
 Altar of incense I smell there;
 Bosom, hands, and arms, are all
 Richly aromatical:
 Goddess Isis can't transfer
 Musks and ambers more from her;
 Nor can Juno sweeter be,
 When she lies with Jove, than she.

LXXIV

JULIA'S PETTICOAT.

Thy azure robe I did behold,
 As airy as the leaves of gold,
 Which erring here, and wand'ring there,
 Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where:
 Sometimes 'twould pant, and sigh, and heave,
 As if to stir it scarce had leave;
 But having got it, thereupon,
 'Twould make a brave expansion;
 And, pounced with stars, it shew'd to me
 Like a celestial canopy:
 Sometimes 'twould blaze, and then abate,
 Like to a flame grown moderate:
 Sometimes away 'twould wildly fling,
 Then to thy thigh so closely cling,

That some conceit did melt me down,
 As lovers fall into a swoon ;
 And all confused I there did lie
 Drown'd in delights, but could not die.
 That leading cloud I follow'd still,
 Hoping t' have seen of it my fill ;
 But, ah ! I could not ; should it move
 To life eternal, I could love.

LXXV.

TO DIANE.

I could but see thee yesterday
 Stung by a fretful bee ;
 And I the jav'lin suck'd away,
 And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and briers, and sting
 I have in my poor breast ;
 Yet ne'er can see that salve, which bring
 My passions any rest.

As love shall help me ! I admire
 How thou canst sit and smile,
 To see me bleed ; and not desire
 To stanch the blood the while.

If thou, composed of gentle mould,
 Art so unkind to me ;
 What dismal stories will be told
 Of those that cruel be !

LXXVI.

A HYMN TO LOVE.

I will confess,
With cheertfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me;
That, let her lay
On me all day,
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry :
It, ah ! too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all ;
Since love so much contents me.

No, no ; I'll be
In fetters free :
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for pain,
I'll entertain
The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers, and wine,
And cakes divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee ;
Which done, no more
I'll come before
Thee and thine altars empty.

LXXVII.

TO THE LARK.

Good speed, for I this day
Betimes my matins say,
Because I do
Begin too woo.
Sweet-singing lark,
Be thou the clark,
And know thy when
To say amen.
And if I prove
Blest in my love,
Then thou shalt be
High-priest to me,
At my return
To incense burn,
And so to solemnize
Love's and my sacrifice.

LXXVIII.

LXXIX.

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM.

Thrice happy roses, so much graced, to have
 Within the bosom of my love your grave!
 Die when ye will, your sepulchre is known;
 Your grave her bosom is, the lawn the stone.

LXXX.

UPON HIS JULIA.

Will ye hear what I can say
 Briefly of my Julia?
 Black and rolling is her eye,
 Double-chinn'd, and forehead high,
 Lips she has all ruby red,
 Cheeks like cream enclareted,
 And a nose that is the grace
 And proscenium of her face;
 So that we may guess by these
 The other parts will richly please.

LXXXI.

TO ELECTRA.

Shall I go to Love, and tell
 Thou art all turn'd icicle?
 Shall I say, her altars be
 Disadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee?
 O beware! in time submit;
 Love has yet no wrathful fit:
 If her patience turns to ire,
 Love is then consuming fire.

TO ANTHEA, W.A.S.

**Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be ;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.**

**A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find
That heart I'll give to thee.**

**Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree ;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.**

**Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see ;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.**

**Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress tree ;**

LXXXIII.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN OBJECTING TO HIM HIS GREY
HAIRS.

Am I despised, because you say,
And I dare swear, that I am grey ?
Know, lady, you have but your day ;
And time will come, when you shall wear
Such frost and snow upon your hair.
And when, though long, it comes to pass,
You question with your looking-glass,
And in that sincere crystal seek,
But find no rose-bud in your cheek,
Nor any bed to give the shew :
Where such a rare carnation grew ;
Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old,
By those true tears y'are weeping.

LXXXIV.

HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA.

Noonday and midnight shall at once be seen ;
Trees at one time shall be both sere and green
Fire and water shall together lie
In one self-sweet conspiring sympathy ;
Summer and winter shall at one time show
Ripe ears of corn, and up to th' ears in snow ;
Seas shall be sandless, fields devoid of grass,
Shapeless the world, as when all chaos was,
Before, my dear Perilla, I will be
False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

98
HESPERIDES.

LXXXV.

THE CRUEL MAID.

And, cruel maid, because I see
You scornful of my love and me,
I'll trouble you no more ; but go
My way, where you shall never know
What is become of me ; there I
Will find me out a path to die,
Or learn some way how to forget
You, and your name, for ever : yet
Ere I go hence, know this from me,
What will in time your fortune be :
This to your coyness I will tell,
And having spoke it once, farewell !
The lily will not long endure,
Nor the snow continue pure ;
The rose, the violet, one day
See ; both these lady-flowers decay ;
And you must fade as well as they :
And, it may chance that love may turn
And, like to mine, make your heart bu

LXXXVI.

A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA.

Julia, I bring
To thee this ring,
Made for thy finger fit ;
To shew by this
That our love is,
Or should be, like to it.

Close though it be,
The joint is free ;
So, when love's yoke is on,
It must not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression :

But it must play
Still either way
And be too such a yoke,
As not too wide,
To overslide,
Or be so strait to choke.

So we, who bear
This beam, must rear
Ourselves to such a height,
As that the stay
Of either may
Create the burthen light.

And as this round
Is no where found
To flaw, or else to sever ;

HESPERIDES.

So let our love
As endless prove.
And pure as gold for ever.

LXXXVII.

TO THE WESTERN WIND.

Sweet western wind, whose luck it is
Made rival with the air,
To give Perenna's lips a kiss,
And fan her wanton hair.

Bring me but one; I'll promise thee,
Instead of common showers,
Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,
And all beset with flowers.

LXXXVIII.

THE HOUR GLASS.

That Hour glass, which there you see,
With water fill'd, sirs, credit me,
The humour was, as I have read,
But lovers tears incrystall'd;
Which, as they drop by drop do pass
From th' upper to the under-glass,
Do in a trickling manner tell,
(By many a watery syllable)
That lovers' tears in life-time shed,
Do restless run when they are dead

LXXIII.

LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

If I kiss Anthea's breast,
 There I smell the phoenix' nest;
 If her lip, the more sincere
 Altar of incense I smell there;
 Bosom, hands, and arms, are all
 Richly aromatical:
 Goddess Isis can't transfer
 Musks and ambers more from her;
 Nor can Juno sweeter be,
 When she lies with Jove, than she.

LXXIV

JULIA'S PETTICOAT.

Thy azure robe I did behold,
 As airy as the leaves of gold,
 Which erring here, and wand'ring there,
 Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where:
 Sometimes 'twould pant, and sigh, and heave,
 As if to stir it scarce had leave;
 But having got it, thereupon,
 'Twould make a brave expansion;
 And, pounced with stars, it shew'd to me
 Like a celestial canopy:
 Sometimes 'twould blaze, and then abate,
 Like to a flame grown moderate:
 Sometimes away 'twould wildly fling,
 Then to thy thigh so closely cling,

Drown'd in delights, but could not see
That leading cloud I follow'd still,
Hoping t' have seen of it my fill ;
But, ah ! I could not ; should it move
To life eternal, I could love.

LXXV.

TO DIANESE.

I could but see thee yesterday
Stung by a fretful bee ;
And I the jav'lin suck'd away,
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and briers, and stings,
I have in my poor breast ;
Yet ne'er can see that salve, which brings
My passions any rest.

As love shall help me ! I admire

LXXVI.

A HYMN TO LOVE.

I will confess,
With cheerfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me;
That, let her lay
On me all day,
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry:
It, ah! too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all;
Since love so much contents me.

No, no; I'll be
In fetters free:
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for pain,
I'll entertain
The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers, and wine,
And cakes divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee;
Which done, no more
I'll come before
Thee and thine altars empty.

That some conceit did melt me down,
As lovers fall into a swoon ;
And all confused I there did lie
Drown'd in delights, but could not die.
That leading cloud I follow'd still,
Hoping t' have seen of it my fill ;
But, ah ! I could not ; should it move
To life eternal, I could love.

LXXV.

TO DIANEME.

I could but see thee yesterday
Stung by a fretful bee ;
And I the jav'lin suck'd away,
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and briers, and sting
I have in my poor breast ;
Yet ne'er can see that salve, which bring
My passions any rest.

LXXVI.

A HYMN TO LOVE.

I will confess,
With cheertfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me;
That, let her lay
On me all day,
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry:
It, ah! too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all;
Since love so much contents me.

No, no; I'll be
In fetters free:
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for pain,
I'll entertain
The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers, and wine,
And cakes divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee;
Which done, no more
I'll come before
Thee and thine altars empty.

I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union :
But on a sudden all were gone ;
At which I stopp'd ; said Love, these be,
The true resemblances of thee ;
For, as these flowers, thy joys must die.
And in the turning of an eye :
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
Like those short sweets here knit together.

XCVII.

TO THE MAIDS TO WALK ABROAD.

Come sit we under yonder tree,
Where merry as the maids we'll be ;
And, as on primroses we sit,
We'll venture, if we can, at wit :
If not, at draw-gloves we will play,
So spend some minutes of the day ;
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at questions and commands ;
Or tell what strange tricks Love can do
To one of two :

LXXIX.

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM.

Thrice happy roses, so much graced, to have
 Within the bosom of my love your grave!
 Die when ye will, your sepulchre is known;
 Your grave her bosom is, the lawn the stone.

LXXX.

UPON HIS JULIA.

Will ye hear what I can say
 Briefly of my Julia?
 Black and rolling is her eye,
 Double-chinn'd, and forehead high,
 Lips she has all ruby red,
 Cheeks like cream enclareted,
 And a nose that is the grace
 And proscenium of her face;
 So that we may guess by these
 The other parts will richly please.

LXXXI.

TO ELECTRA.

Shall I go to Love, and tell
 Thou art all turn'd icicle?
 Shall I say, her altars be
 Disadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee?
 O beware! in time submit;
 Love has yet no wrathful fit:
 If her patience turns to ire,
 Love is then consuming fire.

HERSPERIDES.

XCIX.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
 This sweet infant of the year ?
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew ?
 I will whisper to your ears,
 The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.

Ask me why this flow'r does show
 So yellow-green, and sickly too ?
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break ?
 I will answer, these discover
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

C.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HIMSELF AND MISTRESS E/
 BETH WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF AMARYLL

HERRICK.

My dearest love, since thou wilt go,
 And leave me here behind thee ;
 For love or pity, let me know
 The place where I may find thee.

AMARYLLIS.

In country meadows, pearl'd with dew,
 And set about with lilies ;
 There filling maunds with cowslips, you
 May find your Amaryllis.

HERRICK.

What have the meads to do with thee,
 Or with thy youthful hours?
 Live thou at court, where thou may'st be
 The queen of men, not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
 With poses; since 'tis fitter
 For thee with richest gems to shine,
 And like the stars to glitter.

AMARYLLIS.

You set too high a rate upon
 A shepherdess so homely.
HER. Believe it, dearest, there's not one
 I' the court that's half so comely.

I prithee stay.—**AM.** I must away.
HER. Let's kiss first, then we'll sever;
BOTH. And, though we bid adieu to-day,
 We shall not part for ever.

C1.

KISSING USURY.

Bianca, let
 Me pay the debt
 I owe thee for a kiss
 Thou lend'st to me;
 And I to thee
 Will render ten for this:



VESPERIDES.

If thou wilt say,
Ten will not pay
For that so rich a one;
I'll clear the sum,
If it will come
Unto a million.

By this I guess,
Of happiness
Who has a little measure,
He must of right
To th' utmost mite
Make payment for his pleasure.

CII.

TO CARNATIONS.—A SONG.

Stay while ye will, or go,
And leave no scent behind ye:
Yet, trust me, I shall know
The place where I may find ye.
Within my Lucia's cheek,
(Whose livery ye wear,)
Play ye at hide and seek,
I'm sure to find ye there.

CIII.

TO OENONE.

Sweet Oenone, do but say
Love thou dost, though Love sa
Speak my fair; for lovers be
Gently kill'd by flattery.

CIV.

TO DIANEME.

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which star-like sparkle in their skies ;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives, your's yet free :
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air ;
When as that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beauty's gone.

CV.

THE WEEPING CHERRY.

I saw a cherry weep, and why ?
Why wept it ? but for shame ;
Because my Julia's lip was by,
And did out-red the same ?

But, pretty fondling, let not fall
A tear at all for that,
Which rubies, corals, scarlets, all,
For tincture, wonder at.

CVI.

UPON LOVE.

Some salve to every sore we may apply ;
Only for my wound there's no remedy :
Yet if my Julia kiss me, there will be
A sovereign balm found out to cure me.

HESPERIDES.

CVII.

TO ANTHEA.

Sick is Anthea, sickly is the spring,
The primrose sick, and sickly every thing
The while my dear Anthea does but droop
The tulips, lilies, daffodils do stoop :
But when again she's got her healthful bloom
Each bending then, will rise a proper flower

CVIII.

TO THE WILLOW TREE.

Thou art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found,
Wherewith young men and maids distressed
And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the lover's rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn,

Then willow wreaths about the head

CIX.

UPON A DELAYING LADY.

Come, come away ;
Or let me go :
Must I here stay
Because y' are slow,
And will continue so ?—
Troth, lady, no :

I scorn to be
A slave to state ;
And, since I'm free,
I will not wait
Henceforth, at such a rate,
For needy fate :

If you desire
My spark should glow,
The peeping fire
You must blow ;
Or I shall quickly grow
To frost, or snow.

CX.

THE CARCANET.

Instead of orient pearls, of jet
I sent my love a carcanet :
About her spotless neck she knit
The lace, to honour me, or it :
Then think how rapt was I, to see
My jet t'inthrall such ivory !

Be the mistress of my choice
Clean in manners, clear in voice
Be she witty more than wise ;
Pure enough, though not precise
Be she shewing in her dress,
Like a civil wilderness,
That the curious may detect
Order in a sweet neglect ;
Be she rolling in her eye,
Tempting all the passers-by ;
And each ringlet of her hair
An enchantment, or a snare ;
For to catch the lookers on,
But herself held fast by none ;
Let her Lucrece all day be,
Thais in the night to me ;
Be she such as neither will
Famish me, nor over-fill.

CXII.

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

Is there no way to beget
 In my limbs their former heat?
 Æson had, as poets feign,
 Baths that made him young again:
 Find that medicine if you can,
 For your dry, decrepit man,
 Who would fain his strength renew,
 Were it but to pleasure you.

CXIII.

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESSES.

I have lost, and lately, these
 Many dainty mistresses;
 Stately Julia, prime of all;
 Sappho next, a principal;
 Smooth Anthea, for a skin
 White, and heaven-like crystalline;
 Sweet Electra; and the choice
 Myrrha, for the lute and voice;
 Next, Corinna, for her wit,
 And the graceful use of it;
 With Perilla: all are gone;
 Only Herrick's left alone,
 For to number sorrow by
 Their departures hence, and die.

CXIV.

LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

Whatsoever thing I see
 Rich, or poor although it be
 'Tis a mistress unto me.

Be my girl or fair, or brown,
Does she smile, or does she frown,
Still I write a sweetheart down.

Be she rough or smooth of skin,
When I touch, I then begin
For to let affection in.

Be she bald, or does she wear
Locks incurl'd of other hair,
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,
So my fancy be content,
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she lean,
Be she sluttish, be she clean,
I'm a man for every scene.

CXV.

TO ELECTRA.

More white than whitest lilies far,
Or snow, or whitest swans, you are ;
More white than are the whitest crears
Or moonlight tinselling the streams ;
More white than pearls, or Juno's thigh
Or Pelops' arm of ivory.
True, I confess, such whites as these
May me delight, not fully please ;
Till, like Ixion's cloud, you be
White, warm, and soft to lie with me.

CXVI.

LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSH PIN.

Love and myself, believe me on a day
 At childish push pin, for our sport, did play :
 I put, he push'd, and, heedless of my skin,
 Love prick'd my finger with a golden pin ;
 Since which it festers so, that I can prove
 'Twas but a trick to poison me with love :
 Little the wound was, greater was the smart ;
 The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

CXVII.

THE FROZEN ZONE, OR JULIA DISDAINFUL.

Whither, say, whither shall I fly,
 To slack these flames wherein I fry ?
 To the treasures shall I go
 Of the rain, frost, hail, and snow ?
 Shall I search the under ground,
 Where all damps and mists are found ?
 Shall I seek for speedy ease
 All the floods, and frozen seas ;
 Or descend into the deep
 Where eternal cold does keep ?
 These may cool ; but there's a zone
 Colder yet than any one,
 That's my Julia's breast, where dwells,
 Such destructive icicles,
 As that the congelation will
 Me sooner starve, than those can kill.

CXXI.

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather flowers Sappho went,
And homeward she did bring,
Within her lawny continent,
The treasure of the spring.

She smiling blush'd, and blushing smile
And sweetly blushing thus,
She look'd as she'd been got with child
By young Favonius.

Her apron gave as she did pass,
An odour more divine,
More pleasing, too, than ever was
The lap of Proserpine.

CXXII.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Choose me your valentine ;
Next, let us marry ;



AMATORY ODES.

89

CCIX.

LIPS TONGUELESS

For my part, I never care
For those lips that tongue-tied are ;
Tell-tales I would have them be
Of my mistress, and of me :
Let them prattle how that I
Sometimes freeze, and sometimes fry :
Let them tell how she doth move
Fore, or backward in her love :
Let them speak by gentle tones
One, and th' other's passions :
How we watch, and seldom sleep ;
How 'ly willows we do weep ;
How by stealth we meet, and them
Kiss, and sigh, so part again :
This the lips we will permit
For to tell, not publish it.

CCX.

TO ANTHEA.

Come, Anthea, know thou this,
Love at no time idle is ;
Let's be doing, though we play
But at push pin half the day ;
Chains of sweet bents let us make,
Captive one, or both, to take ;
In which bondage we will lie,
Souls transfusing thus, and die !

To gather flowers Sappho went,
And homeward she did bring,
Within her lawny continent,
The treasure of the spring.

She smiling blush'd, and blushing smiled,
And sweetly blushing thus,
She look'd as she'd been got with child
By young Favonius.

Her apron gave as she did pass,
An odour more divine,
More pleasing, too, than ever was
The lap of Proserpine.

CXXII.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Choose me your valentine ;
Next, let us marry ;
Love to the death will pine,
If we long tarry.

Promise, and keep your vows,
Or you've never ;

CXXVIII.

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

Put on your silks ; and, piece by piece,
Give them the scent of ambergris ;
And for your breaths, too, let them smell
Ambrosia-like, or nectarel ;
While other gums their sweets perspire,
By your own jewels set on fire.

CXXIX.

BEING ONCE BLIND, HIS REQUEST TO BIANCA.

When age or chance has made me blind,
So that the path I cannot find ;
And when my falls and stumblings are
More than the stones i' th' street by far ;
Go thou before, and I shall well
Follow thy perfumes by the smell ;
Or be my guide, and I shall be
Led by some light that flows from thee.
Thus held, or led by thee, I shall
In ways confus'd, nor slip or fall.

CXXX.

THE SHOE TYING.

Anthea bade me tie her shoe ;
I did ; and kiss'd the instep too.
And would have kiss'd unto her knee,
Had not her blush rebuked me.

HESPERIDES.

CXXVI.

TO DIANE ME.

Dear, though to part it be a hell,
 Yet, Dianeme, now farewell ;
 Thy frown last night did bid me go,
 But whither only grief does know.
 I do beseech thee, ere we part,
 (If merciful, as fair thou art ;
 Or else desir'st that maids shou'd tell
 Thy pity by love's chronicle)
 O, Dianeme, rather kill
 Me, than to make me languish still !
 'Tis cruelty in thee to' th' height,
 Thus, thus to wound, not kill outright ;
 Yet there's a way found, if thou please,
 By sudden death to give me ease ;
 And thus devis'd, do thou but this,
 Bequeath to me one parting kiss ;
 So sup'rabundant joy shall be
 The executioner of me.

CXXVII.

AGAINST LOVE.

Whene'er my heart love's warmth but entertains,
 O frost ! O snow ! O hail ! forbid the banns.
 One drop now deads a spark, but if the same
 Once gets a force, floods cannot quench the flame.
 Rather than love, let me be ever lost,
 Or let me 'gender with eternal frost.

CXXVIII.

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

Put on your silks ; and, piece by piece,
 Give them the scent of ambergris ;
 And for your breaths, too, let them smell
 Ambrosia-like, or nectarel ;
 While other gums their sweets perspire,
 By your own jewels set on fire.

CXXIX.

BEING ONCE BLIND, HIS REQUEST TO BIANCA.

When age or chance has made me blind,
 So that the path I cannot find ;
 And when my falls and stumblings are
 More than the stones i' th' street by far ;
 Go thou before, and I shall well
 Follow thy perfumes by the smell ;
 Or be my guide, and I shall be
 Led by some light that flows from thee.
 Thus held, or led by thee, I shall
 In ways confus'd, nor slip or fall.

CXXX.

THE SHOE TYING.

Anthea bade me tie her shoe ;
 I did ; and kiss'd the instep too.
 And would have kiss'd unto her knee,
 Had not her blush rebuked me.

NO SPOUSE . . .

A bachelor I will
Live as I have lived still,
And never take a wife
To crucify my life :
But this I'll tell ye too,
What now I mean to do ;
A sister, in the stead
Of wife, about I'll lead ;
Which I will keep embrac'd,
And kiss, but yet be chaste.

CXXXII.

THE POMANDER BRACELET.

To me my Julia lately sent
A bracelet, richly redolent ;
The beads I kiss'd, but most lov'd her
That did perfume the pomander.

CXXXIII.

UPON JULIA'S VOICE.

When I thy singing next shall hear,
I'll have all to ear.

CXXXIV.

TO JULIA.

How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art,
 In each thy dainty and peculiar part!
 First, for thy Queen-ship on thy head is set
 Of flowers a sweet commingled coronet;
 About thy neck a carcanet is bound,
 Made of the Ruby, Pearl, and Diamond;
 A golden ring that shines upon thy thumb;
 About thy wrist the rich Dardanium;
 Between thy breasts, than down of swans more white,
 There plays the Sapphire with the Chrysolite.
 No part besides must of thyself be known,
 But by the Topaz, Opal, Calcedon.

CXXXV.

HIS SAILING FROM JULIA.

When that day comes, whose evening says I'm gone,
 Unto that watery desolation:
 Devoutly to thy Closet-gods then pray,
 That my wing'd ship may meet no Remora.
 Those deities which circum-walk the seas,
 And look upon our dreadful passages,
 Will from all dangers re-deliver me,
 For one drink-offering poured out by thee.
 Mercy and Truth live with thee! and forbear,
 In my short absence, to unsluice a tear;
 But yet for love's sake, let thy lips do this,
 Give my dead picture one engendering kiss;
 Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
 In thy remembrance, Julia. So farewell.

Be my girl or fair, or brown,
Does she smile, or does she frown,
Still I write a sweetheart down.

Be she rough or smooth of skin,
When I touch, I then begin
For to let affection in.

Be she bald, or does she wear
Locks incurl'd of other hair,
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,
So my fancy be content,
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she lean,
Be she sluttish, be she clean,
I'm a man for every scene.

CXV.

TO ELECTRA.

CXVI.

LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSH PIN.

Love and myself, believe me on a day
 At childish push pin, for our sport, did play :
 I put, he push'd, and, heedless of my skin,
 Love prick'd my finger with a golden pin ;
 Since which it festers so, that I can prove
 'Twas but a trick to poison me with love :
 Little the wound was, greater was the smart ;
 The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

CXVII.

THE FROZEN ZONE, OR JULIA DISDAINFUL.

Whither, say, whither shall I fly,
 To slack these flames wherein I fry ?
 To the treasures shall I go
 Of the rain, frost, hail, and snow ?
 Shall I search the under ground,
 Where all damps and mists are found ?
 Shall I seek for speedy ease
 All the floods, and frozen seas ;
 Or descend into the deep
 Where eternal cold does keep ?
 These may cool ; but there's a zone
 Colder yet than any one,
 That's my Julia's breast, where dwells,
 Such destructive icicles,
 As that the congelation will
 Me sooner starve, than those can kill.

HESPERIDES.

CXVIII.

THE KISS.—A DIALOGUE.

Among thy fancies tell me this :
What is the thing we call a kiss ?
I shall resolve ye what it is.

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips all cherry red ;
By love and warm desires fed ;
And makes more soft the bridal bed.

It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies,
And stills the bride, too, when she cries.

It then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
Frisks and flies, now here, now there,
Is now far off, and then 'tis near :
And here and there, and everywhere.

Is it a speaking virtue ? 2. Yes.—
How speaks it, say ? 2. Do you but this,

CXIX.

LIPS TONGUELESS

For my part, I never care
For those lips that tongue-tied are ;
Tell-tales I would have them be
Of my mistress, and of me :
Let them prattle how that I
Sometimes freeze, and sometimes fry :
Let them tell how she doth move
Fore, or backward in her love :
Let them speak by gentle tones
One, and th' other's passions :
How we watch, and seldom sleep ;
How 'ly willows we do weep ;
How by stealth we meet, and then
Kiss, and sigh, so part again :
This the lips we will permit
For to tell, not publish it.

CXX.

TO ANTHEA.

Come, Anthea, know thou this,
Love at no time idle is ;
Let's be doing, though we play
But at push pin half the day ;
Chains of sweet bents let us make,
Captive one, or both, to take ;
In which bondage we will lie,
Souls transfusing thus, and die !

CXXI.

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather flowers Sappho went,
And homeward she did bring,
Within her lawny continent,
The treasure of the spring.

She smiling blush'd, and blushing sm
And sweetly blushing thus,
She look'd as she'd been got with chi
By young Favonius.

Her apron gave as she did pass,
An odour more divine,
More pleasing, too, than ever was
The lap of Proserpine.

CXXII.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Choose me your valentine ;
Next, let us marry ;

CXLIX.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS.

You are a Tulip seen to-day,
But dearest, of so short a stay,
That where you grew, scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,
Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling Rose i' th' bud,
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can shew where you or grew or stood.

You are a full-spread, fair-set Vine,
And can with tendrils love entwine,
Yet dri'd, ere you distil your wine.

You are like Balm, inclosed well
In amber, or some crystal shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty Violet,
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,
But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

HESPERIDES.

CL.

HIS RECANTATION.

Love, I recant,
 And pardon crave,
 That lately I offended,
 But 'twas
 Alas !
 To make a brave,
 But no disdain intended.

No more I'll vaunt,
 For now I see
 Thou only hast the power,
 To find,
 And bind
 A heart that's free,
 And slave it in an hour.

CLI.

UPON JULIA'S HAIR FILLED WITH DEW.

Dew sat on Julia's hair,
 And spangled too,
 Like leaves that laden are
 With trembling dew :
 Or glitter'd to my sight,
 As when the beams
 Have their reflected light
 Danc'd by the streams.

CXXVIII.

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

Put on your silks ; and, piece by piece,
Give them the scent of ambergris ;
And for your breaths, too, let them smell
Ambrosia-like, or nectarel ;
While other gums their sweets perspire,
By your own jewels set on fire.

CXXIX.

BEING ONCE BLIND, HIS REQUEST TO BIANCA.

When age or chance has made me blind,
So that the path I cannot find ;
And when my falls and stumblings are
More than the stones i' th' street by far ;
Go thou before, and I shall well
Follow thy perfumes by the smell ;
Or be my guide, and I shall be
Led by some light that flows from thee.
Thus held, or led by thee, I shall
In ways confus'd, nor slip or fall.

CXXX.

THE SHOE TYING.

Anthea bade me tie her shoe ;
I did ; and kiss'd the instep too.
And would have kiss'd unto her knee,
Had not her blush rebuked me.

em, from that
Than if they naked stood,
And had no other pride at all,
But their own flesh and blood,
And tinctures natural.

Thus lily, rose, grape, cherry, cream,
And strawberry do stir
More love, when they transfer
A weak, a soft, a broken beam ;
Than if they should discover
At full their proper excellence,
Without some scene cast over,
To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this crystall'd lily be
A rule, how far, to teach,
Your nakedness must reach ;
And that no further than we see
Those glaring colours laid
By art's wise hand, but to this end
They should obey a shade,
Lest they too far extend.

as swan or snow

CLIII.

TO PANSIES.

Ah, cruel love, must I endure
 Thy many scorns, and find no cure?
 Say, are thy medicines made to be
 Helps to all others but to me?
 I'll leave thee, and to Pansies come;
 Comforts you'll afford me some:
 You can ease my heart, and do
 What love could ne'er be brought unto.

CLIV.

ON GILLIFLOWERS BEGOTTEN.

What was't that fell but now
 From that warm kiss of ours?
 Look, look, by love I vow
 They were two gilliflowers.

Let's kiss, and kiss again;
 For if so be our closes
 Make gilliflowers, then
 I'm sure they'll fashion roses.

CLV.

UPON A VIRGIN KISSING A ROSE.

'Twas but a single rose,
 Till you on it did breathe
 But since, methinks, it snows
 Not so much rose as wreath.

Water, water, I espy,
Come and cool ye, all who fry
In your loves, but none as I.

Though a thousand showers be
Still a falling, yet I see
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you who can have seas
For to quench ye, or some ease
From your kinder mistresses.

I have one, and she alone,
Of a thousand thousand known,
Dead to all compassion.

Such an one as will repeat
Both the cause, and make the heat
More by provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despair
Of my cure, do you beware
That cruel are.

CXXXVIII.

TO DEWS. A SONG.

I burn, I burn, and beg of you
 To quench or cool me with your dew;
 I fry in fire, and so consume,
 Although the pile be all perfume.
 Alas! the heat and death's the same
 Whether by choice or common flame
 To be in oil of roses drown'd,
 Or water, where's the comfort found
 Both bring one death; and I die here,
 Unless you cool me with a tear.
 Alas! I call, but ah! I see
 Ye cool and comfort all but me.

CXXXIX.

LEANDER'S OBSEQUIES.

When as Leander young was drown'd,
 No heart by love receiv'd a wound;
 But on a rock himself sat by,
 There weeping sup'rabundantly.
 Sighs numberless he cast about,
 And all his tapers thus put out;
 His head upon his hand he laid,
 And sobbing deeply, thus he said:
 Ah, cruel sea! and looking on't,
 Wept as he'd drown the Hellespont.
 And sure his tongue had more exprest,
 But that his tears forbad the rest.

CLIX.

UPON A BLACK TWIST, ROUNDING THE ARM OF
THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

I saw about ner spotless wrist,
Of blackest silk, a curious twist;
Which, circumvolving gently, there
Enthrall'd her arm, as prisoner.
Dark was the jail, but as if light
Had met t' engender with the night;
Or so, as darkness made a stay
To shew at once both night and day.
I fancy more; but if there be
Such freedom in captivity;
I beg of love that ever I
May in like chains of darkness lie.

CLX.

TO THE LADIES.

Trust me ladies, I will do
Nothing to distemper you;
If I any fret or vex,
Men they shall be, not your sex.

CLXI.

TO PERENNA

How long, Perenna, wilt thou see
Me languish for the love of thee?
Consent and play a friendly part
To save, when thou may'st kill a heart

CLXII.

UPON LOVE.

I held love's head while it did ache,
 But so it chanc'd to be,
 The cruel pain did his forsake,
 And forthwith came to me.

Ah me ! how shall my grief be still'd ?
 Or where else shall we find
 One like to me, who must be kill'd
 For being too too kind ?

CLXIII.

NO FAULT IN WOMEN.

No fault in women, to refuse
 The offer which they most would choose.
 No fault in women to confess,
 How tedious they are in their dress ;
 No fault in women, to lay on
 The tincture of vermillion ;
 And there to give the cheek a dye
 Of white, where Nature doth deny.
 No fault in women, to make show
 Of largeness, when th' are nothing so ;
 When, true it is, the outside swells
 With inward buckram, little else.
 No fault in women, though they be
 But seldom from suspicion free ;
 No fault in womankind at all,
 If they but slip, and never fall.

CLXIV.

TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY MISTRESS
ANNE SOAME, NOW LADY ABDIE.

So smell those odours that do rise
From out the wealthy spiceries ;
So smells the flower of blooming clove,
Or roses smother'd in the stove ;
So smells the air of spiced wine,
Or essences of jessamine ;
So smells the breath about the hives,
When well the work of honey thrives,
And all the busy factors come
Laden with wax and honey home ;
So smell those neat and woven bowers,
All over-arch'd with orange flowers,
And almond-blossoms that do mix
To make rich these aromatics ;
So smell those bracelets, and those bands
Of amber chaf'd between the hands ;
When thus enkindled, they transpire
A noble perfume from the fire.
The wine of cherries, and to these
The cooling breath of raspberries ;
The smell of morning's milk and cream,
Butter of cowslips mixed with them ;
Of roasted warden, or bak'd pear,
These are not to be reckon'd here ;
When as the meanest part of her
Smells like the maiden-pomander.
Thus sweet she smells, or what can be
More lik'd by her, or lov'd by me.

CLXV.

UPON LOVE.

Love, I have broke
 Thy yoke ;
 The neck is free :
 But when I'm next
 Love vex'd,
 Then shackle me.

'Tis better yet
 To fret
 The feet or hands ;
 Than to enthral,
 Or gall
 The neck with bands.

CLXVI.

THE BRACELET TO JULIA.

Why I tie about thy wrist,
 Julia, this my silken twist ;
 For what other reason is 't,
 But to show thee how in part
 Thou my pretty captive art ?
 But thy bond-slave is my heart ;
 'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,
 Knap the thread, and thou art free ;
 But 'tis otherwise with me ;
 I am bound, and fast bound so,
 That from thee I cannot go ;
 If I could, I would not so.

CLXVII.

THE ADMONITION.

Seest thou those diamonds which she we
 In that rich carcanet,
 Or those on her dishevell'd hairs,
 Fair pearls in order set ?
 Believe, young man, all those were tears
 By wretched wooers sent,
 In mournful hyacinths and rue,
 That figure discontent ;
 Which, when not warmed by her view,
 By cold neglect each one
 Congeal'd to pearl and stone ;
 Which precious spoils upon her,
 She wears as trophies of her hono
 Ah, then consider what all this implies ;
 She that will wear thy tears wou'd wear th

CLXVIII.

UPON THE NIPPLES OF JULIA'S BREAS

Have ye beheld, with much delight,
 A red rose peeping through a white ?
 Or else a cherry, double grac'd,
 Within a lily, centre plac'd ?
 Or ever mark'd the pretty beam,
 A strawberry shews half drown'd in cream
 Or seen rich rubies blushing through
 A pure smooth pearl, and orient too ?
 So like to this, nay all the rest,
 Is each neat Niplet of her breast.

CXCII.

TO ELECTRA.

'Tis ev'ning, my sweet,
And dark, let us meet;
Long time w'ave here been a toying;
And never, as yet,
That season could get,
Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

For pity or shame,
Then let not Love's flame
Be ever and ever a spending;
Since now to the port
The path is but short,
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flies away fast,
Our hours do waste;
The while we never remember,
How soon our life here,
Grows old with the year,
That dies with the next December.

CXCIII.

THE BRIDE CAKE.

This day, my Julia, thou must make
For Mistress Bride the wedding-cake;
Knead but the dough, and it will be
To paste of almonds turn'd by thee;
Or kiss it thou but once or twice,
And for the bride-cake there 'll be spice.

HESPERIDES.

CLXXII.

LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.

Let fair or foul my mistress be,
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me ;
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
The posture her's, I'm pleas'd with it ;
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
Graceful is ev'ry thing from her ;
Or let her grant, or else deny,
My love will fit each history.

CLXXIII.

HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST.

These springs were maidens once that lov'd,
But lost to that they most approv'd :
My story tells, by Love they were
Turn'd to these springs which we see here :
The pretty whimpering that they make,
When of the banks their leave they take,
Tells ye but this, they are the same,
In nothing chang'd but in their name.

CLXXIV.

UPON JULIA.

How can I choose but love, and follow her
Whose shadow smells like milder pomander ?
How can I choose but kiss her, whence does
The storax, spikenard, myrrh, and laudanum

CLXXV.

NO LUCK IN LOVE.

I do love, I know not what,
Sometimes this and sometimes that;
All conditions I aim at.

But, as luckless, I have yet
Many shrewd disasters met,
To gain her whom I would get.

Therefore, now I'll love no more,
As I've doated heretofore ;
He who must be, shall be poor.

CLXXVI.

THE WILLOW GARLAND.

A willow garland thou didst send
Perfum'd, last day, to me ;
Which did but only this portend,
I was forsook by thee.

Since so it is ; I'll tell thee what,
To-morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the willow ; after that,
To die upon the tree.

As beasts upon the altars go
With garlands dress'd, so I
Will, with my Willow-wreath also,
Come forth and sweetly die.

When thou dost play and sweetly sing,
 Whether it be the voice or string,
 Or both of them that do agree
 Thus to entrance and ravish me ;
 This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute,
 And die away upon thy lute.

CLXXVIII.

I CALL AND I CALL.

I call, I call : who do ye call ?
 The maids to catch this cowslip ball ;
 But since these cowslips fading be,
 Troth, leave the flowers and maids take me.
 Yet, if that neither you will do,
 Speak but the word, and I'll take you.

CLXXIX.

A SONG.

Burn or drown me, choose ye whether,
 So I may but die together ;

CLXXX.

TO ANTHEA.

Let's call for Hymen, if agreed thou art,
 Delays in love but crucify the heart :
 Love's thorny tapers yet neglected lie ;
 Speak thou the word, they'll kindle by and by.
 The nimble hours woo us on to wed,
 And Genius waits to have us both to bed ;
 Behold, for us the naked Graces stay,
 With maunds of roses for to strew the way ;
 Besides, the most religious prophet stands
 Ready to join, as well our hearts as hands ;
 Who yet smiles ; but if she chance to chide,
 All luck 'twill bode to th' bridegroom and the bride.
 Tell me, Anthea, dost thou fondly dread
 The loss of that we fondly call a maidenhead ?
 Come, I'll instruct thee. Know, the vestal fire
 Is not by marriage quench'd, but flames the higher.

CLXXXI.

UPON HIMSELF.

I lately fried, but now behold
 I freeze as fast, and shake for cold ;
 And, in good faith, I'd thought it strange
 T'ave found in me this sudden change,
 But that I understood by dreams,
 These only were but love's extremes ;
 Who fires with hope the lover's heart,
 And starves with cold the self-same part

CLXXXII.

A SONG UPON SILVIA.

From me my Silvia ran away,
And running therewithall,
A primrose bank did cross her way,
And gave my love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say
What I by chance did see ;
But such the drap'ry did betray,
That fully ravish'd me.

CLXXXIII.

HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW.

Jealous girls these sometimes were,
While they lived or lasted here :
Turn'd to flowers, still they be
Yellow, mark'd for jealousy.

CLXXXIV.

ON LOVE.

Love bade me ask a gift,
And I no more did move,
But this, that I might shift
Still with my clothes my love
That favour granted was ;
Since which, though I love many,
Yet so it comes to pass,
That long I love not any.

CLXXXV.

UPON HIMSELF.

I could never love indeed,
Never see mine own heart bleed ;
Never crucify my life,
Or for widow, maid, or wife.

I could never seek to please
One or many mistresses ;
Never like their lips, to swear
Oil of roses still smelt there.

I could never break my sleep,
Fold mine arms, sob, sigh, or weep ;
Never beg or humbly woo
With oaths and lies, as others do.

I could never walk alone,
Put a shirt of sackcloth on ;
Never keep a fast, or pray
For good luck in love that day.

But have hitherto liv'd free,
As the air that circles me ;
And kept credit with my heart,
Neither broke i' th' whole or part.

CLXXXVI.

ART ABOVE NATURE. TO JULIA.

When I behold a forest spread
With silken trees upon thy head ;

HESPERIDES.

And when I see that other dress
Of flowers set in comeliness ;
When I behold another grace
In the ascent of curious lace,
Which, like a pinnacle, doth show
The top, and the top-gallant too ;
Then, when I see thy tresses bound
Into an oval, square, or round ;
And knit in knots far more than I
Can tell by tongue, or true love tie ;
Next, when those lawny films I see
Play with a wild civility ;
And all those airy silks to flow,
Alluring me, and tempting so
I must confess, mine eye and heart
Doats less on nature than on art.

CLXXXVII.

UPON IRENE.

Angry if Irene be
But a minute's life with me ;
Such a fire I espy
Walking in and out her eye,
As at once I freeze and fry.

CLXXXVIII.

TO HIS VALENTINE, ON ST. VALENTINE'

Oft have I heard both youths and virgins
Birds choose their mates, and couple too
But by their flight I never can divine
When I shall couple with my Valentine

CLXXXIX.

THE DELAYING BRIDE.

Why so slowly do you move
 To the centre of your love ?
 On your niceness though we wait,
 Yet the hours say 'tis late ;
 Coyness takes us to a measure,
 Let o'er acted deads the pleasure.
 Go to bed, and care not when
 Cheerful day shall spring again.
 One brave captain did command,
 By his word, the sun to stand ;
 One short charm if you but say,
 Will enforce the moon to stay,
 Till you warn her hence, away,
 To have your blushes seen by day.

CXC.

A CONJURATION.

TO ELECTRA.

By those soft tods of wool,
 With which the air is full ;
 By all those tinctures ~~there~~,
 That paint the hemisphere ;
 By dews and drizzling rain,
 That swell the golden grain ;
 By all those sweets that be
 I' the flowery nunnery ;

By all aspects that dress
The sober sorceress,
While juice she strains, and press
To make her filters with ;
By Time, that hastens on
Things to perfection ;
And by your self, the best
Conjurement of the rest :
O, my Electra ! be
In love with none but me.

CXCI.

THE BRACELET OF PEARL.

TO SILVIA.

I brake thy bracelet 'gainst my wi
And, wretched, I did see
Thee discomposed then, and still
Art discontent with me.

One gem was lost, and I will get
A richer pearl for thee.

CXCII.

TO ELECTRA.

'Tis ev'ning, my sweet,
And dark, let us meet ;
Long time w'ave here been a toying ;
And never, as yet,
That season could get,
Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

For pity or shame,
Then let not Love's flame
Be ever and ever a spending ;
Since now to the port
The path is but short,
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flies away fast,
Our hours do waste ;
The while we never remember,
How soon our life here,
Grows old with the year,
That dies with the next December.

CXCIII.

THE BRIDE CAKE.

This day, my Julia, thou must make
For Mistress Bride the wedding-cake ;
Knead but the dough, and it will be
To paste of almonds turn'd by thee ;
Or kiss it thou but once or twice,
And for the bride-cake there 'll be spice.

CXCIV.

HOW HIS SOUL CAME ENSNARED.

My soul would one day go and seek
 For roses, and in Julia's cheek
 A richness of those sweets she found,
 As in another Rosamond ;
 But gathering roses as she was,
 Not knowing what would come to pass,
 It chanc'd a ringlet of her hair
 Caught my poor soul, as in a snare ;
 Which ever since has been in thrall,
 Yet freedom she enjoys withal.

CXC.V.

TO VIRGINS.

Hear, ye Virgins, and I'll teach
 What the times of old did preach.
 Rosamond was in a bower
 Kept as Danæ in a tower ;
 But yet love who subtle is,
 Crept to that, and came to this.
 Be ye lock'd up like to these,
 Or the rich Hesperides :
 Or those babies in your eyes,
 In their crystal nunneries ;
 Notwithstanding, love will win,
 Or else force a passage in ;
 And as coy be as you can,
 Gifts will get ye, or the man.

CLXXV.

NO LUCK IN LOVE.

I do love, I know not what,
 Sometimes this and sometimes that;
 All conditions I aim at.

But, as luckless, I have yet
 Many shrewd disasters met,
 To gain her whom I would get.

Therefore, now I'll love no more,
 As I've doated heretofore ;
 He who must be, shall be poor.

CLXXVI.

THE WILLOW GARLAND.

A willow garland thou didst send
 Perfum'd, last day, to me ;
 Which did but only this portend,
 I was forsook by thee.

Since so it is ; I'll tell thee what,
 To-morrow thou shalt see
 Me wear the willow ; after that,
 To die upon the tree.

As beasts upon the altars go
 With garlands dress'd, so I
 Will, with my Willow-wreath also,
 Come forth and sweetly die.

I, smiling, ask'd them what they did,
 Fair destinies all three ?
 Who told me they had drawn a thread
 Of life, and 't was for me.

They show'd me then how fine 't was spun,
 And I repli'd thereto ;
 I care not now how soon 't is done,
 Or cut, if cut by you.

CXCIX.

THE RAINBOW ; OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizzling rain ;
 And, as they thus did entertain
 The gentle beams from Julia's sight
 To mine eyes levell'd opposite,
 O thing admir'd ! there did appear
 A curious rainbow smiling there ;
 Which was the covenant that she
 No more would drown mine eyes, or me.

CC.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

When as in silks my Julia goes,
 Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast my eyes, and see
 That brave vibration each way free ;
 O how that glittering taketh me !



CCI.

CHOP-CHERRY.

Thou gav'st me leave to kiss,
Thou gav'st me leave to woo ;
Thou mad'st me think by this,
And that, thou lov'dst me too.
But I shall ne'er forget,
How for to make thee merry,
Thou mad'st me chop, but yet
Another snap'd the cherry.

CCII.

UPON LOVE.

Love brought me to a silent grove,
And shew'd me there a tree,
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,
And gave a twist to me.

The halter was of silk and gold,
That he reach'd forth unto me ;
No otherwise than if he would,
By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that necklace use,
And told me too, he maketh
A glorious end by such a noose,
His death for love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream ; but had I been
There really alone,
My desp'rate fears, in love, had seen
Mine execution.

HESPERIDES.

CLXXXII.

A SONG UPON SILVIA.

From me my Silvia ran away,
And running therewithall,
A primrose bank did cross her way,
And gave my love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say
What I by chance did see;
But such the drap'ry did betray,
That fully ravish'd me.

CLXXXIII.

HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW.

Jealous girls these sometimes were,
While they lived or lasted here:
Turn'd to flowers, still they be
Yellow, mark'd for jealousy.

CLXXXIV.

ON LOVE.

Love bade me ask a gift,
And I no more did move,
But this, that I might shift
Still with my clothes my love
That favour granted was;
Since which, though I love many,
Yet so it comes to pass,
That long I love not any.

CCV.

UPON MISTRESS SUSANNA SOUTHWELL,

HER CHEEKS.

Rare are thy cheeks, Susanna, which do show
Ripe cherries smiling, while that others blow.

CCVI.

UPON HER EYES.

Clear are her eyes,
Like purest skies ;
Discovering from thence
A baby there
That turns each sphere,
Like an intelligence.

CCVII.

UPON HER FEET.

Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

CCVIII.

UPON HIMSELF.

Love he that will ; it best likes me
To have my neck from love's yoke free.

THE HEAD ACHES

My head doth ache,
O Sappho! take
Thy fillit,
And bind the pain;
Or bring some bane
To kill it.

But less that part,
Than my poor heart,
Now is sick:
One kiss from thee
Will council be,
And physic.

CCX.

THE DELUGE.

Drowning, drowning I esp!
Coming from my Julia's ey
'Tis some solace in our sm
To have friends to bear a
but must be

CLXXXIX.

THE DELAYING BRIDE.

Why so slowly do you move
 To the centre of your love ?
 On your niceness though we wait,
 Yet the hours say 'tis late ;
 Coyness takes us to a measure,
 Let o'er acted deads the pleasure.
 Go to bed, and care not when
 Cheerful day shall spring again.
 One brave captain did command,
 By his word, the sun to stand ;
 One short charm if you but say,
 Will enforce the moon to stay,
 Till you warn her hence, away,
 To have your blushes seen by day.

CXC.

A CONJURATION.

TO ELECTRA.

By those soft tods of wool,
 With which the air is full ;
 By all those tinctures thick,
 That paint the hemisphere ;
 By dews and drizzling rain,
 That swell the golden grain ;
 By all those sweets that be
 I' the flowery nunnery ;

By silent nights, and the
 Three forms of Hecate ;
 By all aspects that bless
 The sober sorceress,
 While juice she strains, and p.ia
 To make her filters with ;
 By Time, that hastens on
 Things to perfection ;
 And by your self, the best
 Conjurement of the rest :
 O, my Electra ! be
 In love with none but me.

CXCI.

THE BRACELET OF PEARL.

TO SILVIA.

I brake thy bracelet 'gainst my wül:
 And, wretched, I did see
 Thee discompos'd then, and still
 Art discontent with me.

One gem was lost, and I will get
 A richer pearl for thee,
 Than ever, dearest Silvia, yet
 Was drunk to Antony.

Or, for revenge, I'll tell thee what
 Thou for the breach shalt do ;
 First crack the strings, and after that,
 Cleave thou my heart in two.

CCKIII.

THE SCAR-FIRE.

Water, water, I desire,
Here's a house of flesh on fire ;
Ope' the fountains and the springs,
And come all to bucketings :
What ye cannot quench, pull down,
Spoil a house to save a town.
Better 'tis that one should fall,
Than by one to hazard all.

CCKIV.

ON HIMSELF.

Young I was, but now am old,
But I am not yet grown cold ;
I can play, and I can twine
'Bout a virgin like a vine :
In her lap, too, I can lie
Melting, and in fancy die ;
And return to life, if she
Claps my cheek, or kisseth me ;
Thus and thus it now appears
That our love outlasts our years.

CCKV.

LOVE IS A LEAVEN.

Love is a leaven, and a loving kiss
The leaven of a loving sweetheart is.

HOW HIS SOUL CAME FREE.

My soul would one day go and seek
For roses, and in Julia's cheek
A richness of those sweets she found,
As in another Rosamond ;
But gathering roses as she was,
Not knowing what would come to pass,
It chanc'd a ringlet of her hair
Caught my poor soul, as in a snare ;
Which ever since has been in thrall,
Yet freedom she enjoys withal.

CXCV.

TO VIRGINS.

Hear, ye Virgins, and I'll teach
What the times of old did preach.
Rosamond was in a bower
Kept as Danæ in a tower ;
But yet love who subtle is,
Crept to that, and came to this.
As we lock'd up like to these,

CXCVI.

UPON LOVE.

I play'd with love as with the fire
The wanton satyr did;
Nor did I know, or could descry
What under there was hid.

That satyr he but burnt his lips;
But mine's the greater smart,
For kissing love's dissembling chips,
The fire scorch'd my heart.

CXCVII.

TO ELECTRA.

LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.

Love, love begets; then never be
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee:
Tigers and bears, I've heard some say,
For proffer'd love, will love repay;
None are so harsh, but if they find
Softness in others will be kind:
Affection will affection move,
Then you must like, because I love.

CXCVIII.

THE PARCÆ; OR, THREE DAINTY DESTINIES.

THE ARMELET.

Three lovely sisters working were,
As they were closely set,
Of soft and dainty maiden-hair,
A curious Armelet.

I, smiling, ask'd them what they did,
 Fair destinies all three ?
 Who told me they had drawn a thread
 Of life, and 't was for me.

They show'd me then how fine 't was spun,
 And I repli'd thereto ;
 I care not now how soon 'tis done,
 Or cut, if cut by you.

CXCIX.

THE RAINBOW ; OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizzling rain ;
 And, as they thus did entertain
 The gentle beams from Julia's sight
 To mine eyes levell'd opposite,
 O thing admir'd ! there did appear
 A curious rainbow smiling there ;
 Which was the covenant that she
 No more would drown mine eyes, or me.

CC.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

When as in silks my Julia goes,
 Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast my eyes, and see
 That brave vibration each way free ;
 O how that glittering taketh me !

CCI.

CHOP-CHERRY.

Thou gav'st me leave to kiss,
Thou gav'st me leave to woo ;
Thou mad'st me think by this,
And that, thou lov'dst me too.
But I shall ne'er forget,
How for to make thee merry,
Thou mad'st me chop, but yet
Another snap'd the cherry.

CCII.

UPON LOVE.

Love brought me to a silent grove,
And shew'd me there a tree,
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,
And gave a twist to me.

The halter was of silk and gold,
That he reach'd forth unto me ;
No otherwise than if he would,
By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that necklace use,
And told me too, he maketh
A glorious end by such a noose,
His death for love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream ; but had I been
There really alone,
My desp'rate fears, in love, had seen
Mine execution.

HESPERIDES,

CCIII.

AN HYMN TO CUPID.

Thou, thou that bear'st the sway,
With whom the sea-nymphs play,
And Venus, every way ;
When I embrace thy knee,
And make short prayers to thee,
In love, then prosper me.
This day I go to woo,
Instruct me how to do
This work thou put'st me too.
From shame my face keep free,
From scorn I beg of thee,
Love, to deliver me ;
So shall I sing thy praise,
And to thee altars raise,
Unto the end of days.

CCIV.

UPON JULIA WASHING HERSELF IN THE B

CCV.

UPON MISTRESS SUSANNA SOUTHWELL,

HER CHEEKS.

Rare are thy cheeks, Susanna, which do show
Ripe cherries smiling, while that others blow.

CCVI.

UPON HER EYES.

Clear are her eyes,
Like purest skies ;
Discovering from thence
A baby there
That turns each sphere,
Like an intelligence.

CCVII.

UPON HER FEET.

Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

CCVIII.

UPON HIMSELF.

Love he that will ; it best likes me
To have my neck from love's yoke free.

My head with acue,
O Sappho! take
Thy fillit,
And bind the pain;
Or bring some bane
To kill it.

But less that part,
Than my poor heart,
Now is sick :
One kiss from thee
Will council be,
And physic.

CCX.

THE DELUGE.

Drowning, drowning I espy,
Coming from my Julia's eye ;
'Tis some solace in our smart,
To have friends to bear a part
I have none, but must be sure
The inundation to endure.

CCXI.

IS PARTING FROM MRS. DOROTHY KENEDAY.

I did go from thee, I felt that smart
 Bodies do, when souls from them depart.
 did'st not mind it, though thou then might'st see
 run'd to tears, yet did'st not weep for me.
 rue I kiss'd thee, but I could not hear
 spend a sigh, to accompany my tear.
 ought 't was strange, that thou so hard should'st
 prove,
 e heart, whose hand, whose every part spake love.
 e (lest maids should censure thee) but say
 shedd'st one tear when as I went away;
 hat will please me somewhat; though I know,
 ove will swear't, my dearest did not so.

CCXII.

THE TEAR SENT TO HER FROM STAINES.

Glide, gentle streams, and bear
 Along with you my tear
 To that coy girl,
 Who smiles, yet slays
 Me with delays,
 And strings my tears as pearl.

See, see, she's yonder set
 Making a carcanet
 Of maiden-flowers!

There, there present
This orient,
And pendant pearl of ours.

Then say I've sent one more
Gem to enrich her store ;
And that is all
Which I can send,
Or vainly spend,
For tears no more will fall.

Nor will I seek supply
Of them, the spring's once dry ;
But I'll devise,
Among the rest,
A way that's best,
How I may save mine eyes.

Yet say, should she condemn
Me to surrender them ;

Then say, my part

CCXIII.

THE SCAR-FIRE.

Water, water, I desire,
Here's a house of flesh on fire ;
Ope' the fountains and the springs,
And come all to bucketings :
What ye cannot quench, pull down,
Spoil a house to save a town.
Better 'tis that one should fall,
Than by one to hazard all.

CCXIV.

ON HIMSELF.

Young I was, but now am old,
But I am not yet grown cold ;
I can play, and I can twine
'Bout a virgin like a vine :
In her lap, too, I can lie
Melting, and in fancy die ;
And return to life, if she
Claps my cheek, or kisseth me ;
Thus and thus it now appears
That our love outlasts our years.

CCXV.

LOVE IS A LEAVEN.

Love is a leaven, and a loving kiss
The leaven of a loving sweetheart is.

How am I to be
The painter's art in thy sciography?
If so, how much more shall I dote there
When once he gives it incarnation?

CXXVII.

HER BED.

Seest thou that cloud as silver clear,
Plump, soft, and swelling every where?
'T is Julia's bed, and she sleeps there.

CXXVIII.

THE BONDMAN.

Bind me but to thee with thine hair,
And quickly I shall be
Made, by that fetter or that snare,
A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,
Then bore me through the ear,
And, by the law, I ought to stay
For ever with thee here.

CCXX.

UPON HIMSELF.

I am sieve-like, and can hold
 Nothing hot, or nothing cold;
 Put in love, and put in too
 Jealousy, and both will through:
 Put in fear, and hope, and doubt,
 What comes in runs quickly out;
 Put in secrecies withal,
 Whate'er enters, out it shall.
 But if you can stop the sieve,
 For mine own part I'd as lieve,
 Maids should say, or virgins sing,
 Herrick keeps as holds nothing.

CCXXI.

TO PERENNA.

'hou say'st I'm dull; if edgeless so I be,
 'll whet my lips, and sharpen love on thee.

CCXXII.

OF LOVE.

I do not love, nor can it be,
 Love will in vain spend shafts on me;
 I did this God-head once defy;
 Since which I freeze, but cannot fry.
 Yet out, alas! the death's the same,
 Kill'd by a frost or by a flame.

**FROM VIRGIL'S *ÆNEID*.
Overloving, living here;
Being here their ends denied,
Ran for sweethearts mad, and died.
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their loss in blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours,
Gave them heart's-ease turn'd to flow**

CCXXIV.

LOVE PALPABLE.

**I press'd my Julia's lips, and in the kiss
Her soul and love were palpable in this.**

CCXXV.

THE BUBBLE.

A SONG.

**To my revenge, and to her desperate fears,
Fly, thou made bubble of my sighs and tears
In the wild air, when thou hast roll'd about;
And, like a blazing planet, found her out;
I came to take her eye, the**

CCXXVI.

TO MISTRESS AMY POTTER.

He! I love; give him your hand to kiss
 Both your wooer and your poet is.
 He has pre-compos'd us both to love;
 His part's to grant, my scene must be to move.
 Can you like, and liking love your poet?
 You say, I, blush-guiltiness will show it.
 His eyes must woo you, though I sigh the while,
 His love is tongueless as a crocodile;
 You may find in love these differing parts;
 Others have tongues of ice, but burning hearts.

CCXXVII.

UPON JULIA'S UNLACING HERSELF.

If thou canst, and truly, whence doth come
 Camphire, storax, spikenard, galbanum;
 These musks, these ambers, and those other smells,
 Set as the vestry of the oracles.
 Tell thee; while my Julia did unlace
 Her silken bodice but a breathing space,
 Her passive air such odor then assumed,
 When to Jove great Juno goes perfumed;
 Her pure immortal body doth transmit
 Her scent, that fills both heaven and earth with it.

CCXXVIII.

ON JULIA'S LIPS.

Sweet are my Julia's lips, and clean,
 As if o'er wash'd in hippocrene.

CCXXXIX.

UPON HIMSELF.

I disliked but even now,
 Now I love I know not how.
 Was I idle, and that while
 Was I fired with a smile ?
 I'll to work, or pray ; and then
 I shall quite dislike again.

CCXXX.

TO SYCAMORES.

I'm sick of love ; O let me lie
 Under your shades to sleep or die !
 Either is welcome ; so I have
 Or here my bed, or here my grave.
 Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
 Time with the tears that I do weep ?
 Say, have ye sense, or do you prove
 What crucifixions are in love ?
 I know ye do ; and that's the why
 You sigh for love as well as I.

CCXXXI.

UPON ELECTRA.

When out of bed my love doth spring,
 'T is but as day a kindling ;
 But when she's up and fully dress'd,
 'T is then broad day throughout the east.

CCXXXII.

CLOTHES DO BUT CHEAT AND COZEN US.

Away with silks, away with lawn,
 I'll have no scenes or curtains drawn;
 Give me my mistress as she is,
 Dress'd in her nak'd simplicities.
 For as my heart, e'en so mine eye
 Is won with flesh, not drapery.

CCXXXIII.

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

So look the mornings, when the sun
 Paints them with fresh vermilion;
 So cherries blush, and Catherine pears,
 And apricots, in youthful years;
 So corals look more lovely red,
 And rubies lately polished;
 So purest diaper doth shine,
 Stained by the beams of claret wine;
 As Julia looks, when she doth dress
 Her either cheek with bashfulness.

CCXXXIV.

LOVE KILLED BY LACK.

me be warm, let me be fully fed;
 various Love by Wealth is nourished.
 me be lean, and cold, and once grown poor,
 all dislike what once I lov'd before.

CCXXXV.

A CAUTION.

That love last long, let it thy first care be
 To find a wife that is most fit for thee.
 Be she too wealthy, or too poor, be sure,
 Love in extremes can never long endure.

CCXXXVI.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

You say to me-wards your affection's strong ;
 Pray love me little, so you love me long.
 Slowly goes far ; the mean is best : Desire
 Grown violent, does either die or tire.

CCXXXVII.

HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO JULIA.

Why dost thou wound and break my heart,
 As if we should for ever part ?
 Hast thou not heard an oath from me,
 After a day, or two, or three,
 I would come back and live with thee ?
 Take, if thou dost distrust that vow,
 This second protestation now ;
 Upon thy cheek that spangl'd tear,
 Which sits as dew of roses there ;
 That tear shall scarce be dried before
 I'll kiss the threshold of thy door :
 Then weep not, sweet, but thus much know,
 I'm half return'd before I go.

CCXXXVIII.

A DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

Naught are all women; I say no,
Since for one bad, one good I know;
For Clytemnestra most unkind,
Loving Alcestis there we find;
For one Medea that was bad,
A good Penelope was had;
For wanton Lais, then we have
Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave:
And thus through womankind we see
A good and bad. Sirs, credit me.

CCXXXIX.

TO HIS GIRLS.

Wanton wenches, do not bring
For my hairs, black colouring;
For my locks, girls, let 'em be
Gray or white, all's one to me.

CCXL.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN,
MISTRESS BRIDGET HERRICK.

Sweet Bridget blush'd, and therewithal,
Fresh blossoms from her cheeks did fall.
I thought at first 't was but a dream,
Till after I had handled them,
And smelt them; then they smelt to me
As biossoms of the almond tree.

HESPERIDES.

CCKLI.

A VOW TO VENUS.

Happily I had a sight
 Of my dearest dear last night ;
 Make her this day smile on me,
 And I'll roses give to thee.

CCKLII.

NOR BUYING OR SELLING.

Now, if you love me, tell me,
 For as I will not sell ye,
 So not one cross to buy thee
 I'll give, if thou deny me.

CCKLIII.

ON HIMSELF.

Let me not live if I not love ;
 Since I as yet did never prove
 Where pleasures met at last do find
 All pleasures meet in womankind.

CCKLIV.

TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM.

Roses, you can never die,
 Since the place wherein ye lie,
 Heat and moisture mix'd are so,
 As to make ye ever grow.

CCXLV.

HIS GIRLS WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFUL.

Alas! I can't, for tell me how
 Can I be gamesome, aged now;
 Besides, ye see me daily grow
 Here, winter-like, to frost and snow;
 And I, ere long, my girls, shall see
 Ye quake for cold to look on me.

CCXLVI.

HIS COMFORT.

The only comfort of my life
 Is, that I never yet had wife;
 Nor will hereafter, since I know
 Who weds, o'erbuys his weal with woe.

CCXLVII.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

Oh, Jupiter! should I speak ill
 Of woman-kind, first die I will;
 Since that I know, 'mong all the rest
 Of creatures, woman is the best.

CCXLVIII.

ANTHEA'S RETRACTATION.

Anthea laugh'd, and, fearing lest excess
 Might stretch the cords of civil comeliness,
 She with a dainty blush rebuk'd her face,
 And call'd each line back to his rule and space.

MESPERIDES.

CCXVI.

ON JULIA'S PICTURE.

How am I ravish'd, when I do but see
 The painter's art in thy sciography?
 If so, how much more shall I dote thereon,
 When once he gives it incarnation?

CCXVII.

HER BED.

Seest thou that cloud as silver clear,
 Plump, soft, and swelling every where?
 'T is Julia's bed, and she sleeps there.

CCXVIII.

THE BONDMAN.

Bind me but to thee with thine hair,
 And quickly I shall be
 Made, by that fetter or that snare,
 A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,
 Then bore me through the ear,
 And, by the law, I ought to stay
 For ever with thee here.

CCXIX.

UPON SAPPHO.

Look upon Sappho's lip, and you will swear
 There is a love-like leaven rising there.

CCLII.

UPON LUCIA DABBLED IN THE DEW.

My Lucia in the dew did go,
 And prettily bedabbled so,
 Her clothes held up, she show'd withal
 Her decent legs, clean, long, and small.
 I follow'd after, to descry
 Part of the nak'd sincerity;
 But still the envious scene between,
 Denied the mask I would have seen.

CCLIII.

OF LOVE.

1. Instruct me now what love will do;
2. 'Twill make a tongueless man to woo.
1. Inform me next what love will do;
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of two.
1. Teach me besides what love will do;
2. 'Twill quickly mar and make ye too.
1. Tell me, now last, what love will do;
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

CCLIV.

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN WITH A SWEET VOICE.

So long you did not sing, or touch your lute,
 We knew 't was flesh and blood that there sat mute.
 But when your playing and your voice came in,
 'Twas no more you then, but a cherubim.

CCLV.

WHY FLOWERS CHANGE COLOUR.

These fresh beauties we can prove,
 Once were virgins, sick of love.
 Turn'd to flowers, still in some
 Colours go and colours come.

CCLVI.

TO SILVIA.

Pardon my trespass, Silvia ; I confess
 My kiss out-went the bounds of shamefac'dness ;
 None is discreet at all times ; no, not Jove
 Himself, at one time, can be wise and love.

CCLVII.

TO SAPPHO.

Thou say'st thou lov'st me Sappho ; I say no ;
 But would to love I could believe 'twas so !
 Pardon my fears, sweet Sappho ; I desire
 That thou be righteous found, and I the liar.

CCLVIII.

UPON SILVIA. A MISTRESS.

When some shall say, fair once my Silvia was ;
 Thou wilt complain, false now's thy looking-glass ;
 Which renders that quite tarnish'd which was green,
 And priceless now, what peerless once had been.
 Upon thy form more wrinkles yet will fall,
 And coming down, shall make no noise at all.

CCLIX.

TO MYRRHA HARD-HEARTED.

Fold now thine arms, and hang the head,
 Like to a lily withered ;
 Next, look thou like a sickly moon,
 Or like Jocasta in a swoon ;
 Then weep, and sigh, and softly go ;
 Like to a widow drown'd in woe,
 Or, like a virgin full of ruth
 For the lost sweetheart of her youth :
 And all because, fair maid, thou art
 Insensible of all my smart,
 And of those evil days that be
 Now posting on to punish thee.
 The gods are easy, and condemn
 All such as are not soft like them.

CCLX.

LOVE WHAT IT IS.

Love is a circle, that doth restless move
 In the same sweet eternity of love.

CCLXI.

TO MUSIC. A SONG.

Music, thou queen of heaven, care-charming spell,
 That strik'st a stillness into hell ;
 Thou that tam'st tigers, and fierce storms that rise,
 With thy soul-melting lullabies ;
 all down, down, down, from those thy chiming spheres,
 O charm our souls, as thou enchant'st our ears.

Go hence, and, with this parting
 Which joins two souls, remembe
 Though thou beest young, kind,
 And may'st draw thousands with
 Yet let these glib temptations be
 Furies to others, friends to me.
 Look upon all; and, though on f
 Thou sett'st their hearts, let cha
 Steer thee to me; and think me
 In having all, that thou hast non
 Nor so immured would I have
 Thee live, as dead and in thy gra
 But walk abroad; yet wisely well
 Stand, for my coming, sentinel;
 And think, as thou dost walk the
 Me or my shadow thou dost meet
 I know a thousand greedy eyes
 Will on thy features tyrannise,
 In my short absence; yet behold
 Them like some picture, or some
 Fashion'd like thee; which thou
 And eyes, it neither sees or hears.

they woo thee, do thou say,
 t chaste queen of Ithaca
 her suitors : this web done,
 e as oft as done I'm won.
 ot urge thee, for I know,
 i thou art young, thou can'st say no,
 o again ; and so deny
 thy lust-burning incubi.
 m enstyle thee, fairest fair,
 arl of princes ; yet despair
 o thou art, because thou must
 e, love speaks it not, but lust.
 is their flattery does commend
 hieflly for their pleasure's end.
 ot jealous of thy faith,
 be ; for the axiom saith,
 it doth suspect, does haste
 le mind to be unchaste :
 e thee to thyself, and keep
 oughts as cold as is thy sleep ;
 t thy dreams be only fed
 his, that I am in thy bed ;
 ou, then turning in that sphere,
 g shalt find me sleeping there.
 t if boundless lust must scale
 rtress, and will needs prevail,
 ildly force a passage in ;
 consent, and 'tis no sin
 re : so Lucrece fell, and the
 Syracusian Cyane ;
 ullina fell : yet none
 se had imputation

That makes the action good
And if thy fall should this wa
Triumph in such a martyrdom
I will not overlong enlarge
To thee this my religious charge
Take this compression ; so by
Means I shall know what other
Is mix'd with mine ; and truly
Returning, if't be mine or no ;
Keep it 'till then ; and now, m
For my wish'd safety pay thy v
And prayers to Venus ; if it pl
The great blue ruler of the seas
Not many full-faced moons sha
Lean-horn'd, before I come aga
As one triumphant ; when I fin
In thee all faith of womankind.
Nor would I have thee think, th
Had'st power thyself to keep th
But, having scap'd temptation's
Know virtue taught thee, not th

ANACREONTIC

AND

BACCHANALIAN.

CCLXIII.

A SHORT HYMN TO VENUS.


Goddees, I do love a girl,
Ruby-lipp'd, and tooth'd with pearl
If so be I may but prove
Lucky in this maid I love,
I will promise there shall be
Myrtles offer'd up to thee.

ANACREONTIC
AND
BACCHANALIAN.

CCLXIV.

LYRIC TO MIRTH.

While the milder fates consent,
Let's enjoy our merriment ;
Drink and dance, and pipe and play ;
Kiss our dollies night and day ;
Crowned with clusters of the vine ;
Let us sit and quaff our wine ;
Call on Bacchus, chaunt his praise ;
Shake the Thyrese, and bite the Bayes
Rouse Anacreon from the dead,
And return him drunk to bed ;
Sing o'er Horace ; for ere long
Death will come and mar the song ;
Then shall Wilson and Gotiere
Never sing or play more here.



would I woo, and wo
Would I well my wor
Would I evermore be
With the end that I p
Would I frustrate or f
All aspects malevolent
Thwart all wizards, an
Dead all black conting
Place my words, and a
In most happy paralle
All will prosper, if so b
I be kiss'd or bless'd t

CCLXVI.

ODE TO SIR CLIPSE.

Here we securely live ; ar
The cream of meat ;
And keep eternal fires,
By which we sit, and do di
As wine
And rage inspires.
If full, we charm ; then ca

A goblet to the brim,
Of lyric wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
 Around
We quaff to him.

Thus, thus we live; and spend the hours
 In wine and flowers;
And make the frolic year,
The month, the week, the instant day,
 To stay
The longer here.

Come then, brave knight, and see the cell
 Wherein I dwell;
And my enchantments too,
Which love and noble freedom is,
 And this
Shall fetter you.

Take horse, and come; or be so kind
 To send your mind,
Though but in numbers few;
And I shall think I have the heart
 Or part
Of Clipseby Crew.

CCLXVII.

TO JULIA.

I am zealous; prithee pray
For my welfare, Julia,
For I think the gods require
Male perfumes, but female fire.

Fill me a mighty bowl
Up to the brink,
That I may drink
Unto my Jonson's soul.

Crown it again, again;
And thrice repeat
That happy heat;
To drink to thee, my Ben

Well I can quaff, I see,
To the number five,
Or nine; but thrive
In frenzy ne'er like thee.

CCLXIX.

ODE FOR THE SAME.

Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,

My Ben !
Or come again,
Or send to us,
Thy wit's great overplus :
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it ;
Lest we that talent spend ;
And, having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

CCLXX.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

Give me wine, and give me meat,
To create in me a heat ;
That my pulses high may beat.

Cold and hunger never yet
Could a noble verse beget ;
But your bowls with sack replete.

Give me these, my knight, and try
In a minute's space how I
Can run mad, and prophesy.

Then, if any piece proves new
And rare, I'll say, my dearest Crew,
It was full inspired by you.

CCLXXI.

TO LIVE FREELY.

's live in haste ; use pleasures while we may ;
Old life return, 'twould never lose a day.

3 VERSE OR CHARACTERS.
WIFE, WHEN HE TRAVELLED.

, and, with this parting kiss
ins two souls, remember this :
thou beest young, kind, soft, and fair,
y'st draw thousands with a hair ;
these glib temptations be
to others, friends to me.
pon all ; and, though on fire
sett'st their hearts, let chaste desire
thee to me ; and think me gone,
ving all, that thou hast none.
so immured would I have
: live, as dead and in thy grave,
walk abroad ; yet wisely well
nd, for my coming, sentinel ;
d think, as thou dost walk the street,
: or my shadow thou dost meet.
know a thousand greedy eyes
ill on thy features tyrannise,
a my short absence ; yet behold
hem like some picture, or some mould
hem like thee ; which though t' have ears

if they woo thee, do thou say,
that chaste queen of Ithaca
I to her suitors : this web done,
done as oft as done I'm won.
will not urge thee, for I know,
Though thou art young, thou can'st say no,
And no again ; and so deny
Those thy lust-burning incubi.
Let them enstyle thee, fairest fair,
The pearl of princes ; yet despair
That so thou art, because thou must
Believe, love speaks it not, but lust.
And this their flattery does commend
Thee chiefly for their pleasure's end.
I am not jealous of thy faith,
Or will be ; for the axiom saith,
He that doth suspect, does haste
A gentle mind to be unchaste :
No, live thee to thyself, and keep
Thy thoughts as cold as is thy sleep ;
And let thy dreams be only fed
With this, that I am in thy bed ;
And thou, then turning in that sphere,
Waking shalt find me sleeping there.
But yet if boundless lust must scale
Thy fortress, and will needs prevail,
And wildly force a passage in ;
Banish consent, and 'tis no sin
Of thine : so Lucrece fell, and the
Chaste Syracusian Cyane ;
So Medullina fell : yet none
Of these had imputation

For the least trespass, 'cause the mind
Here was not with the act combined :
The body sin's not ; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill :
And if thy fall should this way come,
Triumph in such a martyrdom.
I will not overlong enlarge
To thee this my religious charge :
Take this compression ; so by this
Means I shall know what other kiss
Is mix'd with mine ; and truly know,
Returning, if 't be mine or no ;
Keep it 'till then ; and now, my spouse,
For my wish'd safety pay thy vows
And prayers to Venus ; if it please
The great blue ruler of the seas,
Not many full-faced moons shall wane
Lean-horn'd, before I come again
As one triumphant ; when I find
In thee all faith of womankind.
Nor would I have thee think, that thou
Had'st power thyself to keep this vow ;
But, having scap'd temptation's shelf,
Know virtue taught thee, not thyself.

ANACREONTIC

AND

BACCHANALIAN.

CCLXIII.

A SHORT HYMN TO VENUS.

Goddees, I do love a girl,
Ruby-lipp'd, and tooth'd with pear:
If so be I may but prove
Lucky in this maid I love,
I will promise there shall be
Myrtles offer'd up to thee.

ANACREONTIC
AND
BACCHANALIAN.

CCLXIV.

LYRIC TO MIRTH.

While the milder fates consent,
Let's enjoy our merriment ;
Drink and dance, and pipe and play ;
Kiss our dollies night and day ;
Crowned with clusters of the vine ;
Let us sit and quaff our wine ;
Call on Bacchus, chaunt his praise ;
Shake the Thyrses, and bite the Bayes
Rouse Anacreon from the dead,
And return him drunk to bed ;
Sing o'er Horace ; for ere long
Death will come and mar the song ;
Then shall Wilson and Gotiere
Never sing or play more here.

Would I woo, and would I will,
Would I well my work begin ;
Would I evermore be crown'd
With the end that I propound ;
Would I frustrate or prevent
All aspects malevolent ;
Thwart all wizards, and with these
Dead all black contingencies ;
Place my words, and all works else
In most happy parallels ;
All will prosper, if so be
I be kiss'd or bless'd by thee.

CCLXVI.

ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

Here we securely live ; and eat
The cream of meat ;
And keep eternal fires,
By which we sit, and do divine,
As wine
And rage inspires.
We call we charm ; then call upon

A goblet to the brim,
Of lyric wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
 Around
We quaff to him.

Thus, thus we live ; and spend the hours
 In wine and flowers ;
And make the frolic year,
The month, the week, the instant day,
 To stay
The longer here.

Come then, brave knight, and see the cell
 Wherein I dwell ;
And my enchantments too,
Which love and noble freedom is,
 And this
Shall fetter you.

Take horse, and come ; or be so kind
 To send your mind,
Though but in numbers few ;
And I shall think I have the heart
 Or part
Of Clipseby Crew.

CCLXVII.

TO JULIA.

I am zealous ; prithee pray
For my welfare, Julia,
For I think the gods require
Male perfumes, but female fire.

TO BEN JONSON.

Fill me a mighty bowl
Up to the brink,
That I may drink
Unto my Jonson's soul.
Crown it again, again;
And thrice repeat
That happy heat;
To drink to thee, my Ben.
Well I can quaff, I see,
To the number five,
Or nine; but thrive
In frenzy ne'er like thee.

CCLXIX.

ODE FOR THE SAME.

Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
 ... feasts,

My Ben !
 Or come again,
 Or send to us,
 Thy wit's great overplus :
 But teach us yet
 Wisely to husband it ;
 Lest we that talent spend ;
 And, having once brought to an end
 That precious stock, the store
 Of such a wit the world should have no more.

CCLXX.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

Give me wine, and give me meat,
 To create in me a heat ;
 That my pulses high may beat.

Cold and hunger never yet
 Could a noble verse beget ;
 But your bowls with sack replete.

Give me these, my knight, and try
 In a minute's space how I
 Can run mad, and prophesy.

Then, if any piece proves new
 And rare, I'll say, my dearest Crew,
 It was full inspired by you.

CCLXXI.

TO LIVE FREELY.

's live in haste ; use pleasures while we may ;
 'ld life return, 'twould never lose a day.

CCLXXII.

TO PHILLIS, TO LOVE AND LIVE WITH HIM.

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee ;
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed and bless thy board :
The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine overspread ;
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams :
Thy clothing next shall be a gown
Made of the fleece's purest down ;
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat :
Their milk thy drink ; and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips buttered.
Thy feasting tables shall be hills
With daisies spread and daffodils ;
Where thou shalt sit, and red-breast by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee chains and carcanets
Of primroses and violets.
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought and this as brave ;
So that as either shall express
The wearer's no mean shepherdess :
At shearing times and yearly wakes,
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
Nay more, the feast and grace of it :
On holidays, when virgins meet

To dance the bays with nimble feet,
 Thou shalt come forth, and then appear,
 The queen of roses for that year;
 And having danced 'bove all the best,
 Carry the garland from the rest :
 In wicker baskets maids shall bring
 To thee, my dearest shepherdling,
 The blushing apple, bashful pear,
 And shamefaced plumb, all simpering there :
 Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
 The name of Phillis in the rind
 Of every straight and smooth-skinn'd tree ;
 Where, kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee :
 To thee a sheephook I will send,
 Beprank'd with ribands, to this end,
 That this alluring hook might be
 Less for to catch a sheep than me :
 Thou shalt have possets ; wassails fine,
 Not made of ale, but spiced wine ;
 To make thy maids and self free mirth,
 All sitting near the glittering hearth :
 Thou shalt have ribands, roses, rings,
 Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes and strings
 Of winning colours, that shall move
 Others to lust, but me to love :
 These—nay, and more thine own shall be,
 If thou wilt love and live with me.

CCLXXIII.

A KISS.

What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve,
 The sure sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO TRUST TO GOOD VERSE!

Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek nor tongue be dumb ;
For with the flowery earth
The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come ;
For now each tree does wear,
Made of her pap and gum,
Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the rose ; and now
The Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrolled brow,
And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee
In sack of such a kind,
That it would make thee see,
Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next Virgil I'll call forth,
To p'ledge this second health
In wine, whose each cup's worth
An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink
To Ovid ; and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all one nose.

Then this immensive cup
Of aromatic wine,
Catullus, I quaff up
To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat:
O Bacchus! cool thy rays;
Or, frantic, I shall eat
Thy thyrsè, and bite thy bays.

Round, round the roof does run;
And being ravish'd thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
To my Propertius.

Now to Tibullus next
This flood I drink to thee;
But stay, I see a text
That this presents to me.

Behold, Tibullus lies
Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes scarce suffice
To fill a little urn!

Trust to good verses then;
They only will aspire,
When pyramids, as men,
Are lost in the funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet,
In Lethe to be drown'd;
Then only numbers sweet
With endless life are crown'd.

HESPERIDES.

CCLXXIV.

ON HIMSELF.

I fear no earthly powers,
But care for crowns of flowers,
And love to have my beard
With wine and oil besmear'd.
This day I'll drown all sorrow,
Who knows to live to-morrow?

CCLXXVI.

HYMN TO BACCHUS.

Bacchus, let me drink no more.
Wild are seas that want a shore.
When our drinking has no stint,
There is no one pleasure in't.
I have drunk up, for to please
Thee, that great cup Hercules.
Urge no more, and there shall be
Daffodils given up to thee.

CCLXXVII.

ON HIMSELF.

Born I was to meet with age,
And to walk life's pilgrimage;
Much I know of time is spent,
Tell I can't what's resident;
Howsoever, cares adieu!
I have naught to say of you:
But I'll spend my coming hour
Drinking wine, and crown'd wi

CCLXXVIII.

TO BACCHUS.

A CANTICLE.

Whither dost thou hurry me,
Bacchus, being full of thee ?
This way, that way, that way, this,
Here and there a fresh love is ;
That doth like me, this doth please :
Thus a thousand mistresses
I have now ; yet I alone,
Having all, enjoy not one.

CCLXXIX.

HYMN TO BACCHUS.

I sing thy praise, Iacchus,
Who with thy thyrses dost thwack us ;
And yet thou dost so back us
With boldness, that we fear
No Brutus entering here,
Nor Cato the severe.
What though the lictors treat us ?
We know they dare not beat us,
So long as thou dost heat us.
When we thy orgies sing,
Each cobbler is a king.
O, Bacchus ! let us be
From cares and troubles free ;
And thou shalt hear how we
Will chant new hymns to thee.

HESPERIDES.

CCLXXX.

TO SAPPHO.

Let us now take time and play,
 Love and live here while we may,
 Drink rich wine and make good cheer,
 While we have our being here,
 For, once dead, and laid i' th' grave,
 No return from thence we have.

CCLXXXI.

ANACREONTIC VERSE.

Brisk methinks I am and fine,
 When I drink my capering wine;
 Then to love I do incline,
 When I drink my wanton wine;
 And I wish all maidens mine
 When I drink my sprightly wine;
 Well I sup and well I dine,
 When I drink my frolic wine;
 But I languish, lower, and pine,
 When I want my fragrant wine.

CCLXXXII.

TO ENJOY THE TIME.

While Fate permits us, let's be me!
 Pass all we must the fatal ferry;
 And this our life, too, whirls away
 With the rotation of the day.

A goblet to the brim,
Of lyric wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
 Around
We quaff to him.

Thus, thus we live; and spend the hours
 In wine and flowers;
And make the frolic year,
The month, the week, the instant day,
 To stay
The longer here.

Come then, brave knight, and see the cell
 Wherein I dwell;
And my enchantments too,
Which love and noble freedom is,
 And this
Shall fetter you.

Take horse, and come; or be so kind
 To send your mind,
Though but in numbers few;
And I shall think I have the heart
 Or part
Of Clipseby Crew.

CCLXVII.

TO JULIA.

I am zealous; prithee pray
For my welfare, Julia,
For I think the gods require
Male perfumes, but female fire.

HESPERIDES.

CCLXXXVI.

BEST TO BE MERRY.

Fools are they, who never know
How the times away do go;
But for us, who wisely see
Where the bounds of black death be:
Let's live merrily, and thus
Gratify the genius.

CCLXXXVII.

UPON A FLY.

A golden fly once shew'd to me,
Clos'd in a box of ivory,
Where both seem'd proud; the fly to have
His burial in an ivory grave;
The ivory took state to hold
A corpse as bright as burnish'd gold.
One fate had both; both equal grace,
The buried, and the burying-place.
Not Virgil's gnat, to whom the spring
All flowers sent to his burying;
Not Martial's bee, which in a bead
Of amber quick was buried;
Nor that fine worm that does inter
Herself i' the silken sepulchre;
Nor my rare Phil. that lately was
With lilies tomb'd up in a glass,
More honour had then this same fly
Dead, and clos'd up in ivory.

My Ben !
 Or come again,
 Or send to us,
 Thy wit's great overplus :
 But teach us yet
 Wisely to husband it ;
 Lest we that talent spend ;
 And, having once brought to an end
 That precious stock, the store
 Of such a wit the world should have no more.

CCLXX.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

Give me wine, and give me meat,
 To create in me a heat ;
 That my pulses high may beat.

Cold and hunger never yet
 Could a noble verse beget ;
 But your bowls with sack replete.

Give me these, my knight, and try
 In a minute's space how I
 Can run mad, and prophesy.

Then, if any piece proves new
 And rare, I'll say, my dearest Crew,
 It was full inspired by you.

CCLXXI.

TO LIVE FREELY.

Let's live in haste ; use pleasures while we may ;
 When old life return, 'twould never lose a day.

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee ;
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed and bless thy board :
The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine overspread ;
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams :
Thy clothing next shall be a gown
Made of the fleece's purest down ;
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat :
Their milk thy drink ; and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips buttered.
Thy feasting tables shall be hills
With daisies spread and daffodils ;
Where thou shalt sit, and red-breast by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee chains and carcanets
Of primroses and violets.
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought and this as brave ;
So that as either shall express

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
 From a consuming fire,
 Into a gentle-licking flame,
 And make it thus expire.
 Then make me weep
 My pains asleep,
 And give me such reposes,
 That I, poor I,
 May think, thereby,
 I live and die
 'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
 Or like those maiden showers,
 Which, by the peep of day, do strew
 A baptism o'er the flowers.
 Melt, melt my pains,
 With thy soft strains;
 That having ease me given,
 With full delight,
 I leave this light,
 And take my flight
 For Heaven.

CCXCIV.

COURAGE COOLED.

Not love as I have lov'd before;
 I am grown old, and with mine age grown poor
 Must be fed by wealth: this blood of mine
 Needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

HESPERIDES.

CCXCV.

ANACREONTIC.

I must
 Not trust
 Here to any ;
 Bereav'd,
 Deceiv'd,
 By so many ;
 As one
 Undone
 By my losses,
 Comply
 Will I
 With my crosses.
 Yet still
 I will
 Not be grieving ;
 Since thence
 And hence
 Comes relieving.
 But this
 Sweet is
 In our mourning ;
 Times bad
 And sad
 Are a turning ;
 And he
 Whom we
 See dejected,
 Next day
 We may
 See erected.

CCXCVI.

UPON CUPID.

Old wives have often told how they
Saw Cupid bitten by a flea ;
And thereupon, in tears half-drown'd,
He cried aloud, Help, help the wound ;
He wept, he sobb'd, he call'd to some
To bring him lint and balsamum,
To make a tent, and put it in,
Where the stiletto pierc'd the skin :
Which being done, the fretful pain
Assuaged, and he was well again.

CCXCVII.

A CANTICLE TO APOLLO.

Play, Phœbus, on thy lute,
And we will sit all mute ;
By listening to thy lyre,
That sets all ears on fire.

Hark ! hark ! the God does play ;
And as he leads the way
Through heaven, the very spheres
As men, turn all to ears.

CCXCVIII.

TO YOUTH.

Drink wine, and live here blitheful while ye may ;
The morrow's life too late is ;—live to-day.

CCXCIX.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID, OR THE UNGE

One silent night, of late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And, knocking, me molested.

"Who's that," said I, "beats the
And troubles thus the sleepy?"
"Cast off," said he, "all fear,
And let not locks thus keep ye

"For I a boy am, who
"By moonless nights have swe
"And all with showers wet throu
"And e'en with cold half starv

I pitiful arose,
And soon a taper lighted,
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted :

But when he felt him warm'd,
" Lets try this bow of our's,
" And string, if they be harm'd "
Said he, " with these late showers."

Forthwith his bow be bent,
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me, that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus said, flying,
" Adieu, mine host, adieu !
" I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

CCC.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

About the sweet-bag of a bee
Two cupids fell at odds ;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vowed to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them ;
And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kiss'd and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

HORACE.

While, Lydia, I was loved of thee,
Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me
To hug thy whitest neck ; than I
The Persian king lived not more happily.

LYDIA.

While thou no other didst affect,
Nor Chloe was of more respect ;
Than Lydia, far-fam'd Lydia,
I flourish'd more than Roman Ilia.

HORACE.

Now Thracian Chloe governs me,
Skilful in the harp and melody ;
For whose affection, Lydia, I,
So fate spares her, am well content to die.

LYDIA.

My heart now set on fire is
By Ornithes' son, young Calais :
For whose commutual flames here I,
To save his life, twice am content to die.

· LYDIA.

Though mine be brighter than the star,
Though lighter than the cork by far,
Rough as the Adriatic sea, yet I
'ill live with thee, or else for thee will die.

CCCII.

THE VISION.

Sitting alone, as one forsook,
Close by a silver-shedding brook,
With hands held up to Love, I wept ;
And, after sorrows spent, I slept :
Then in a vision I did see
A glorious form appear to me ;
A virgin's face she had ; her dress
Was like a sprightly Spartaness :
A silver bow, with green silk strung,
Down from her comely shoulders hung ;
And, as she stood, the wanton air
Dandled the ringlets of her hair ;
Her legs were such Diana shows,
When, tuck'd up, she a hunting goes,
With buskins shorten'd to descry
The happy dawning of her thigh ;
Which when I saw, I made access
To kiss that tempting nakedness ;
But she forbad me with a wand
Of myrtle she had in her hand ;
And, chiding me, said—"Hence, remove
"Herrick ! thou art too coarse to love."

CCCIII.

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESS CALLING HIM
ELISIUM.*Desunt nonnulla.*—

Come then, and like two doves with silvery wings
Let our souls fly to the shades, where ever springs
Sit smiling in the meads ; where balm and oil,
Roses and cassia crown the untill'd soil ;
Where no disease reigns, or infection comes
To blast the air, but ambergris and gums.
This, that, and every thicket doth transpire
More sweet than storax from the hallowed fire ;
Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue bears
Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, or pears ;
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew
Like morning sun-shine, tinselling the dew.
Here in green meadows sits eternal May,
Purfling the margents, while perpetual day
So double gilds the air, as that no night
Can ever rust the enamel of the light :
Here naked younglings, handsome striplings run
Their goals for virgins' kisses ; which when done,
Then unto dancing forth the learned round
Commix'd they meet, with endless roses crown'd.
And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and see
Love's chorus led by Cupid ; and we'll be
Two loving followers too unto the grove,
Where poets sing the stories of our love :
There thou shalt hear divine Musæsing
Of Hero and Leander ; then I'll bring

Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer reads
His Odes and his high Iliads ;
About whose throne the crowd of poets throng
To hear the incantation of his tongue :
To Linus, then to Pindar ; and that done,
I'll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowls of burning wine,
And in his raptures speaking lines of thine,
Like to his subject ; and his frantic
Looks show him truly Bacchanalian like,
Besmear'd with grapes, welcome he shall thee thither,
Where both may rage, both drink and dance together.
Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply
With ivory wrists his laureate head, and steeps
His eye in dew of kisses while he sleeps ;
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,
And towering Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
And snaky Perseus ; these and those whom rage,
Dropt for the jars of heaven, fill'd t' engage
All times unto their frenzies ; thou shalt there
Behold them in a spacious theatre :
Among which glories, crowned with sacred bays
And flatt'ring ivy, to recite their plays,
Beaumont and Fletcher, swans, to whom all ears
Listen, while they, like syrens in their spheres,
Sing their Evadne ; and still more for thee
There yet remains to know then thou can'st see
By glimm'ring of a fancy : do but come,
And there I'll show you that capacious room
In which thy father Jonson, now is plac'd,
As in a giobe of radiant fire, and grac'd

To be in that orb crown'd, that doth incl
Those prophets of the former magnitude,
And he one chief. But hark, I hear the
The beliman of the night proclaim the clo
Of late struck one; and now I see the pr
Of day-break from the pregnant east, 'tis
vanish; more I had to say,
But night determines here; Away!

CCCIV.

TO M. KELLAM.

What! Can my Kellam drink his
In goblets to the brim.
And see his Robin Herrick lack,
Yet send no bottles to him?

For love or pity to his muse,
That she may flow in verse,
Contemn to recommend a cruise,
But send to her a tierce.

CCCVI.

THE CLOUD.

Seest thou that cloud that rides in state,
 Part Ruby-like, part Candidate ?
 It is no other than the bed
 Where Venus sleeps, half smothered.

CCCVII.

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SPARROW.
 AN ELEGY.

Why do not all fresh maids appear
 To work love's sampler only here,
 Where spring-time smiles throughout the year ?
 Are not here rose-buds, pinks, all flowers
 Nature begets by the sun and show'rs,
 Met in one hearse-cloth, to o'erspread
 The body of the under-dead ?
 Phil, the late dead, the late dead dear !
 O, may no eye distil a tear,
 For you once lost, who wept not here !
 Had Lesbia, too, too kind, but known
 This sparrow, she had scorn'd her own ;
 And for this deed which under lies,
 Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.
 But endless peace sit here, and keep
 My Phil, the time he has to sleep ;
 And thousand virgins come and weep,
 To make these flowery carpets show
 Fresh as their blood, and ever grow,
 Till passengers shall spend their doom :
 Not Virgins' graves have such a tomb !

So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder
Meet after long divorcement by the isles;
When Love, the child of likeness, urgeth on
Their crystal natures to an union:
So meet stol'n kisses, when the moony nights
Call forth fierce lovers to their wish'd delights;
So kings and queens meet, when desire convince
All thoughts but such as aim at getting princes
As I meet thee.—Soul of my life and fame!
Eternal lamp of love, whose radiant flame
Outglares the heaven's Osiris; and thy gleams
Outshine the splendour of the mid-day beams!
Welcome, O welcome, my illustrious spouse,
Welcome as are the ends unto my vows!
Aye, far more welcome than the happy soil
The sea-scourg'd merchant, after all his toil,
Salutes with tears of joy, when fires betray
The smoky chimnies of his Ithaca!
Where hast thou been so long from my embrace
Poor pitied exile? Tell me, did thy graces
Fly discontented hence, and for a time
Did rather choose to bless another clime?
Didst thou to this end the more to move

And with the crystal humour of the spring
Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.
Wilt thou not smile, or tell me what's amiss?
Have I been cold to hug thee; too remiss,
Too temp'rate in embracing? Tell me, has desire
To thee-ward died in th' embers, and no fire
Left in this rak'd-up ash-heap, as a mark
To testify the glowing of a spark?
Have I divorc'd thee only to combine
In hot adult'ry with another wine?
True, I confess I left thee, and appeal
'Twas done by me, more to confirm my zeal,
And double my affection on thee; as do those
Whose love grows more inflam'd by being foes;
But to forsake thee ever! could there be
A thought of such like possibility,
When thou thyself dar'st say, thy isles shall lack
Grapes, before Herrick leaves canary sack?
Thou mak'st me airy, active to be born,
Like Iphycus, upon the tops of corn:
Thou mak'st me nimble as the winged Hours,
To dance and cspere on the heads of flow'rs,
And ride the sunbeams. Can there be a thing
Under the heav'nly Isis, that can bring
More love unto my life, or can present
My genius with a fuller blandishment?
Illustrious idol! could th' Egyptian seek
Help from the garlick, onion, and the leek;
And pay no vows to thee, who was their best
God, and far more transcendent than the rest?
Had *Cassius*, that weak water-drinker, known
Thine, or had but tasted one

Invited to the Thesbian banquet, --
 'ull goblets of thy generous blood, his spright
 Je'er had kept heat for fifty maids that night.
 Come, come and kiss me ; love and lust commen
 Thee and thy beauties ; kiss, we will be friends
 Too strong for fate to break us : Look upon
 Me with that full pride of complexion,
 As queens meet queens ; or come thou unto me,
 As Cleopatra came to Anthony ;
 When her high carriage did at once present
 To the Triumvir love and wonderment.
 Swell up my nerves with spirit ; let my blood
 Run through my veins like to a hasty flood ;
 Fill each part full of fire, active to do
 What thy commanding soul shall put it to ;
 And till I turn apostate to thy love,
 Which here I vow to serve, do not remove
 Thy fires from me ; but Apollo's curse
 Blast these like actions, or a thing that's worse
 When these circumstants shall but live to see
 The time, that I prevaricate from thee.
 Call me " the son of beer ;" and then confine
 Me to the tap, the toast, the turf. Let wine
 Make my numbers all

CCCIX.

HIS FAREWELL TO SACK.

Farewell, thou thing time-past so known, so dear
To me, as blood to life and spirit: near,
Nay, thou more near than kindred, friend, man, wife,
Male to the female, soul to body: life
To quick action, or the warm soft side
Of the resigning, yet resisting bride.
The kiss of virgins; first-fruits of the bed;
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the maiden head;
These, and a thousand sweets, could never be
So near or dear as thou was once to me.
O, thou the drink of gods and angels! wine
That scatter'st spirit and lust; whose purest shine,
More radiant than the summer's sun-beams shows,
Each way illustrious, brave; and like to those
Comets we see by night, whose shagg'd potents
Foretell the coming of some dire events;
Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,
Throwing about his wild and active fires.
'Tis thou, above nectar, O divinest soul!
Eternal in thyself, that canst control
That which subverts whole nature, grief and care,
Vexation of the mind, and damn'd despair.
'Tis thou alone, who, with thy mystic fan,
Work'st more than wisdom, art, or nature can,
To rouse the sacred madness, and awake
The frost-bound blood and spirits, and to make
Them frantic with thy raptures, flashing through
The soul like lightning, and as active too;
'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
Castilian sisters sing if wanting thee.

Horace, Anacreon, both had lost their fame,
 Had'st thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame,
 Phæbean splendour! and thou, Thespian spring,
 Of which sweet swans must drink before they sing
 Their true-pac'd numbers, and their holy-lays,
 Which makes them worthy cedar and the bays.
 But why? why longer do I gaze upon
 Thee with the eye of admiration?
 Since I must leave thee, and enforc'd must say,
 To all thy witching beauties, go, away.
 But if thy whimp'ring looks do ask me why?
 Then know that Nature bids thee go, not I.
 'Tis her erroneous self has made a brain
 Incapable of such a sovereign,
 As is thy powerful self. Prithee, not smile,
 Or smile more inly, lest thy looks beguile
 My vows denounc'd in zeal, which thus much show thee
 That I have sworn but by thy looks to know thee.
 Let others drink thee freely, and desire
 Thee and their lips espous'd, while I admire
 And love thee, but not taste thee. Let my Muse
 Fail of thy former helps, and only use
 Her inadult'rate strength; what's done by me
 Hereafter, shall smell of the lamp, not of thee.

cccx.

HOW HE WOULD DRINK HIS WINE.

Fill me my wine in crystal: thus, and thus
 I see't in 's *puris naturalibus*.
 Unmix'd, I love to have it smirk, and shine;
 'Tis sin, I know, 'tis sin to throttle wine.
 What madman's he that, when it sparkles so,
 Will cool his flames, or quench his fires with snow?

CCCXI.

HIS EMBALMING TO JULIA.

For my embalming, Julia, do but this,
 Give thou my lips but their supremest kiss;
 Or else transfuse thy breath into the chest,
 Where my small relics must for ever rest;
 That breath the balm, the myrrh, the nard shall be,
 To give an incorruption unto me.

CCCXII.

TO JULIA.

Holy waters hither bring
 For the sacred sprinkling;
 Baptize me and thee, and so
 Let us to the altar go;
 And, ere we our rites commence,
 Wash our hands in innocence;
 Then I'll be the Rex Sacrorum,
 Thou the queen of peace and quorum.

CCCXIII.

ODE TO MASTER ENDYMION PORTER, UPON HIS
 BROTHER'S DEATH.

Not all thy flushing suns are set,
 Herrick, as yet;
 Nor doth this far-drawn hemisphere
 Frown, and look sullen every where.
 's may conclude in nights; and suns may rest,
 As dead within the west;
 , the next morn re-gild the fragrant east.

Sunk is my sight; set as ...
And all the loom of life undone;
staff, the elm, the prop, the shelt'ring wall,
Whereon my vine did crawl,
; now blown down; needs must the old stock
fall.

Yet, Porter, while thou keep'st alive,
In death I thrive;
And like a Phœnix, re-aspire
From out my nard and fun'ral-fire;
and as I prune my feather'd youth, so I
Do mar'l how I could die,
When I had thee, my chief preserver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and bless that hand,
Which makes me stand
Now as I do; and but for thee,
I must confess, I could not be.
The debt is paid; for he who doth resign,
Thanks to the gen'rous vine,
Invites fresh grapes to fill his press with wine.

CCCXV.

TO SILVIA.

I am holy while I stand
Circum-cross'd by the pure hand ;
But when that is gone, again
I, as others, am prophane.

CCCXVI.

THE CAPTIVE BEE, OR THE LITTLE FILCHER.

As Julia once a slumbering lay
It chanced a bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower.
For some rich flower he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip ;
But when he felt he suck'd from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence :
He drank so much he scarce could stir ;
So Julia took the pilferer ;
And thus surprised, as filchers use,
He thus began himself to excuse :
" Sweet lady-flower ! I never brought
" Hither the least one thieving thought ;
" But taking those rare lips of your's
" For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers ;
" I thought I might there take a taste,
" Where so much syrup ran at waste :
" Besides, know this, I never sting
" The flower that gives me nourishing ;

And he one chief. But
The beliman of the night proclaim the clock
Of late struck one; and now I see the prime
Of day-break from the pregnant east, 'tis time
I vanish; more I had to say,
But night determines here; Away!

CCCIV.

TO M. KELLAM.

What! Can my Kellam drink his sack
In goblets to the brim.
And see his Robin Herrick lack,
Yet send no bottles to him?

For love or pity to his muse,
That she may flow in verse,
Contemn to recommend a cruise,
But send to her a tierce.

CCCV.

THE BROKEN CRYSTAL.

CCCVI.

THE CLOUD.

Seest thou that cloud that rides in state,
 Part Ruby-like, part Candidate ?
 It is no other than the bed
 Where Venus sleeps, half smothered.

CCCVII.

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SPARROW.
 AN ELEGY.

Why do not all fresh maids appear
 To work love's sampler only here,
 Where spring-time smiles throughout the year ?
 Are not here rose-buds, pinks, all flowers
 Nature begets by the sun and show'rs,
 Met in one hearse-cloth, to o'erspread
 The body of the under-dead ?
 Phil, the late dead, the late dead dear !
 O, may no eye distil a tear,
 For you once lost, who wept not here !
 Had Lesbia, too, too kind, but known
 This sparrow, she had scorn'd her own ;
 And for this deed which under lies,
 Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.
 But endless peace sit here, and keep
 My Phil, the time he has to sleep ;
 And thousand virgins come and weep,
 To make these flowery carpets show
 Fresh as their blood, and ever grow,
 Till passengers shall spend their doom :
 Not Virgins' graves have such a tomb !

CCCXXI.

THE JIMMALL RING, OR THE TRUE-LOVE-KNOT.

Thou sent'st to me a true-love-knot ; but I
Return'd a ring of jimmals, to imply
Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

CCCXXII.

TO BE MERRY.

Let's now take our time,
While we are in our prime,
And old, old age is afar off ;
For the evil, evil days,
Will come on apace,
Before we can be aware of.

CCCXXIII.

TO CUPID.

I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold ;
Thou kill'st with heat, and I strike dead with cold :
Let's try of us who shall the first expire ;
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchless fire.
Extremes are fatal where they once do strike,
And bring to th' heart destruction both alike.

CCCXXIV.

UPON HER VOICE.

Let but thy voice engender with the string
And angels will be born, while thou dost sing

CCXXV.

THE WOUNDED CUPID.

Cupid, as he lay among
 Roses, by a bee was stung.
 Whereupon, in anger flying
 To his mother, said thus, crying,
 " Help! O help! your boy's a dying!"
 " And why, my pretty boy?" said she.
 Then, blubbering, replied he,
 " A winged snake has bitten me,
 Which country people call a bee."
 At which she smiled; then with her hairs
 And kisses drying up his tears,
 " Alas!" said she, " my son, if this
 Such a pernicious torment is;
 Come tell me then, how great's the smart
 Of those thou woudest with thy dart?"

CCCXXVI.

UPON CUPID.

Love like a beggar came to me,
 With hose and doublet torn,
 His shirt bedangling from his knee,
 With hat and shoes out worn.

 He ask'd an alms; I gave him bread,
 And meat too, for his need;
 Of which when he had fully fed,
 He wish'd me all good speed.

 Away he went; but, as he turn'd,
 In faith I know not how!

Love's silent flames and fires
Then crept into my heart ;
And, though I saw no bow, I'm sure,
His finger was the dart.

CCCXXVII.

LOVERS HOW THEY COME AND PART.

ges ring they bear about them still,
e, and not seen when and where they will;
y tread on clouds, and though they sometimes fall,
y fall like dew, but make no noise at all :
silently they one to th' other come,
colours steals into the pear or plum
d air-like, leave on pression to be seen
here'er they meet, or parting place has been.

CCCXXVIII.

UPON JULIA'S BREASTS.

Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me
Behold that circummortal purity ;
Between whose glories there my lips I'll lay,
Ravish'd in that fair *Via lactea*.

CCCXXX.

ORPHEUS.

Orpheus he went, as poets tell,
 To fetch Eurydice from hell ;
 And had her, but it was upon
 This short, but strict condition ;
 Backward he should not look, while he
 Led her through hell's obscurity.
 But ah ! it happened, as he made
 His passage through that dreadful shade,
 Revolve he did his loving eye,
 For gentle fear or jealousy ;
 And looking back, that look did sever
 Him and Eurydice for ever.

CCCXXXI.

THE CANDOUR OF JULIA'S TEETH.

ite as Zenobia's teeth, the which the girls
 Rome did wear for their most precious pearls.

CCCXXXII.

UPON HER WEeping.

She by the river sat, and sitting there,
 She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.

CCCXXXIII.

ANOTHER UPON HER WEeping.

ept upon her cheeks, and weeping so
 em'd to quench love's fires that there did glow.

CCCXXXIV.

AN END DECREED.

Let's be jocund while we may ;
 All things have an ending day ;
 And when once the work is done
 Fates revolve no flux th'ere's no pain

CCCXXXV.

HOW PRIMROSES CAME GREEN

Virgins, time-past, known were th'
 Troubled with green-sicknesses,
 Turn'd to flowers ; still the hue,
 Sickly girls, they bear of you.

CCCXXXVI.

TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

One night in the year, my dearest beaut
 And bring those dew drink-offerings to
 When thence you see my reverend ghos
 And there to lick the effused sacrifice,
 Though paleness be the livery that I w
 Look ye not wan or colourless for fear ;
 Trust me, I will not hurt you, or once s
 The least grim look, or cast a frown on
 Nor shall the tapers, when I'm there, b
 This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by,
 Cast on my girls a glance, and loving e
 Or fold mine arms, and sigh because I'
 The world so soon, and in it you the m
 Then these, no fears more on your fanci
 Though then I smile, and speak no wor

CCXXI.

HIS EMBALMING TO JULIA.

For my embalming, Julia, do but this,
 Give thou my lips but their supremest kiss;
 Or else transfuse thy breath into the chest,
 Where my small reliquies for ever rest;
 That breath the balm of myrrh, the nard shall be,
 To give an incorruption unto me.

CCXXII.

TO JULIA.

Holy waters hither
 For the sacred
 Baptize me and
 Let us to the altar
 And, ere we our rites commence,
 Wash our hands in innocence;
 Then I'll be the Rex Sacrorum,
 Thou the queen of peace and quorum.

CCXXIII.

**AN ODE TO MASTER ENDYMION PORTER, UPON HIS
 BROTHER'S DEATH.**

Not all thy flushing suns are set,
 Herrick, as yet;
 Nor doth this far-drawn hemisphere
 Frown, and look sullen every where.
Days may conclude in nights; and suns may rest,
 As dead within the west;
Yet, the next morn re-gild the fragrant east.

CCCXXVII.

THE TITHE. TO THE BRIDE.

If nine times you your bridegroom kiss,
The tenth you know the parson's is
Pay then your tithe; and doing thus
Prove in your bride-bed numerous.
If children you have ten, Sir John
Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

EPITHALAMIUM.

CCCXXXVIII.

THE ENTERTAINMENT, OR PORCH-VERSE,
AT THE MARRIAGE OF MR. HEN. NORTHLY, AND THE MOST
WITTY MRS. LETTICE YARD.

Welcome ! but yet no entrance, till we bless
First you, then you, and both for white success.
Profane no porch, young man and maid, for fear
Ye wrong the threshold-god that keeps peace here :
Please him, and then all good-luck will betide
You, the brisk bridegroom, you, the dainty bride.
Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise,
Put on your garlands first, then sacrifice ;
That done, when both of you have seemly fed,
We'll call on night to bring ye both to bed ;
Where being laid, all fair signs looking on,
Fish-like, increase then to a million ;
And millions of spring-times may ye have,
Which spent, one death bring to ye both one grave.

HESPERIDES.

CCCXXXIX.

THE GOOD-NIGHT, OR BLESSING.

Blessings, in abundance come
 To the bride, and to her groom ;
 May the bed, and this short night,
 Know the fulness of delight.
 Pleasures many here attend ye,
 And ere long a boy love send ye,
 Curled and comely, and so trim,
 Maids, in time, may ravish him.
 Thus a dew of graces fall
 On ye both ; Good-night to all.

CCCXL.

**AN EPITHALAMY TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL
 AND HIS LADY.**

I.

Now, now's the time, so oft by truth
 Promis'd should come to crown your youth.
 Then, fair ones, do not wrong
 Your joys by staying long ;
 Or let love's fire go out,
 By lingering thus in doubt ;
 But learn, that time once lost,
 Is ne'er redeem'd by cost.
 Then away ; come Hymen, guide
 To the bed the bashful bride.

II.

Is it, sweet maid, your fault these holy
 Bridal rites go on so slowly ?

Dear, is it thus you dread
 The loss of maidenhead ?
 Believe me, you will most
 Esteem it when 'tis lost ;
 Then it no longer keep,
 Lest issue lie asleep.
 Then away; come, Hymen, guide
 To the bed the bashful bride.

III.

These precious, pearly, purling tears,
 But spring from ceremonious fears.
 And 'tis but native shame,
 That hides the loving flame,
 And may awhile control
 The soft and am'rous soul ;
 But yet love's fire will waste
 Such bashfulness at last.
 Then away; come, Hymen, guide
 To the bed the bashful bride.

IV.

Night now hath watch'd herself half blind,
 Yet not a maidenhead resigned :
 'Tis strange ye will not fly
 To love's sweet mystery.
 Might yon full moon the sweets
 Have promised to your sheets ;
 She soon would leave her sphere
 To be admitted there.
 Then away; come, Hymen, guide
 To the bed the bashful bride.

The bed for lucky ends ;
With Juno goes the hours,
And Graces strewing flowers.
And the boys with sweet tunes sing,
Hymen ! O Hymen ! bring
Home the turtles, Hymen guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

VI.

Behold how Hymen's taper-light,
Shews you how much is spent of night.
See, see the bridegroom's torch
Half wasted in the porch ;
And now those tapers five,
That shew the womb shall thrive.
Their silv'ry flames advance,
To tell all prosp'rous chance
Still shall crown the happy life
Of the good man and the wife.

VII.

Move forward then your rosy feet,
And make, whate'er they touch, turn sweet
May all like flowery meads

Then away; come, Hymen guide,
To the bed the bashful bride.

VIII.

And now the yellow vale, at last,
Over her fragrant cheek is cast.

Now seems she to express
A bashful willingness;
Shewing a heart consenting,
As with a will repenting;
Then gently lead her on
With wise suspicion:

For that, matrons say, a measure
Of that passion sweetens pleasure.

IX.

You, you that be of her nearest kin,
Now o'er the threshold force her in.

But to aver the worst,
Let her her fillets first
Knit to the posts; this point
Remembering, to anoint
The sides; for 'tis a charm
Strong against future harm,
And the evil deeds, the which
Here was hidden by the witch.

X.

O Venus! thou to whom is known
The best way how to loose the zone
Of virgins; tell the maid
She need not be afraid;
And bid the youth apply
Close kisses, if she cry;

And charge he not forbears
 Her, though she woo with tears,
 Tell them now they must adventure
 Since that love and night bid enter.

XI.

No fatal owl the bedstead keeps
 With direful notes to fright your sleeps:
 No furies hereabout
 To put the tapers out
 Watch, or did make the bed;
 'Tis omen full of dread:
 But all fair signs appear
 Within the chamber here:
 Juno here far off doth stand,
 Cooling sleep with charming wand.

XII.

Virgins, weep not; 'twill come when,
 As she, so you'll be ripe for men:
 Then grieve her not with saying,
 She must no more a Maying,
 Or by rose-buds divine
 Who'll be her Valentine;
 Nor name those wanton rakes,
 You've had at barleybrakes:
 But now kiss her; and thus say,
 Take time lady, while ye may.

XIII.

Now bar the doors, the bridegroom puts,
 The eager boys to gather nuts:
 And now both love and time
 To their full height do climb:

O, give them active heat
 And moisture, both complete ;
 Fit organs for increase,
 To keep, and to release
 That, which may the honour'd stem
 Circle with a diadem.

XIV.

And now, behold ! the bed or couch
 That ne'er knew bride's or bridegroom's touch,
 Feels in itself a fire,
 And, tickled with desire,
 Pants with a downy breast,
 As with a heart possess'd
 Shrugging as it did move,
 Even with the soul of love
 And, oh, had it but a tongue,
 Loves, 'twould say, ye bill too long.

XV.

O, enter then ! but see ye shun
 To sleep until the act be done ;
 Let kisses, in their close,
 Breathe as the damask rose :
 Or sweet as is that gum
 Doth from Panchaia come ;
 Teach nature now to know,
 Lips can make cherries grow
 Sooner, than she ever yet
 In her wisdom could beget.

XVI.

In your minutes, hours, days, months, years,
 Drop the fat blessing of the spheres !

Fall,
By day and night on you .
May fortune's lily hand
Open at your command;
With all lucky birds, to side
With the bridegroom and the bride !

XVII.

Let bounteous fate your spindles full
Fill and wind up with whitest wool ;
Let them not cut the thread
Of life, until ye bid !
May death yet come at last,
And not with desperate haste ;
But when ye both can say,
Come, let us now away !
Be ye to the barn then born,
Two, like two ripe shocks of corn !

CCCXLI.

**CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELLW
WEDDINGS.**



HESPERIDES.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

Here we present a fleece,
To make a piece
Of cloth ;
Nor, fair, must you be loth
Your finger to apply
To housewifery :
Then, then begin
To spin ;

And, sweetling, mark you, what a web will
To your chests, drawn by your painful th

CHORUS OF MATRONS.

Set you to your wheel, and wax
Rich by the ductile wool and flax :
Yarn is an income ; and the housewife
The larder fills with meat, the bin wi

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Let wealth come in by comely thrif
And not by any sordid shift ;
'Tis haste
Makes waste ;
Extremes have still their fault,
The softest fire makes the sweetest
The hardest the dry and

When as her April hour draws near,
Be thou then propitious there !

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Far hence be all speech that may anger move ;
Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle love.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Live in the love of doves ; and, having told
The ravens' years, go hence more ripe than old !

CCCXLII.

A NUPTIAL VERSE TO MISTRESS ELIZABETH LEE,
NOW LADY TRACY.

Spring with the lark, most comely bride, and meet
Your eager bridegroom with auspicious feet :
The morn's far spent, and the immortal sun
Carols his cheek, to see those rites not done.
Fie, lovely maid ! indeed you are too slow,
When to the temple love should run, not go.
Dispatch your dressing then, and quickly wed,
Then feast and coy it a little ; then to bed.
This day is love's day, and this busy night
Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight
With such an arm'd, but such an easy foe,
As will, if you yield, lie down conquer'd too.
The field is pitch'd, but such must be your wars,
As that your kisses must outvie the stars ;
Fall down together vanquish'd both, and lie
Drown'd in the blood of rubies there, not die.

CCCXLIII.

A NUPTIAL SONG; OR
EPITHALAMIUM ON SIR CLIPSEBY CREW AND HIS LASS.

What's that we see from far? the spring of day
 Bloom'd from the east; or fair enjewell'd May
 Blown out of April; or some new
 Star fill'd with glory to our view,
 Reaching at heaven,

To add a nobler planet to the seven?
 Say; or do we not descry
 Some goddess, in a cloud of tiffany
 To move; or rather the
 Emergent Venus from the sea?

'Tis she, 'tis she! or else some more divine
 Enlighten'd substance. Mark how from the shri
 Of holy saints she paces on,
 Treading upon vermilion

 And amber, spicing
 The chafed air with fumes of paradise!
 Then come on, come on; and yield
 A savour like unto a blessed field,
 When the bedabbled morn
 Washes the golden ears of corn.

See where she comes; and smell how all the
 Breathes vineyards and pomegranates. O h
 As a fired altar is each stone
 Perspiring pounded cinnamon.
 The phoenix nest,
 Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.

Who therein would not consume
 soul to ash heaps in that rich perfume ;
 Bestroking fate, the while
 He burns to embers on the pile ?

nen, O Hymen ! tread the sacred ground ;
 w thy white feet, and head with marjoram
 crown'd ;
 Mount up thy flames ; and let thy torch
 Display the bridegroom in the porch,
 In his desires
 re towering, more disparkling than thy fires ;
 Shew her how his eyes do turn
 I roll about, and in their motions burn
 Their balls to cinders ; haste
 Or else to ashes he will waste.

le by the banks of virgins then, and pass
 : showers of roses, lucky four-leav'd grass ;
 The while the cloud of younglings sing,
 And drown ye with a flowery spring ;
 While some repeat
 ur praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with wheat
 While that others do divine,
 lest is the bride, on whom the sun doth shine ;"
 And thousands gladly wish
 You multiply as doth a fish.

l beauteous bride, we do confess you're wise,
 dealing forth these bashful jealousies :
 In Love's name do so, and a price
 Set on yourself, by being nice.

But yet take heed,
 What now you seem, be not the same indeed,
 And turn apostate: Love will
 Part of the way be met, or sit stone still.
 On then, and though you slow-
 Ly go, yet, howsoever, go.

And now you're enter'd, see the coddled cook
 Runs from his torrid zone, to pry and look,
 And bless his dainty mistress; see,
 The aged point out, This is she,
 Who now must sway
 The house (love shield her) with her Yea and Nay
 And the smirk butler thinks it
 Sin, in's naprie, not to express his wit;
 Each striving to devise
 Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind turtles, now, and write
 This the short'st day, and this the longest night,
 But yet too short for you; 'tis we
 Who count this night as long as three,
 Lying alone,
 Telling the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, one.
 Quickly, quickly then prepare,
 And let the young men and the bride-maids share
 Your garters, and their joints.
 Encircle with the bridegroom's points.

By the bride's eyes, and by the teeming life
 Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no strife,

Farther than gentleness tends, gets place
Among ye striving for her lace.

O do not fall

Foul in these noble pastimes, lest ye call
Discord in, and so divide
The youthful bridegroom and the fragrant bride ;
Which love forefend ; but spoken
Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of spring-time, tender whimpering maids,
Now Autumn's come, when all those flowery aids
Of her delays must end ; dispose
That lady-smock, that pansey, and that rose
Neatly apart ;

But for prick-madam, and for gentle-heart,
And soft maiden's-blush, the bride
Makes holy these, all others lay aside :
Then strip her, or unto her
Let him come who dares undo her.

And, to enchant ye more, see every where
About the roof a syren in a sphere,
As we think, singing to the din
Of many a warbling cherubim ;

O mark ye how

The soul of nature melts in numbers ; now
See a thousand cupids fly
To light their tapers at the bride's bright eye !
To bed, or her they'll tire,
Were she an element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, see the proud
Plump bed bear up, and swelling like a cloud,

It be with rock or walls of brass,
 Ye tower her up as Danæ was ;
 Think you that this,
 hell itself, a powerful bulwark is ?
 I tell ye no ; but like a
 d bolt of thunder he will make his way,
 And rend the cloud, and throw
 The sheet about like flakes of snow.

now is hush'd in silence ; midwife moon,
 h all her owl-eyed issue begs a boon
 Which you must grant ; that's entrance, with
 Which extract all we can call pith
 And quintessence
 planetary bodies ; so commence
 All fair constellations,
 asking upon ye, that, that nations
 Springing from two such fires,
 y blaze the virtue of their sires.

PASTORAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.



I.

TO HIS MUSE.

Were I to give thee Baptiam, I would choose
To christen thee the bride, the bashful muse,
Or muse of roses; since that name does fit
Best with those virgin verses thou hast writ;
Which are so clean, so chaste, as none may fear
Catch the Censor, should he scan each here.

PASTORAL. AND DESCRIPTIVE.

—

II.

HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST,
AND WHY SO CALLED.

Why this flower is now call'd so,
 List, sweet maids, and you shall know.
 Understand, this firstling was
 Once a brisk and bonny lass,
 Kept as close as Danae was ;
 Who a sprightly Springall lov'd :
 And to have it fully prov'd,
 Up she got upon a wall,
 Tempting down to slide withal ;
 But the silken twist untied,
 So she fell ; and bruis'd, she dy'd.
 Love, in pity of the deed,
 And her loving luckless speed,
 Turn'd her to this plant, we call
 Now The Flower of the Wall.

III.

A PARANETICAL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE, TO HIS FRIEND

MR. JOHN WICKS.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep
To rise as soon as day doth peep,
To tire thy patient ox or ass
By noon, and let thy good days pass ;
Not knowing this, that Jove decrees
Some mirth, t'adulce man's miseries ?
No ; 'tis a life to have thine oil
Without extortion from thy soil ;
Thy faithful fields to yield thee grain,
Although with some, yet little pain ;
To have thy mind and nuptial bed,
With fears and cares uncumbered ;
A pleasing wife, that by thy side
Lies softly panting like a bride ;
This is to live, and to endear
Those minutes time has lent us here.
Then, while fates suffer, live thou free,
As is that air that circles thee ;
And crown thy temples too ; and let
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
To strut thy barns with sheafs of wheat.
Time steals away like to a stream,
And we glide hence away with them :
No sound recalls the hours once fled,
Or roses, being withered ;
Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,
Like to a dew, or melted frost.
Then live we mirthful while we shoul

And turn the iron age to gold ;
 Let's feast and frolic, sing and play,
 And thus less last, than live our day.
 Whose life with care is overcast,
 That man's not said to live, but last ;
 Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,
 But for to live that half seven well ;
 And that we'll do, as men who know,
 Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
 Both to be blended in the urn,
 From whence there's never a return.

IV.

TO DAISES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON.

Shut not so soon : the dull-ey'd night
 Has not as yet begun
 To make a seizure on the light,
 Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,
 No shadows yet appear :
 Nor doth the early shepherd's star
 Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
 Her life-begetting eye ;
 And let the whole world then dispose
 Itself to live, or die.

HESPERIDES.

V.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

Get up, get up, for shame, the blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air;
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.
 Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
 Above an hour since, yet you not drest,
 Nay! not so much as out of bed;
 When all the birds have matins said,
 And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in,
 When as a thousand virgins on this day
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown or hair;
 Fear not, the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you;
 Besides the childhood of the day has kept
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief;
 Few beads are best, when once we go a Ma:

Come, my Corinna, come, and coming, mark
 How each field turns a street, each street a park
 Made green, and trimmed with trees ; see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough,
 Or branch ; each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields, and we not see it ?
 Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May :
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white-thorn, laden home.
 Some have dispatched their cakes and cream
 Before that we have left to dream ;
 And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth ;
 Many a green-gown has been given ;
 Many a kiss both odd and even ;
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament ;
 Many a jest told of the key's betraying
 This night, and locks picked, yet w'are not a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
 And take the harmless folly of the time.

We shall grow old apace and die
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun ;
 And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

VI.

THE MEADOW VERSE,

OR ANNIVERSARY OF MRS. BRIDGET LOWMAN.

Come with the spring-time forth, fair maid ; and be
 This year again the meadow's deity :
 Yet, ere ye enter, give us leave to set
 Upon your head this flow'ry coronet :
 To make this neat distinction from the rest,
 You are the prime and princess of the feast,
 To which with silver feet lead you the way,
 While sweet-breath nymphs attend on you this day :
 This is your hour ; and best you may command,
 Since you are lady of this fairy land :
 Full mirth wait on you ; and such mirth as shall
 Cherish the cheek, but make none blush at all !

VIL

A COUNTRY LIFE ;

TO HIS BROTHER, M. THO. HERRICK.

price, and above blest, my soul's half, art thou,
In thy both last and better vow ;
ould'st leave the city, for exchange, to see
The country's sweet simplicity ;
nd it to know and practice, with intent
To grow the sooner innocent ;
y studying to know virtue, and to aim
More at her nature than her name ;
he last is but the least, the first doth tell
Ways less to live than to live well ;
nd both are known to thee, who now can'st live
Led by thy conscience, to give
ustice to some-pleased nature, and to show
Wisdom and she together go,
nd keep one centre ; this with that conspires
To teach man to confine desires,
nd know that riches have their proper stint
In the contented mind, not mint ;
nd can'st instruct that those who have the itch
Of craving more are never rich.
hese things thou knowest to the height, and dost
prevent
That plague, because thou art content
With that Heaven gave thee with a weary hand,
(More blessed in thy brass than land)

To keep cheap Nature even and upright ;
 To cool, not cocker appetite.
Thus thou canst scarcely live to satisfy
 The belly chiefly, not the eye ;
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
 Less with a neat than needful diet.
But that which most makes sweet a country life,
 Is the fruition of a wife,
Whom, stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast
 Got not so beautiful as chaste ;
By whose warm side thou dost securely sleep,
 While love the sentinel doth keep,
With those deeds done by day which ne'er affright
 Thy silken slumbers in the night.
Nor has the darkness power to usher in
 Fear to those sheets that know no sin.
But still thy wife, by chaste intentions led,
 Gives thee each night a maidenhead.
The damask meadows and the pebbly streams
 Sweeten and make soft your dreams ;
The purling springs, groves, birds, and well weav
 bowers,
 With fields enamelled with flowers,
Present their shapes, while phantasy discloses
 Millions of Lilies mixt with Roses.
Then dream ye hear the lamb by many a bleat
 Woo'd to come suck the milky teat ;
While Faunus in the vision comes, to keep
 From ravening wolves, the fleecy sheep.
With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
 To make sleep not so sound, as sweet ;

Nor can these figures so thy rest endear,
As not to rise when Chanticleer
Warns the last watch, but with the dawn dost rise
To work, but first to sacrifice;
Making thy peace with heaven for some late fault,
With holy-meal and spiriting salt;
Which done, thy painful thumb this sentence tell us,
"Jove for our labour all things sells us."
Nor are thy daily and devout affairs,
Attended with those desperate cares
The industrious merchant has, who for to find
Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,
And back again; tortured with fears, doth fly,
Untaught to suffer poverty;
But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
Sittest, and believest that there be seas,
And watry dangers, while thy whither hap
But sees these things within thy map;
And viewing them with a more safe survey,
Makest easy fear unto thee say,
"A heart thrice walled with oak and brass, that man
Had, first durst plough the ocean."
But thou at home, without or tide or gale,
Canst in thy map securely sail;
Seeing those painted countries, and so guess
By those fine shades, their substances;
And from thy compass taking small advice,
Buyest travel at the lowest price;
Nor are thine ears so deaf but thou canst hear,
Far more with wonder than with fear,
Fame tell of states, of countries, courts, and kings;
And believe there be such things;



I.

TO HIS MUSE

Were I to give thee Baptism, I v
To christen thee the bride, the b
Or muse of roses; since that nar
Best with those virgin verses the
Which are so clean, so chaste, s
Cats the Censor, should he scan

PASTORAL. AND DESCRIPTIVE.

—

II.

HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST,
AND WHY SO CALLED.

Why this flower is now call'd so,
 List, sweet maids, and you shall know.
 Understand, this firstling was
 Once a brisk and bonny lass,
 Kept as close as Danae was ;
 Who a sprightly Springall lov'd :
 And to have it fully prov'd,
 Up she got upon a wall,
 Tempting down to slide withal ;
 But the silken twist untied,
 So she fell ; and bruis'd, she dy'd.
 Love, in pity of the deed,
 And her loving luckless speed,
 Turn'd her to this plant, we call
 Now The Flower of the Wall.

VIII.

A BUCOLIC, OR DISCOURSE OF NEAT-HERDS.

1. Come, blitheful neat-herds, let us lay
 A wager, who the best shall play,
 Of thee, or I, the roundelay,
 That fits the business of the day.

CHORUS.

And Lallage the judge shall be,
 To give the prize to thee or me.

2. Content, begin, and I will bet
 A heifer smooth, and black as jet,
 In every part alike complete,
 And wanton as a kid as yet.

CHORUS.

And Lallage, with cow-like eyes,
 Shall be disposeress of the prize.

1. Against thy heifer I will here
 Lay to thy stake a lusty steer,
 With gilded horns and burnish'd clear.

CHORUS.

Why then begin, and let us hear
 The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
 That gently purls from either's oat

2. The stakes are laid; let's now apply
 Each one to make his melody;

LALLAGE.

The equal empire shall be I,
 Who'll hear, and so judge righteously.

CHORUS.

Much time is spent in prate; begin,
 And sooner play, the sooner win. [*He plays.*]

And turn the iron age to gold ;
Let's feast and frolic, sing and play,
And thus less last, than live our day.
Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last ;
Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,
But for to live that half seven well ;
And that we'll do, as men who know,
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
Both to be blended in the urn,
From whence there's never a return.

IV.

TO DAISES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON.

Shut not so soon : the dull-ey'd night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows yet appear :
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye ;
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live, or die.

IX.

HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS.

I send, I send here my supremest kiss,
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis :
No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand ;
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go,
To bathe in thee, as thousand others do ;
No more shall I along thy crystal glide
In barge, with boughs and rushes beautified,
With soft smooth virgins, for our chaste disport,
To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court:
Never again shall I with finny oar
Put from, or draw unto the faithful shore ;
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster ;
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
May all clean nymphs and curious water dames,
With swan like state, float up and down thy streams ;
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall,
To make them lean and languishing at all ;
No ruffling winds come hither to disease
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naides.
Keep up your state, ye streams ; and as ye spring,
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting ;
Grow young with tides, and though I see ye never,
Receive this vow ; so fare ye well for ever.

X.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO; LACON AND THYRSIS.

LACON.

For a kiss or two, confess,
What doth cause this pensiveness
Thou most lovely neat-herdess?
Why so lonely on the hill;
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That ere while was heard so shrill?

Tell me, do thy kine now fail
To fulfil the milking-pail?
Say what is't that thou do'st ail?

THYRSIS.

None of these; but out, alas!
A mischance is come to pass,
And I'll tell thee what it was:
See, mine eyes are weeping ripe.

LACON.

Tell, and I'll lay down my pipe.

THYRSIS.

I have lost my lovely steer,
That to me was far more dear
Than these kine which I milk here;
Broad of forehead, large of eye,
Party colour'd like a pie,
Smooth in each limb as a die;

Sharply pointed as --
With a neck by yoke unworn,
From the which hung down by strings,
Balls of cowslips, daisy rings,
Interlac'd with ribbanings ;
Faultless every way for shape,
Not a straw could him escape,
Ever gamesome as an ape,
But yet harmless as a sheep.
Pardon, Lacon, if I weep ;
Tears will spring where woes are deep.
Now, ah me ! ah me ! Last night
Came a mad dog, and did bite,
I, and kill'd my dear delight.

LACON.

Alack, for grief !

TETYSIS.

But I'll be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call
Me, and my sad playmates all,
To his ev'ning funeral.

Long. Lacon ; so adieu !

XI.

THE COUNTRY LIFE,

TO THE HONOURED MR. END. PORTER,
GROOM OF THE BED-CHAMBER TO HIS MAJESTY.

Sweet country life, to such unknown,
Whose lives are others, not their own;
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern land dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove,
Nor, with the loss of sleep, lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the iron from the west;
No, thy ambition's narrow piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy lands, and clear
All scores, and so to spend the year;
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds;
For well thou know'st, 'tis not the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the plough-man's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn;
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which, though well soil'd, yet thou dost know,
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands:
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them;

THE ...
This done, then to the ...
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treasur,
Thou seest a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower ;
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd ki
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine :
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek nea
Unto the dew-laps up in meat ;
And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there ;
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flock
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with woo
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays ;
On which the young men and maids f
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
... quintels here then !

And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
 Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
 And no man pays too dear for it :
 To these thou hast thy times to go
 And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow ;
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
 The lark into the trammel net ;
 Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
 To take the precious pheasant made ;
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
 O happy life ! if that their good
 The husbandmen but understood ;
 Who all the day themselves do please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these ;
 And, lying down, have nought t' affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt——

XII.

HOW VIOLETS CAME BLUE.

Love on a day, wise poets tell,
 Some time in wrangling spent,
 Whether the violets should excel,
 Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day,
 Poor girls, she fell on you,
 And beat ye so, as some dare say,
 Her blows did make ye blue.

XIII.

THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST-HOME.
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE MILDMAY, EARL OF
WESTMORELAND.

Come sons of summer ; by whose toil
We are the lords of wine, and oil ;
By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands :
Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing harvest home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art :
See here a maukin ; there a sheet
As spotless, pure, as it is sweet ;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies ;
The harvest swains, and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd :
About the cart, hear, how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves ;
Some cross the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat ;
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,

Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef ;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal ;
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty :
And, for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer ;
Which freely drink to your Lord's health,
Then to the plough the commonwealth ;
Next to your flails, your fanes, your fats,
Then to the maids with wheaten hats,
To the rough sickle, and the crook'd scythe,
Drink, frolic boys, till all be blithe :
Feed, and grow fat ; and, as ye eat,
Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their full of meat :
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke ;
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hang'd up now :
And, you must know your lord's word's true,
" Feed him ye must, whose food fills you : "
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

XIV.

HIS AGE.

DEDICATED TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, MR. JOHN WICK
UNDER THE NAME OF POSTHUMOUS.

Ah, Posthumous! our years hence fly,
And leave no sound: nor piety,
Or prayers, or vow,
Can keep the wrinkle from the brow;
But we must on,
As fate does lead or draw us. None,
None, Posthumous, could e'er decline
The doom of cruel Proserpine.

The pleasing wife, the house, the ground
Must all be left; no one plant found
To follow thee,
Save only the curs'd cypress tree.
A merry mind
Looks forward, scorns what's left behind:
Let's live, my Wickes, then, while we may;
And here enjoy our holiday.

We've seen the past, best times; and these
Will ne'er return: we see the seas,
And moons to wane;
But they fill up their ebbs again:
But vanish'd man,
Like to a lily lost, ne'er can,
Ne'er can, repullulate, or bring
His days to see a second spring.

But on we must; and thither tend
Where Ancus, and rich Tullus blend

 Their sacred seed :

Thus has infernal Jove decreed :

 We must be made

Ere long a song, ere long a shade.

Why then, since life to us is short,

Lets make it full up by our sport.

Crown we our heads with roses then,
And 'noint with Syrian balm; for when

 We two are dead,

The world with us is buried :

 Then live we free

As is the air, and let us be

Our own fair wind, and mark each one

Day with the white and lucky stone.

We are not poor; although we have
No roofs of cedar, nor our brave

 Baïæ, nor keep

Account of such a flock of sheep,

 Nor bullocks fed

To lard the shambles; barbles bred

To kiss our hands; nor do we wish

For Pollio's lampries in our dish.

If we can meet, and so confer

Both by a shining saltcellar;

 And have our roof,

Although not arch'd, yet weather-proof;

 And ceiling free

From that cheap candle-bawdry;

We'll eat our bean with that full mirth,
As we were lords of all the earth.

Well then ; on what seas we are tost,
Our comfort is, we can't be lost :
 Let the winds drive
Our bark, yet she will keep alive
 Amidst the deeps :
'Tis constancy, my Wickes, which keeps
The pinnace up ; which, though she errs
I'th' seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part ; sweet mercy bless
Us both i'th' sea, camp, wilderness !
 Can we so far
Stray, to become less circular
 Than we are now ?
No, no ; that selfsame heart, that vow
Which made us one shall ne'er undo,
Or ravel, so to make us two.

Live in thy peace ; as for myself,
When I am bruised on the shelf
 Of time, and show
My locks behung with frost and snow ;
 When with the rheum,
The cough, the phthsick, I consume
Unto an almost nothing ; then
The ages fled I'll call again ;

And with a tear compare these last
Lame, and bad times with those are pas'

While Baucis by,
 My old lean wife, shall kiss it dry :
 And so we'll sit
 By the fire, foretelling snow, and sleet,
 And weather, by our aches, grown
 Now old enough to be our own

 True calendars ; as puss's ear
 Wash'd o'er's, to tell what change is near.
 Then, to assuage
 The gripings of the chine by age,
 I'll call my young
 Iulus to sing such a song
 I made upon my Julia's breast,
 And of her blush at such a feast :

 Then shall he read that flow'r of mine
 Inclos'd within a crystal shrine ;
 A primrose next :
 A piece then of a higher text,
 For to beget
 In me a more transcendant heat,
 Than that insinuating fire
 Which crept into each aged sire,

 When the fair Helen from her eyes
 Shot forth her loving sorceries ;
 At which I'll rear
 Mine aged limbs above my chair ;
 And, hearing it,
 Flutter and crow, as in a fit
 Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,
 " No lust there's like to poetry ! "

HESPERIDES.

Thus frantic crazy man, God wot !
I'll call to mind things half forgot ;
 And oft between
Repeat the times that I have seen.
 Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my Iulus' hairs,
Doting I'll weep and say, in truth,
" Baucis, these were my sins of youth."

Then next I'll cause my hopeful lad,
If a wild apple can be had,
 To crown the hearth ;
Larr thus conspiring with our mirth ;
 Then to infuse
Our browner ale into the cruse,
Which sweetly spic'd, we'll first carouse
Unto the genius of the house ;

Then the next health to friends of mine,
Loving the brave Burgundian wine,
 High sons of pith,
Whose fortunes I have frolick'd with,
 Such as could well
Bear up the magic bough and spell,
And, dancing 'bout the mystic thyrse,
Give up the just applause to verse.

To those, and then again to thee
We'll drink, my Wickes ; until we be
 Plump as the cherry,
Though not so fresh, yet full as merry
 As the cricket,
The untam'd heifer, or the pricket ;

Until our tongues shall tell our ears,
We're younger by a score of years :

Thus, 'till we see the fire less shine
From th' embers than the kitling's eyne,

 We'll still sit up,
Sphering about the wassail cup

 To all those times
Which gave me honour for my rhymes :
The coal once spent, we'll then to bed,
Far more than night bewearied.

XV.

TO CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

Ye may simper, blush, and smile,
And perfume the air awhile ;
But, sweet things, ye must be gone ;
Fruit, ye know, is coming on :
Then, ah ! then, where is your grace,
When as cherries come in place ?

XVI.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said as Cupid danc'd among
The gods, he down the nectar flung ;
Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

Ye have been fresh, and green ;
 Ye have been fill'd with flow'rs ;
 And ye the walks have been.
 Where maids have spent their hours

You have beheld, how they
 With wicker arks did come,
 To kiss and bear away
 The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
 And seen them in a round ;
 Each virgin like a spring,
 With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now we see none here,
 Whose silv'ry feet did tread,
 And with dishevell'd hair
 Adorn'd this smoother mead.

XVIII.

A PASTORAL UPON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE CHARLES,
PRESENTED TO THE KING, AND SET BY MR. NIC.
LANIERE.

The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and Amarillis.

Amin. Good day, Mirtillo. *Mirt.* And to you no less;
And all fair signs led on our shepherdess.

Amar. With all white luck to you. *Mirt.* But say,
What news
Stirs in our sheep-walk? *Amin.* None, save that my ewes,

My wethers, lambs, and wanton kids are well,
Smooth, fair, and fat, none better I can tell:
Or that this day Menalchas keeps a feast
For his sheep-shearers. *Mirt.* These things are the least.

But dear Amintas, and sweet Amarillis,
Rest but a while here by this bank of lilies;
And lend a gentle care to one report
The country has. *Amin.* From whence? *Amar.* From
whence? *Mirt.* The Court.

Three days before the shutting in of May,
(With whitest wool be ever crowned that day!)
'T' all our joy a sweet fac'd child was born,
More tender than the childhood of the morn.

Chor. Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and sheep,
Let lullaby the pretty prince asleep.

That day was seen

the wise men's torch, which guided
sweet babe, when born at Bethlehem;
And when the goodly angels, some have told to me,
That his birth with heavenly ministrals.

O rare! But is it a trespass, if we three
Come to attend along his babyship to see?

Not so, not so. *Chor.* But if it chance to
prove

That a fault, it is but a fault of love.

Virg. But dear Mirtillo, I have heard it told,
That learned men brought incense, myrrh, and
gold,

From countries far, with store of spices sweet,
And laid them down for offerings at his feet.

Mirt. 'Tis true, indeed; and each of us will bring
Some of our smiling and our blooming King,
As a present, though not so great an offering.

Mar. A garland for my gift shall be,
Made of flowers ne'er sucked by the thieving bee;
Which is all most sweet, yet all less sweet than he.

Amin. And I will bear along with you
Myself, as a present, eaves dropping down the honeyed dew,

Which is as sweet as new.

Which will bestow

XIX.

A PANEGYRIC TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON.

Till I shall come again, let this suffice,
I send my salt, my sacrifice
To thee, thy lady, younglings, and as far
As to thy genius and thy larr ;
To the worn threshold, porch, hall, parlour, kitchen,
The fat-fed smoking temple, which in
The wholesome savour of thy mighty chins,
Invites to supper him who dines,
Where laden spits, warp'd with large ribs of beef,
Not represent, but give relief
To the lank stranger and the sour swain,●
Where both may feed and come again ;
For no black-bearded vigil from thy door
Beats with a button'd-staff the poor ;
But from thy warm love-hatching gates, each may
Take friendly morsels, and there stay
To sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,
For thou no porter keep'st who strikes.
No comer to thy roof his guest-rite wants ;
Or, staying there, is scourg'd with taunts
Of some rough groom, who, yirk'd with corns, says, Sir,
You've dipt too long i'th' vinegar ;
And with our broth and bread and bits, Sir friend,
You've fared well, pray make an end ;
Two days you've larded here ; a third, you know,
Makes guests and fish smell strong ; pray go
You to some other chimney, and there take
Essay of other giblets ; make

HESPERIDES.

at another's hearth ! you're here
Welcome as thunder to our beer ;
Others knows distance, and a man unru
Would soon reconcile, and not intrud
Stomach to a second meal. No, no,
Thy house, well fed and taught, can
Such crabb'd visard : Thou hast learnt
With heart and hand to entertain ;
And by the armsful, with a breast unhid,
As the old race of mankind did,
When either's heart, and either's hand di
To be the nearer relative ;
Thou dost redeem those times ; and what
Of ancient honesty, may boast
It keeps a growth in thee, and so will run
A course in thy fame's pledge, thy sc
Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy ga
Early sets ope to feast, and late ;
Keeping no currish waiter to affright,
With blasting eye, the appetite,
Which fain would waste upon thy cates, l
The trencher creature marketh what
The sampling piece he cuts, an
The waiter's ni

I thou, like to that hospitable god,
 Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode
 eat thy bullock's thighs, thy veals, thy fat
 Wethers, and never grudged at.
 Pheasant, partridge, godwit, reeve, ruff, rail,
 The cock, the curlew, and the quail ;
 These, and thy choicest viands do extend
 Their taste unto the lower end
 thy glad table ; not a dish more known
 To thee, than unto any one ;
 As thy meat, so thy immortal wine
 Makes the smirk face of each to shine,
 As spring fresh rosebuds, while the salt, the wit
 Flows from the wine, and graces it ;
 While reverence, waiting at the bashful board,
 Honours my lady and my lord.
 Scurrile jest, no open scene is laid
 Here, for to make the face afraid ;
 Temperate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-
 Ly, that it makes the meat more sweet,
 And adds perfumes unto the wine, which thou
 Do'st rather pour forth, than allow
 cruse and measure ; thus devoting wine
 As the Canary isles were thine ;
 Not with that wisdom and that method, as
 No one that's there his guilty glass
 Links of distemper, or has cause to cry
 Repentance to his liberty.
 Thou know'st order, ethics, and has read
 All economics, know'st to lead
 House-dance neatly, and can'st truly show
 How far a figure ought to go,

forward or backward, sideward, and w

Can give, and what retract a grace
That gesture, courtship, comeliness ag

With those thy primitive decrees,
To give subsistence to thy house, and j

What genii support thy roof,
Goodness and greatness, not the oaken

For these, and marbles have their
To last, but not their ever; virtue's ha

It is which builds 'gainst fate to s
Such is thy house, whose firm foundat

Is more in thee than in her dust,
For depth; these last may yield, and ye

When what is strongly built, no c
For yawning rupture can the same dev

But fix'd it stands, by her own pc
And well-laid bottom, on the iron and

Which tries and counter-stands th
And ram of time, and by vexation gro

The stronger. Virtue dies when
For wanting to her exercise, but great

or which their cries might beat against thine ears,
 Or in the damp jet read their tears.
 To plank from hallowed altar does appeal
 To yond' Star-chamber, or does seal
 A curse to thee, or thine ; but all things even
 Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.
 Go on directly so, as just men may,
 A thousand times, more swear, than say,
 This is that princely Pemberton, who can
 Teach man to keep a God in man ;
 And when wise poets shall search out to see
 Good men, they find them all in thee.

XX.

HOW LILIES CAME WHITE.

White though ye be ; yet, lilies, know,
 From the first ye were not so ;
 But I'll tell ye
 What befel ye :
 Cupid and his mother lay
 In a cloud ; while both did play,
 He with his pretty finger press'd
 The ruby niplet of her breast,
 Out of the which the cream of light,
 Like to a dew,
 Fell down on you,
 And made ye white.

HESPERIDES.

Thus frantic crazy man, God wot !
I'll call to mind things half forgot ;
And oft between
Repeat the times that I have seen.
Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my Iulus' hairs,
Doting I'll weep and say, in truth,
" Baucis, these were my sins of youth

Then next I'll cause my hopeful lad,
If a wild apple can be had,
To crown the hearth ;
Larr thus conspiring with our mirth ;
Then to infuse
Our browner ale into the cruse,
Which sweetly spic'd, we'll first carol
Unto the genius of the house ;

Then the next health to friends of mi
Loving the brave Burgundian wine,
High sons of pith,
Whose fortunes I have frolick'd with,
Such as could well
and spell;

Until our tongues shall tell our ears,
We're younger by a score of years :

Thus, 'till we see the fire less shine
From th' embers than the kitling's eyne,

 We'll still sit up,
Sphering about the wassail cup

 To all those times
Which gave me honour for my rhymes :
The coal once spent, we'll then to bed,
Far more than night bewearied.

XV.

TO CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

Ye may simper, blush, and smile,
And perfume the air awhile ;
But, sweet things, ye must be gone ;
Fruit, ye know, is coming on :
Then, ah ! then, where is your grace,
When as cherries come in place ?

XVI.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said as Cupid danc'd among
The gods, he down the nectar flung ;
Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

And so to bid you go —
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

XXIII.

TO A BED OF TULIPS.

Bright tulips, we do know,
You had your coming hither,
And fading time does show,
That ye must quickly wither.

Your sisterhoods may stay,
And smile here for your hour;

XXIV.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING-DEW.

do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but born
 Just as the modest morn
 Teemed her refreshing dew?
 alas, you have not known that shower,
 That mars a flower,
 Nor felt the unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind,
 Nor are ye worn with years;
 Or warpt, as we,
 Who think it strange to see,
 pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
 speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

ah, whimpering younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep,
 Is it for want of sleep,
 Or childish lullaby?
 or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweetheart to this?
 No, no, this sorrow shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read,
 things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 receiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

XXV.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMEON STEWART

No news of navies burnt at seas ;
No news of late-spawn'd titteries ;
No closet plot or open vent,
That frights men with a Parliament :
No new device or late-found trick,
To read by th' stars the kingdom's sick ;
No gin to catch the state, or wring
The free-born nostrils of the king,
We send to you ; but here a jolly
Verse crown'd with ivy and with holly ;
That tells of winter's tales and mirth,
That milk-maids make about the hearth,
Of Christmas sports, the wassail-bowl,
That toss'd up after Fox-i'th'hole ;
Of Blind-man's-buff, and of the care
That young men have to shoe the mare ;
Of twelfth-tide cake, of peas and beans,
Wherewith ye make those merry scenes,
When as ye choose your king and queen,
And cry out " Hey for our town green."
Of ash-heaps, in the which ye use
Husbands and wives by streaks to choose ;
Of crackling laurel, which fore-sounds
A plenteous harvest to your grounds ;
Of these, and such like things, for shift,
We send instead of new-year's gift.
Read then, and when your faces shine
With bucksome meat and cap'ring wine,
Remember us in cups full crown'd,

And let our city health go round,
 Quite through the young maids and the men,
 To the ninth number, if not ten,
 Until the fired chesnuts leap
 For joy to see the fruits ye reap,
 From the plump chalice and the cup
 That tempts till it be tossed up.
 Then as ye sit about your embers,
 Call not to mind those fled Decembers;
 But think on these, that are t' appear,
 As daughters to the instant year;
 Sit crown'd with rose-buds, and carouse,
 Till *Liber Pater* twirls the house
 About your ears, and lay upon
 The year, your cares, that's fled and gone.
 And let the russet swains the plough
 And harrow hang up resting now;
 And to the bag-pipe all address
 Till sleep takes place of weariness.
 And thus, throughout, with Christmas plays
 Frolic the full twelve holydays.

XXVI.

FAIR DAYS ; OR, DAWNS DECEITFUL.

Fair was the dawn ; and but e'en now the skies
 Shew'd like to cream, inspir'd with strawberries :
 But on a sudden all was chang'd and gone,
 That smil'd in that first sweet complexion ;
 Then thunder-claps and lightning did conspire
 To tear the world, or set it all on fire.
 What ! trust to things below, when as we see
 As men, the heavens have their hypocrisy.

HESPERIDES.

XXVII.

X

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon :

Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run

But to the even-song ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay, as you ;
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing :

We die,
 As your hours do ; and dry
 Away

Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

XXVIII.

UPON ONE LILLIE, WHO MARRIED WITH A
 CALLED ROSE.

What times of sweetness this fair day foresho
 When as the Lily marries with the Rose !
 What next is look'd for, but we all should see
 To spring from these a sweet posterity.

XXIX.

A PASTORAL SUNG TO THE KING.

Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, Shepherds

Mon. Bad are the times. *Sil.* And worse than the
are we.

Mon. Troth, bad are both; worse fruit, and ill th
trees:

The feast of shepherds fail. *Sil.* None crowns th
cup

Of wassail now, or sets the quintal up:

And he, who us'd to lead the country round,
Youthful Mirtillo, here he comes, grief drown'd.

Ambo. Let's cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him weepin,
ripe.

Mirt. Ah, Amarillis; farewell mirth and pipe;
Since thou art gone no more I mean to play
To these smooth lawns, my mirthful roundelay.

Dear Amarillis! *Mon.* Hark! *Sil.* Mark! *Mirt.* Thi
earth grew sweet

Where, Amarillis, thou didst set thy feet.

Ambo. Poor pitied youth! *Mirt.* And here the breath
of kine

And sheep grew more sweet by that breath of thine.
This flock of wool, and this rich lock of hair,
This ball of cowslips, these she gave me here.

Sil. Words sweet as love itself. *Mon.* Hark!

Mirt. This way she came, and this way too she went;
How each thing smells divinely redolent!

Like to a field of beans, when newly blown,
Or like a meadow being lately mown.

Mon. A sweet sad passion—

Mirt. In dewy mornings, when she came this
Sweet bents would bow, to give my love the d
And when at night she folded had her sheep,
Daisies would shut, and closing, sigh and wee
Besides (ah me!) since she went hence to dw
The voice's daughter, ne'er spake syllable.

But she is gone. *Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whither

Mirt. Where she and I shall never meet toget

Mon. Fore-fend it Pan; and Pales, do thou p

To give an end. *Mirt.* To what? *Sil.* Such

these.

Mirt. Never, O never! Still I may endure

The wound I suffer, never find a cure.

Mon. Love, for thy sake, will bring her to the

And dales again. *Mirt.* No, I will languish a

And all the while my part shall be to weep;

And with my sighs call home my bleating she

And in the rind of every comely tree

I'll carve thy name, and in that name kiss the

Mon. Set with the sun thy woes. *Sil.* The

old,

And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

Chor. The shades grow great; but greater
sorrow;

But let's go steep

Our eyes in sleep,

And meet to weep

To-morrow.

XXX.

CHARON AND PHILOMEL, A DIALOGUE SUNG.

- Ph.* Charon! O gentle Charon! let me woo thee,
By tears and pity now to come unto me.
- Ch.* What voice so sweet and charming do I hear?
Say, what thou art. *Ph.* I pray you first draw near.
- Ch.* A sound I hear, but nothing yet can see,
Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O, Charon pity me!
I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling note will say I'm Philomel.
- Ch.* What's that to me, I waft nor fish or fowls,
Nor beasts, fond thing, but only human souls.
- Ph.* Alas, for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching note,
That made me thus hoist sail, and bring my boat:
But I'll return; what mischief brought thee hither;
- Ph.* A deal of love, and much, much grief together.
- Ch.* What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's now
beneath
Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death.
- Ch.* And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love, I pray
thee.
- Ch.* Talk not of love; all pray, but few souls pay me.
- Ph.* I'll give thee vows and tears. *Ch.* Can tears pay
scores
For mending sails, for patching boat and oars?
- Ph.* I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long,
Till thou shalt say I've paid thee with a song.
- Ch.* Why, then begin, and all the while we make
Our slithful passage o'er the Stygian lake,
You and I'll sing to these dull shades merry,
Who else with tears would doubtless drown my ferry.

HESPERIDES.

XXXI.

THE FUNERAL RITES OF THE ROSE.

The rose was sick, and smiling died ;
And, being to be sanctifi'd,
About the bed, there sighing stood
The sweet and flow'ry sisterhood.
Some hung the head, while some did bring,
To wash her, water from the spring ;
Some laid her forth, while others wept,
But all a solemn fast there kept.
The holy sisters, some among,
The sacred dirge and trental sung ;
But ah ! what sweets smelt everywhere,
As heaven had spent all perfumes there.
At last, when prayers for the dead,
And rites were all accomplished ;
They, weeping, spread a lawny loom,
And clos'd her up as in a tomb.

XXXII.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET MONTH

First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers ;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array ;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before ;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

XXXIII.

TO VIOLETS.

Welcome, maids of honour,
You do bring
In the spring;
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y'are the Maiden Posies,
And so grac'd,
To be plac'd,
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
You do lie,
Poor girls, neglected

XXXIV.

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME THE SPRING.

Thou art the frosts, and now the fields appear
Clothed in fresh and verdant diaper;
Thou'rt the snows, and now the lusty spring
Shows to each mead a neat enamelling:
The trees put forth their gems, and every tree
Shows swaggers in her leafy gallantry.

The while the Daulian minstrel sweetly sings
With warbling notes her Terrean sufferings,
What gentle winds perspire ; as if here
Never had been the northern plunderer,
To strip the trees and fields to their distress,
Leaving them to a pitied nakedness :
And look, how when a frantic storm doth tear
A stubborn oak, or elm, long growing there,
But lull'd to calmness ; then succeeds a breeze,
That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees :
So when this war, which, tempest-like, doth spoil
Our salt, our corn, our honey, wine, and oil,
Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
His inconsiderate frenzy off, at last ;
The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,
Bring in her bill once more the branch of peace.

XXXV.

TO FLOWERS.

In time of life I grac'd you with my verse ;
Do now your flowery honours to my hearse.
You shall not languish, trust me ; virgins here
Weeping, shall make you flourish all the year.

FAIRY LAND.

XXXVI.

TO LARR.

No more shall I, since I am driven hence
Devote to thee my grains of frankincense :
No more shall I from mantle-trees hang down
To honour thee, my little paraley-crown ;
No more shall I, I fear me, to thee bring
My chives of garlic for an offering ;
No more shall I, from henceforth, hear a choir
Of merry crickets by my country fire ;
Go where I will, thou lucky Larr, stay here,
Warm by a glitt'ring chimney all the year.

FAIRY LAND.

XXXVII.

THE FAIRIES.

If ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place ;
Rake the fire up, and get
Water in, ere sun be set.
Wash your pails and cleanse your dairies,
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies ;
Sweep your house ; who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

XXXVIII.

LARR'S PORTION AND THE POET'S PART.

At my homely country-seat,
I have there a little wheat,
Which I work to meal, and make
Therewithal a holy cake ;
Part of which I give to Larr,
Part is my peculiar.

THE FAIRY TEMPLE; OR OBERON'S CHAPEL
DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN MERRIFIELD, COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Rare temples thou hast seen I know,
And rich for in and outward show ;
Survey this chapel, built alone
Without or lime, or wood, or stone.
Then say if one thou hast seen more fine
Than this, the fairies once, now thine.

THE TEMPLE.

A way encased with glass and beads
There is, that to the chapel leads ;
Whose structure, for his holy rest ;
Is here the halcyon's curious nest,
Into the which who looks shall see
His temple of idolatry.
Where he of god-heads has such store,
As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
His house of Rimmon this he calls,
Girt with small bones, instead of walls,
And in a niche, more black than jet,

So that where'er ye look, ye see
 No capital, no cornice free,
 Or frieze, from this fine frippery.
 Now this the fairies would have known,
 Theirs is a mix'd religion :
 And some have heard the elves it call
 Part pagan, part papistical.
 If unto me all tongues were granted,
 I could not speak the saints here painted.
 Saint Tit, saint Nit, saint Is, saint Iti,
 Who against Mab's state placed here right is.
 Saint Will-o'-th'-wisp of no great bigness,
 But alias call'd here *fatuus ignis*.
 Saint Frip, saint Trip, saint Fill, saint Filly,
 Neither those other saint-ships will I
 Here go about for to recite
 Their number, almost infinite ;
 Which, one by one, here set down are
 In this most curious calendar.
 First, at the entrance to the gate,
 A little puppet-priest doth wait,
 Who squeaks to all the comers there,
 " Favour your tongues, who enter here.
 Pure hands bring hither without stain : "
 A second pules, " Hence, hence, profane."
 Hard by i' the shell of half a nut
 The holy water there is put ;
 A little brush of squirrel's hairs,
 Composed of odd not even pairs
 Stands in the platter, or close by,
 To purge the fairy family.

HESPERIDES.

Near to the altar stands the priest,
There offering up the holy grist ;
Ducking in mood and perfect tense,
With (much good do't him) reverence.
The altar is not here four-square,
Nor in a form triangular ;
Nor made of glass, or wood, or stone,
But of a little transverse bone ;
Which boys and bruckled children call
(Playing for points and pins) cockall ;
Whose linen drapery is a thin,
Subtle, and ductile codlin's skin ;
Which o'er the board is smoothly spread
With little seal-work damasked.
The fringe that circumbinds it, too,
Is spangle work of trembling dew,
Which gently gleaming, makes a show,
Like frost-work glittering on the snow.
Upon this fetuous board doth stand
Something for shew-bread, and at hand
(Just in the middle of the altar)
Upon an end, the fairy psalter,
Graced with the trout-fly's curious wings,
Which serve for watchet ribandings.
Now, we must know, the elves are led
Right by the rubrick which they read :
And if report of them be true,
They have their text for what they do ;
Ay, and their book of canons too.
And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
They have their book of articles ;

And, if that fairy knight not lies,
They have their book of homilies ;
And other scriptures, that design
A short but righteous discipline.
The bason stands the board upon
To take the free oblation :
A little pindust, which they hold
More precious than we prize our gold ;
Which charity they give to many
Poor of the parish, if there's any.
Upon the ends of these neat rails,
Hatch'd with the silver light of snails,
The elves, in formal manner, fix
Two pure and holy candlesticks,
In either which a tall small bent
Burns for the altar's ornament.
For sanctity, they have to these
Their curious copes and surplices
Of cleanest cobweb, hanging by
In their religious vestry.
They have their ash-pans and their brooms,
To purge the chapel and the rooms ;
Their many mumbling mass-priests here,
And many a dapper chorister ;
Their ushering vergers here likewise,
Their canons and their chanteries ;
Of cloister-monks they have enow,
Ay, and their Abbey-lubbers too.
And if their legend do not lie,
They much affect the papacy ;
And since the last is dead, there's hope
Elve Boniface shall next be pope.

They have their cups and chalices,
Their pardons and indulgences,
Their beads of nits, bells, books, and wax
Candles, forsooth, and other knacks ;
Their holy oil, their fasting spittle,
Their sacred salt here, not a little.
Dry chips, old shoes, rags, grease, and bones,
Beside their fumigations,
To drive the devil from the cod-piece
Of the friar, of work an odd-piece.
Many a trifle, too, and trinket,
And for what use, scarce man would think it.
Next then, upon the chanter's side
An apple's core is hung up dried,
With rattling kernels, which is rung
To call to morn and even-song.
The saint, to whom the most he prays
And offers incense nights and days,
The lady of the lobster is,
Whose foot-pace he doth stroke and kiss,
And humbly chives of saffron brings,
For his most cheerful offerings.
When after these he's paid his vows,
He lowly to the altar bows ;
And then he dons the silkworm's shed,
Like a Turk's turban on his head,
And reverently departeth thence,
Hid in a cloud of frankincense ;
And by the glow-worm's light well guided,
Goes to the feast that's now provided.

XL.

OBERON'S FEAST.

“ Shapcot! to thee the fairy state
 I with discretion dedicate ;
 Because thou prizeat things that are
 Curious and unfamiliar.
 Take first the feast; these dishes gone;
 We'll see the Fairy court anon.”

A little mushroom-table spread,
 After short prayers they set on bread,
 A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat
 With some small glitt'ring grit, to eat
 His choice bits with; then in a trice
 They make a feast less great than nice.
 But all this while his eye is serv'd
 We must not think his ear was starv'd;
 But that there was in place to stir
 His spleen, the chirping grasshopper,
 The merry cricket, puling flie,
 The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
 And now, we must imagine first,
 The elf is present to quench his thirst,
 A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
 Brought and besweetened in a blue
 And pregnant violet; which done,
 His kitten eyes begin to run
 Quite through the table, where he spies
 The horns of paper butterflies,
 Of which he eats; and tastes a little
 Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle;

A little fuzball pudding stand
By, yet not blessed by his hair
That was too coarse ; but then
He ventures boldly on the pit
Of sugared rush, and eats the
And well bestrutted bees' swe
Glad'ning his palate with sour
Of emits' eggs ; what would he
But beards of mice, a newt's
A bloated earwig, and a flie ;
With the red-cap'd worm, that
Within the concave of a nut,
Brown as his tooth. A little
Late fatten'd in a piece of clo
With withered cherries, mand
Moles' eyes ; to these the slai
The unctuous dewlaps of a sn
The broke heart of a nighting
O'ercome in music ; with a w
Ne'er ravish'd from the flatter
But gently press'd from the s
Of the most sweet and dainty
Brought in a dainty daisy, wh
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height ; this don
Grace by his priest : the feast

XLI.

OBERON'S PALACE.

After the feast, my Shapcot, see
The Fairy court I give to thee ;
Where we'll present our Oberon led
Half tipsy to the Fairy bed,
Where Mab he finds, who there doth lie
Not without mickle majesty.
Which done, and thence remov'd the light,
We'll wish both them and thee good night.

Full as a bee with thyme, and red
As cherry harvest, now high fed
For lust and action ; on he'll go
To lie with Mab, though all say no.
Lust has no ears ; he's sharp as thorn,
And fretful, carries hay in's horn,
And lightning in his eyes ; and flings
Among the elves, if mov'd the stings
Of peltish wasps ; we'll know his guard ;
Kings, though they're hated, will be fear'd.
Wine lead him on. Thus to a grove,
Sometimes devoted unto love,
Tinsel'd with twilight, he and they
Led by the shine of snails, a way
Beat with their numerous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn, and many a cross-
Track, they redeem a bank of moss
Spongy and swelling, and far more
Soft than the finest Lemster ore ;

Mildly disparkling, like those fires
Which break from the enjewel'd tire
Of curious brides: or like those mits
Of candid dew in moony nights.
Upon this convex, all the flowers
Nature begets by th' sun and shower
Are to a wild digestion brought,
As if Love's sampler here was wroug
Or Citherea's ceston, which
All with temptation doth bewitch,
Sweet airs move here, and more divi
Made by the breath of great ey'd kir
Who, as they low, empearl with mill
The four-leav'd grass, or moss-like:
The breath of monkies, met to mix
With musk-flies, are th' aromatics
Which scents this arch; and here an
And further off, and everywhere
Throughout that brave Mosaic yard,
Those picks or diamonds in the card
With pips of hearts, of club and spac
Are here most neatly interlaid.
Many a counter, many a die,
Half rotten, and without an eye,
Lies hereabouts; and for to pave
The excellency of this cave,
Squirrels' and children's teeth late sl
Are neatly here enchequered,
With brownest toadstones, and the g
That shines upon the bluer plum.
The nails fallen off by whitlows: A
Wise hand enchasing here those war

Which we to others (from ourselves)
Sell, and brought hither by the elves.
The tempting mole, stolen from the neck
Of the shy virgin, seems to deck
The holy entrance ; where within,
The room is hung with the blue skin
Of shifted snake ; enfrez'd throughout
With eyes of peacock's trains, and trout-
Flies' curious wings ; and these among
Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung
The glowworm's eyes, the shining scales
Of silv'ry fish, wheat-straws, the snails
Soft candle-light, the kitten's eyne,
Corrupted wood, serve here for shine.
No glaring light of bold-fac'd day,
Or other over radiant ray,
Ransacks this room ; but what weak beams
Can make reflected from these gems,
And multiply ; such is the light,
But ever doubtful, day or night.
By this quaint taper-light, he winds
His errors up ; and now he finds
His moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,
And, love knows, tender as a chick.
Upon six plump dandelions, high-
Rear'd, lies her elfish majesty,
Whose woolly-bubbles seem'd to drown
Her Mabship in obedient down ;
For either sheet was spread the caul
That doth the infant face enthal,

The lucky
And next to these, two diamonds
Cast of the finest gossamer;
And then a rug of carded wool,
Which, sponge-like, drinking in the dull
Light of the moon, seem'd to comply,
Cloud-like, the dainty Deity.
Thus soft she lies; and overhead
A spinner's circle is bespread
With cobweb curtains; from the roof
So neatly sunk, as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare
What gives it hanging in the air,
The fringe about this, are those threads
Broké at the loss of maidenheads;
And all behung with these pure pearls,
Drop'd from the eyes of ravish'd girls,
Or writhing brides, when, panting, they
Give unto love the straighter way.
For music now, he has the cries
Of feigned lost virginities;
The which the elves make to excite
A more unconquered appetite,
And now upon

XLII.

THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Please your grace, from out your store
Give an alms to one that's poor,
That your mickle may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat,
Give me then an ant to eat,
Or the cleft ear of a mouse
Over-sour'd in drink of souse;
Or, sweet lady, reach to me
The abdomen of a bee;
Or commend a cricket's hip,
Or his huckson, to my scrip;
Give for bread a little bit
Of a piece that 'gins to chit,
And my full thanks take for it.
Flour of fuz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needy-hood;
But the meal of mill-dust can
Well content a craving man;
Any oats the elves refuse
Well will serve the beggar's use.
But if this may seem too much
For an alms, then give me such
Little bits that nestle there
In the pris'ner's pannier.
So a blessing light upon
You and mighty Oberon;
That your plenty last till when
I return your alms again.

The hag is astride,
This night for to ride,
The devil and she together ;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur ;
With a lash of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through briars
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now

No beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood,
But hush'd in his lair he lies lurking ;
While mischief, by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are found working.

XLIV.

A HYMN TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is,
 To worship ye, the Lares,
 With crowns of greenest parsley,
 And garlic chives not scarcely ;
 For favours here to warm me,
 And not by fire to harm me ;
 For gladding so my hearth here
 With inoffensive mirth here ;
 That while the wassail bowl here
 With North-down ale doth trowl here,
 No syllable doth fall here.
 To mar the mirth at all here.
 For which, O chimney-keepers !
 I dare not call ye sweepers,
 So long as I am able
 To keep a country table,
 Great be my fare, or small cheer,
 I'll eat and drink up all here.

XLV.

TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS.

Ye pretty housewives, would ye know
 The work that I would put ye to ?
 This, this it should be, for to spin
 A lawn for me, so fine and thin,
 As it might serve me for my skin.
 For cruel love has me so whip'd,
 That of my skin I am all strip'd,

Unless you can do,
Which mercy, if you will but do,
I call all maids to witness to
What here I promise, that no broom
Shall now, or ever after come,
To wrong a Spinner or her loom.

XLVI.

THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

Command the roof, great Genius, and fro
Into this house pour down thy influence,
That through each room a golden pipe m
Of living water by the benizon ;
Fulfill the larders, and by strength'ning
Be evermore thy bins replenished.
Next, like a bishop, consecrate my grou
That lucky fairies here may dance their
And, after that, lay down some silver pe
The master's charge and care to recomp
Charm then the chambers ; make the be
More than for peevish pining sicknesse
Fix the foundation fast, and let the roo
— old with time, but yet keep weat

CHARMS AND CEREMONIES.

XLVIII.

DIVINATION BY A DA

When a doffodil I see,
Hanging down s head toward
Guess I may what I may be
First, I shall decline my he
Secondly, I shall be dead ;
Lastly, safely buried.

CHARMS AND CEREMONIES.

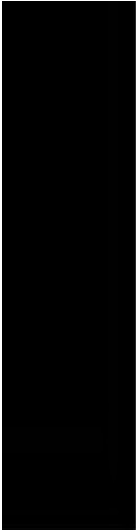
XLIX.

THE PETER-PENNY.

Fresh stowings allow
 To my sepulchre now,
 To make my lodging the sweeter ;
 A staff or a wand,
 Put then in my hand,
 With a penny to pay St. Peter.

Who has not a cross,
 Must sit with the loss,
 And no whit further must venture ;
 Since the porter he
 Will paid have his fee,
 Or else not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift,
 Can't send, for a gift,
 A pig to the priest for a roaster,
 Shall hear his clerk say,
 By yea and by nay,
 No penny, no pater-noster.



Come, bring with a noise,
My merry merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psaltries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a tending.

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a shredding;
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a kneading.

LI.

--- FOR LOVE

LII.

THE WASSAIL.

Give way, give way, ye gates, and win
An easy blessing to your bin
And basket, by our ent'ring in.

May both with manchet stand replete,
Your larders, too, so hung with meat,
That thou a thousand, thousand eat.

Yet ere twelve moons shall whirl about
Their silv'ry spheres, there's none may doubt
But more's sent in than was serv'd out.

Next, may your dairies prosper so,
As that your pans no ebb may know;
But if they do, the more to flow.

Like to a solemn sober stream,
Bank'd all with lilies, and the cream
Of sweetest cowlips filling them.

Then may your plants be press'd with fruit,
Nor bee or hive you have be mute,
But sweetly sounding like a lute.

Next, may your duck and teeming hen,
Both to the cock's tread say, amen;
And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your harrows, shares, and ploughs,
Your stacks, your stocks, your sweetest mows,
All prosper by your virgin-vows.

Alas! we bless, but see none here,
That brings us either ale or beer;
In a dry-house all things are near.

Let's leave a longer time to wait,
Where rust and cobwebs bind the gate;
And all live here with needy fate;

Where chimneys do for ever weep,
For want of warmth, and stomachs keep
With noise the servants' eyes from sleep.

It is in vain to sing, or stay
Our free feet here, but we'll away;
Yet to the lares this we'll say:

The time will come, when you'll be sad,
And reckon this for fortune bad,
T'ave lost the good ye might have had.

LIII.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with rosemary and bays,
Down with the misletoe
Instead of holly, now upraise
The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;
Let box now domineer,
Until the dancing Easter-day
Or Easter's eve appear.

Then youthful box, which now hath grace
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
 And many flowers beside,
 Both of a fresh and fragrant kin
 To honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
 With cooler oaken boughs,
 Come in for comely ornaments,
 To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift; each thing his turn does hold;
 New things succeed as former things grow old.

LIV.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS DAY.

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
 Till sunset let it burn;
 Which quench'd, then lay it up again,
 Till Christmas next return.

Part must be kept, wherewith to tend
 The Christmas log next year;
 And where it is safely kept, the fiend
 Can do no mischief there.

LV.

DRAW-GLOVES.

At Draw-gloves we'll play,
 And prithee let's lay
 A wager, and let it be this;
 Who first to the sum
 Of twenty shall come,
 Shall have for his winning a kiss.

CEREMONY

Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the bays and misletoe ;
Down with the holly, ivy, all
Wherewith ye dress'd the Christmas h
That so the superstitious find
No one least branch there left behind ;
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids; trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.

LVII.

UPON CANDLEMAS DAY.

End now the white-loaf and the p
And let all sports with Christmas

LVIII.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

Sadly I walk'd within the field,
To see what comfort it wo'd yiel
And as I went my private way,
An olive branch before me lay

LIX.

CHRISTMAS-EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONY.

Come, guard this night the Christmas-pie,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks, don't come nigh
To catch it.

From him, who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And a deal of nightly fear,
To watch it.

LX.

THE SPELL.

Holy water come and bring ;
Cast in salt for seasoning ;
Set the brush for sprinkling ;
Sacred spittle bring ye hither ;
Meal and it now mix together ;
And a little oil to either :
Give the tapers here their light ;
Ring the saints' bell, to affright
Far from hence the evil sprite.

LXI.

ANOTHER.

Wassail the trees, that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear ;
For more or less fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing.

LXII.

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEEN.

Now, now the mirth comes,
 With the cake full of plums,
 Where bean's the king of the sport here ;
 Beside we must know,
 The pea also
 Must revel as queen in the court here.

Begin then to choose,
 This night as you use,
 Who shall for the present deligt here ;
 Be a king by the lot,
 And who shall not
 Be twelfth-day queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make
 Joy-sops with the cake ;
 And let not a man then be seen here,
 Who unurg'd will not drink,
 To the base from the brink,
 A health to the king and the queen nere.

Next crown the bowl full
 With gentle lambs' wool ;
 Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
 With store of ale too ;
 And thus ye must do
 To make the wassail a swinger.

Give then to the king
 And oueen wassailing ;

And though with ale ye be wet here,
 Yet part ye from hence,
 As free from offence,
 As when ye innocent met here.

LXIII.

AIN'T DISTAFF'S DAY; OR, THE MORROW AFTER
 TWELFTH DAY.

Partly work and partly play
 Ye must on St. Distaff's day;
 From the plough soon free your team,
 Then come home and fother them.
 If the maids a spinning go,
 Burn the flax, and fire the tow;
 Scorch their plackets, but beware
 That ye singe no maiden-hair.
 Bring in pails of water then,
 Let the maids bewash the men:
 Give St. Distaff all the right,
 Then bid Christmas sport good night;
 And next morrow, every one
 To his own vocation.

LXIV.

CHARMS.

Let the superstitious wife,
 Near the child's heart lay a knife;
 Point be up and hat be down;
 While she gossips in the town,
 This, 'mongst other mystic charms,
 Keeps the sleeping child from harm.

THE MAY-POLE.

The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup ;
I'll drink to the garlands around it
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my girls,
Whose husbands may earls,
Or lords be, granting my wishes ;
And when that ye wed
To the bridal bed,
Then multiply all like to fishes.

LXVI.

A SONG TO THE MASKERS.

Come down, and dance ye in the
Of pleasures, to a heat ;
But if to moisture, let the oil
Of roses be your sweat.

... yourselves assume
... them f

LXVII.

C H A R M .

Bring the holy crust of bread ;
Lay it underneath the head
'Tis a certain charm to keep
Hags away, while children sleep.

LXVIII.

ANOTHER CHARM FOR STABLES.

Hang up hooks and shears to scare
Hence the hag, that rides the mare,
Till they be all over wet
With the mire and the sweat
This observ'd, the manes, shall be,
Of your horses all knot free.

LXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

One ear tingles ; some there be
That are snarling now at me :
Be they those that Homer bit,
I will give them thanks for it.

LXX.

BARLEY-BREAK ; OR LAST IN HELL.

We two are last in hell ; what may we fear,
To be tormented, or kept pris'ners here ?
Alas ! if kissing be of plagues the worst,
We'll wish, in hell we had been last and first.

the morning when ye rise
wash your hands and cleanse your eyes ;
next, be sure ye have a care
to disperse the water far ;
or as far as that doth light,
so far keeps the evil sprite.

LXXII.

ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

Wash your hands, or else the fire
Will not tend to your desire ;
Unwash'd hands, ye maidens, know
Dead the fire, though ye blow.

LXXIII.

ANOTHER.

This I'll tell ye by the way,
Maidens when ye leavens lay,
Cross your dough, and your dispatch
Will be better for your batch.

LXXIV.

ANOTHER.

LXXV.

THE OLD WIVES' PRAYER.

O Lord, come forth and shield
 Our city and the field;
 Guard us, now and aye,
 From the blast that burns by day;
 From the sounds that us affright
 From the damps of dampish night;
 From the hurtful fiends us fro',
 From the cocks first crow.

LXXVI.

THE MUSEUM, TO MRS. BRIDGET LOWMAN,
 AT THE FEAST THERE ENDED.

It yet at last each one
 To his own habitation;
 How much, when we once do sever,
 How late we shall meet here ever.
 In some time a thousand cares
 Shall be laid upon my silver hairs,
 I know not whether I next year,
 Shall see you a re-meeting here.
 My last vow shall be,
 For you to remember me,
 And to let you know that I live;
 And if fates do give
 Me more fresh springs to live;
 Shall her old age renew,
 And the meadow-verse for you.



TO DIANE^{me}.

I'll to thee a simnel bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering ;
So that when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

LXXVIII.

THE BELL-MAN.

From noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
From murders Benedicite ;
From all mischances that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night ;
Mercy secure ye all, and keep
The goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
Past one o'clock, and almost two,
My masters all, " Good day to you."

EPITAPHS.

LXXIX.

UPON A VIRGIN.

Here a solemn fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep,
Hush'd be all things, no noise here
But the toning of a tear ;
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

EPITAPHS.

LXXX.

HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As weary pilgrims once possess'd
 Of long'd for lodging, go to rest ;
 So I, now having rid my way,
 Fix here my button'd staff and stay ;
 Youth, I confess, hath me misled,
 But age hath brought me right to bed.

LXXXI.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. M. S.

Here lies a virgin, and as sweet
 As e'er was wrapt in winding sheet ;
 Her name, if next you would have known
 The marble speaks it Mary Stone ;
 Who dying in her blooming years,
 This stone, for name's sake, melts to tears.
 If, fragrant virgins, you'll but keep
 A fast, while jets and marbles weep,
 And, praying, strew some roses on her,
 You'll do my niece abundant honour.

UPON PREW, HIS MAID.

In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid ;
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

LXXXIII.

UPON AN OLD MAN, A RESIDENTIARY.

Tread, sirs, as lightly as ye can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice forty, bating but one year,
And thrice three weeks, he lived here ;
Whom gentle fate translated hence
To a more happy residence.
Yet, reader, let me tell thee this,
Which from his ghost a promise is,
If here ye will some few tears shed,
He'll never haunt ye now he's dead

LXXXIV.

UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED MR. J.

...ing, wit, or wo
...ing

LXXXV.

UPON A VIRGIN.

harmless shade, thy nightly hours,
 lying here both herbs and flowers ;
 which make garlands here and there,
 dress thy silent sepulchre.
 do thou fear the want of these
 everlasting properties ;
 for we fresh strewings will bring hither,
 faster than the first can wither.

LXXXVI.

UPON A MAID.

Here she lies, in bed of spice,
 Fair as Eve in paradise ;
 For her beauty it was such,
 Poets could not praise too much.
 Virgins come, and in a ring
 Her supremest *requiem* sing ;
 Then depart, but see ye tread
 Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

LXXXVII.

UPON THE LADY CREW.

This stone can tell the story of my life,
 what was my birth, to whom I was a wife ;
 teeming years how soon my sun was set,
 here now I rest, these may be known by jet ;
 for other things, my many children be
 the best and truest chronicles of me.

ES.

-POLE.

le is up,
e the cup ;
e garlands around it
nto those
ands did compose
owers that crown'd it.

n to my girls,
husbands may earls,
e, granting my wishes ;
when that ye wed
he bridal bed,
ultiply all like to fishes.

LXVI.

SONG TO THE MASKERS.

own, and dance ye in the toil
pleasures, to a heat ;
to moisture, let the oil
roses be your sweat.
y to yourselves assume
but let them fly
perfume

Bring the holy cri
Lay it underneath
'Tis a certain cha
Hags away, whil

ANOTHER CI

Hang up ho
Hence the
Till they
With the
This ob
Of you

XCII.

ON A MAID THAT DIED THE DAY SHE WAS
MARRIED.

That morn which saw me made a bride,
The ev'ning witness'd that I died.
Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashful bride,
Serv'd but as tapers, for to burn,
And light my reliques to their urn.
This epitaph, which here you see,
Supply'd the epithalamy.

XCIII.

AN EPITAPH UPON A SOBER MATRON.

With blameless carriage I lived here,
To th' almost seven and fortieth year.
Stout sons I had, and those twice three,
One only daughter lent to me:
The which was made a happy bride,
But thrice three moons before she died.
My modest wedlock, that was known
Contented with the bed of one.

XCIV.

UPON HIS SPANIEL TRACY.

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,
For shape and service, Spaniel, like to thee.
This shall my love do, give thy sad death one
Tear, that deserves of me a million.

A LADY THAT DIED IN CHILDHOOD
A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER.

As gilly-flowers do but stay
To blow, and seed, and so away,
So you, sweet lady, sweet as May,
The garden's glory, liv'd awhile,
To lend the world your scent and smile:
But when your own fair print was set
Once in a virgin flosculet,
Sweet as yourself, and newly blown,
To give that life, resign'd your own;
But so, as still the mother's power
Lives in the pretty lady-flower.

XCVI.

UPON A CHILD.

Virgins promis'd when I dy'd,
That they would each primrose-t
Duly morn and evening come,
And with flowers dress my tomb
Having promised, pay your debt
And here strew violets.

XCVIII.

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
 Lately made of flesh and blood;
 Who, as soon fell fast asleep,
 As her little eyes did peep.
 Give her strewings, but not stir
 The earth, that lightly covers her.

XCIX.

UPON BEN JONSON.

Here lies Jonson with the rest
 Of the poets; but the best.
 Reader, wouldst thou more have known?
 Ask his story, not this stone;
 That will speak, what this can't tell
 Of his glory. So farewell.

C.

UPON HIMSELF BEING BURIED.

Let me sleep this night away,
 Till the dawning of the day;
 Then at th' opening of mine eyes,
 I, and all the world shall rise.

CI.

UPON A VIRGIN.

Here a solemn fast we keep,
 While all beauty lies asleep,
 Hush'd be all things, no noise here
 But the toning of a tear;
 Or a sigh of such as bring
 Cowalips for her covering.

UPON A CHILD. AN EPITAPH.

But born, and like a short delight,
I glided by my parents' sight,
That done, the harder fates denied
My longer stay, and so I died.
If pitying my sad parents' tears,
You'll spill a tear or two with theirs;
And with some flowers my grave bestrew,
Love and they'll thank you for't. Adieu.

CIII.

UPON A COMELY AND CURIOUS MAID.

If men can say that beauty dies,
Marbles will swear that here it lies.
If, reader, then, thou canst forbear
In public loss to shed a tear
The dew of grief upon this stone
Will tell thee, pity thou hast nor

CIV.

ON HIMSELF.

the dead, for they have lost
in an endless

APHORISMS.



CVI.

FAME MAKES US FORWARD.

**To print our poems, the propulsive cause
Is Fame, the breath of popular applause.**

EPITAPHS.

LXXX.

HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As weary pilgrims once possess'd
 Of long'd for lodging, go to rest ;
 So I, now having rid my way,
 Fix here my button'd staff and stay ;
 Youth, I confess, hath me misled,
 But age hath brought me right to bed.

LXXXI.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. M. S.

Here lies a virgin, and as sweet
 As e'er was wrapt in winding sheet ;
 Her name, if next you would have known
 The marble speaks it Mary Stone ;
 Who dying in her blooming years,
 This stone, for name's sake, melts to tears.
 If, fragrant virgins, you'll but keep
 A fast, while jets and marbles weep,
 And, praying, strew some roses on her,
 You'll do my niece abundant honour.

ve want her welcome, if she
ches to be but burthens to the mind.

CXII.

AGAIN.

Who with a little cannot be content,
Endures an everlasting punishment.

CXIII.

L A W S.

When Law's full power have to sway, we see
Little or no part there of tyranny.

CXIV.

GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

If well the dice run, let's applaud the cast;
The happy fortune will not always last.

CXV.

GLORY.

I make no haste to have my numbers read;
Seldom comes glory till a man be dead.

CXVI.

POFFS.

* Such are words he say

CXVIII.

NATURE SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

Nature do deny
 hours, let Art supply.

CXIX.

PHYSICIANS.

fight not against men, but these
 men, by conquering the disease.

CXX.

DEBT'D FOR COMES AT LAST.

if it be, years may repay the debt;
 that which he in time may get.

CXXI.

NEVER TOO LATE TO DIE.

late unto that place, from whence
 had a redreience.

CXXII.

RICH POOR STILL CAPTIVES.

in that small pittance that we have;
 more is evermore a slave.

CXXIII.

THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

means things mighty are o'erthrown,
 life who contemns his own.

CXXIV.

KINGS.

born kings, but are men renown'd;
 crown'd next, and at last are crown'd.

FIRST WORTHY

Prepost'rous is that order, when we
To ask our wages ere our work be done.

CXXVI.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

How'st thou one month wo'd take thy life away
Thou'dst weep: but laugh, sho'd it not last a day

CXXVII.

GLORY.

Glory no other thing is, Tully says,
Than a man's frequent fame spoke out with praise

CXXVIII.

POSSESSIONS.

Those possessions short-lived are,
Into the which we come by war.

CXXIX.

POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

To mortal men great loads allotted be,
But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

CXXX.

TRUE SAFETY.

CXXXII.

BY USE COMES EASINESS.

And the bow, and thou with ease shalt do
 As others can't with all their strength put to.

CXXXIII.

MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

When all birds else do of their music fail,
 Money's the still sweet singing nightingale.

CXXXIV.

MAIDS NAYS ARE NOTHING.

Maids nays are nothing, they are shy,
 But to desire what they deny.

CXXXV.

DELAY.

Break off delay, since we but read of one
 That ever prosper'd by cunctation.

CXXXVI.

AMBITION.

In ways to greatness, think on this,
 That slippery all ambition is.

CXXXVII.

THE ROSEMARY BRANCH.

Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,
 Be't for my bridal or my burial.

CXXXVIII.

ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

Thousands each day pass by, which we,
 Once past and gone, no more shall see.

LOVE.

This axiom I have often heard,
Kings ought to be more lov'd than fear'd.

CXL.

RENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTENING TO M
Women, although they ne'er so goodly make
Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

CXLI.

THE LAST STROKE STRIKES SURE.
Though by well-warding many blows we 've pa
That stroke most fear'd is which is struck the

CXLII.

PERSEVERANCE.

Hast thou begun an act? ne'er then give o't
No man despairs to do what's done before.

CXLIII.

DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

Kings must not oft be seen by public eyes;
State at a distance adds to dignities.

CXLIV.

APHORISMS.

CXLVI.

WRITING.

When words we want, love teacheth to indite ;
And what we blush to speak, she bids us write

CXLVII.

SOCIETY.

Two things do make society stand ;
The first commerce is, and the next command.

CXLVIII.

SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

For all our works a recompense is sure ;
'Tis sweet to think on what was hard to endure

CXLIX.

NEED.

Who begs to die for fear of human need,
Wisheth his body, not his soul good speed.

CL.

THE BODY.

The body is the soul's poor-house or home,
Whose ribs the laths are, and whose flesh the loan

CLI.

ON LOVE.

Love is a kind of war ; hence those who fear,
No cowards must his royal ensigns bear.

CLII.

ANOTHER.

Where love begins, there dread thy first desire
A spark neglected makes a mighty fire.

HESPERIDES.

CLIII.

FACTIONS.

The factions of the great ones call,
To side with them, the commons all.

CLIV.

SLAVERY.

'Tis liberty to serve one lord ; but he
Who many serves, serves base servility.

CLV.

SURFEITS.

Bad are all surfeits ; but physicians call
That surfeit took by bread, the worst of all.

CLVI.

TEARS.

Tears most prevail ; with tears too thou may'st move
Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

CLVII.

TRUTH.

Truth is best found out by the time and eyes,
Falsehood wins credit by uncertainties.

CLVIII.

THE EYES BEFORE THE EARS.

We credit most our sight ; one eye doth please
Our trust far more than ten ear-witnesses.

CLIX.

WANT.

Want is a softer wax, that takes thereon,
This, that, and every base impression.

CLX.

BLAME.

In battles what disasters fall,
The king, he bears the blame of all.

CLXI.

TWILIGHT.

Twilight, no other thing is, poets say,
Than the last part of night, and first of day.

CLXII.

VERSES.

Who will not honour noble numbers, when
Verses outlive the bravest deeds of men ?

CLXIII.

HAPPINESS.

That Happiness does still the longest thrive,
Where joys and griefs have turns alternative.

CLXIV.

THINGS OF CHOICE, LONG COMING.

We pray 'gainst war, yet we enjoy no peace ;
Desire deferr'd is, that it may increase.

CLXV.

BURIAL.

Man may want land to live in ; but for all,
Nature finds out some place for burial.

CLXVI.

THE MEAN.

Imparity doth ever discord bring ;
The mean, the music makes in everything.

HESPERIDES.

CLXVII.

HIS LOSS.

All has been plundered from me but my wit —
Fortune herself can lay no claim to it.

CLXVIII.

UPON LOVE.

Love is a circle, and an endless sphere ;
From good to good, revolving here and there —

CLXIX.

LENITY.

'Tis the chirurgion's praise, and height of ~~art~~;
Not to cut off but cure the vicious part.

CLXX.

GRIEF.

Consider sorrows, how they are aright ;
Grief, if 't be great, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light.

CLXXI.

COUNSEL.

'Twas Cæsar's saying ; kings no less conquerors are
By their wise counsel, than they be by war.

CLXXII.

MOST WORDS, LESS WORKS.

In desp'rate cases, all, or most are known
Commanders ; few for execution.

CLXXIII.

DRAW AND DRINK.

Milk still your fountains and your springs ; for
The more they're drawn, the less they will grow

CLXXIV.

PENITENCE.

Who after his transgression doth repent,
Is half, or altogether innocent.

CLXXV.

BEAUTY.

Beauty's no other but a lovely grace
Of lively colours flowing from the face.

CLXXVI.

READINESS.

The readiness of doing doth express
No other but the doer's willingness.

CLXXVII.

THE EYE.

A wanton and lascivious eye
Betrays the heart's adultery.

CLXXVIII.

VIRTUE BEST UNITED.

By so much, virtue is the less,
By how much, near to singleness.

CLXXIX.

REGRESSION SPOILS RESOLUTION.

Hast thou attempted greatness ? then go on ;
Back-turning slackens resolution.

CLXXX.

CONTENTION.

Discreet and prudent we that discord call,
That either profits, or not hurts at all.

CLXXXI.

CONSULTATION.

Consult ere thou begin'st; that done, go on;
With all wise speed for execution.

CLXXXII.

OUR OWN SINS UNSEEN.

Other men's sins we ever bear in mind;
None sees the fardel of his faults behind.

CLXXXIII.

NO PAINS, NO GAINS.

If little labour, little are our gains
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

CLXXXIV.

EXAMPLES: OR, LIKE PRINCE LIKE PEOPLE.

Examples lead us, and we likely see,
Such as the prince is, will his people be.

CLXXXV.

POTENTATES.

Love and the Graces evermore doth wait
Upon the man that is a potentate.

CLXXXVI.

DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

Time is the bound of things; where'er we go,
Fate gives a meeting; death's the end of woe.

CLXXXVII.

CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

Kings must not only cherish up the good,
But must be niggards of the meanest blood.

CLXXXVIII.

ANGER.

Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time;
But heard with anger, we confess the crime.

CLXXXIX.

MODERATION.

In things a moderation keep;
Kings ought to shear, not skin their sheep

CXC.

POWER AND PEACE.

'Tis never, or but seldom known,
Power and Peace to keep one throne.

CXCI.

CRUELTIES.

Nero commanded, but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding death and cruelties.

CXCII.

HEALTH.

Health is no other, as the learned hold,
But a just measure both of heat and cold.

CXCIII.

BITING OF BEGGARS.

Who, railing, drives the lazar from his door,
Instead of alms, sets dogs upon the poor.

CXCIV.

ADVERSITY.

Adversity hurts none but only such
Whom whitest fortune dandled has too much.

CXCIV.

WANT.

Need is no vice at all, though here it be,
With men a loathed inconveniency.

CXCVL

GRIEF.

Sorrows divided amongst many, less
Discruciate a man in deep distress.

CXCVII.

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

Nothing hard or harsh can prove
Unto those that truly love.

CXCVIII.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

All things are open to these two events,
Or to rewards, or else to punishments

CXCIX.

SHAME, NO STATIST.

Shame is a bad attendant to a state ;
He rents his crown that fears the people's hate

CC.

KISSING AND BUSSING.

Kissing and bussing differ both in this ;
We buss our wantons, but our wives we kiss.

CCI.

CROSS AND PILE.

Fair and foul days trip cross and pile ; the fair
Far less in number than our foul days are.

CCII.

LOSS FROM THE LEAST.

Great men by small means oft are overthrown ;
He's lord of thy life, who contemns his own.

CCIII.

GREAT SPIRITS SUPERVIVE.

Our mortal parts may wrapt in sere-clothes lie ;
Great spirits never with their bodies die.

CCIV.

THE CREDIT OF THE CONQUEROR.

He who commends the vanquish'd, speaks the power
And glorifies the worthy conqueror.

CCV.

CHANGE GIVES CONTENT.

What now we like, anon we disapprove ;
The new successor drives away old love.

CCVI.

ACCUSATION.

If Accusation only can draw blood,
None shall be guiltless, be he ne'er so good.

CCVII.

PRIDE ALLOWABLE IN POETS.

As thou deserv'st, be proud ; then gladly let
The Muse give thee the Delphic coronet.

CCVIII.

DISCORD NOT DISADVANTAGEOUS.

Fortune no higher project can devise,
Than to sow discord 'mongst thy enemies.

epostorous is that government,
when kings obey the wilder multitude.

CCK.

NONE FREE FROM FAULT.

Out of the world he must who once comes in
No man exempted is from death or sin.

CCKI.

PITY TO THE PROSTRATE.

'Tis worse than barbarous cruelty to show
No part of pity on a conquer'd foe.

CCKII.

REWARDS.

Still to our gains our chief respect is had;
Reward it is that makes us good or bad.

CCKIII.

NOTHING NEW.

Nothing is new; we walk where others went
There's no vice now, but has its precedent.

CCKIV.

GAIN AND GETTINGS.

CCXVI.

GRIEFS.

Jove may afford us thousands of reliefs;
 Since man expos'd is to a world of griefs.

CCXVII.

EMPIRES.

Empires of kings are now, and ever were
 As Sallust saith, coincident to fear.

CCXVIII.

PUTREFACTION.

Putrefaction is the end
 Of all that Nature doth intend.

CCXIX.

PASSION.

Were there not a matter known,
 There would be no Passion.

CCXX.

THE CROWD AND COMPANY.

In holy meetings, there a man may be
 One of the Crowd, not of the Company.

CCXXI.

POLICY IN PRINCES.

That Princes may possess a surer seat,
 'Tis fit they make no one with them too great.

CCXXII.

HIS WEAKNESS IN WOES.

cannot suffer; and in this, my part
 patience wants. Grief breaks the stoutest heart.

CCXXIII.

MAN'S DYING-PLACE UNCERTAIN.

Man knows where first he ships himself; but he
Never can tell where shall his landing be.

CCXXIV.

NOTHING FREE-COST.

Nothing comes free-cost here; Jove will not let
His gifts go from him, if not bought with sweat.

CCXXV.

BEGINNING, DIFFICULT.

Hard are the two first stairs unto a crown;
Which got, the third bids him a king come down.

CCXXVI.

REST.

On with thy work, though thou be'st hardly press'd;
Labour is held up by the hope of rest.

CCXXVII.

COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

Be not dismayed, though crosses cast thee down;
Thy fall is but the rising to a crown.

CCXXVIII.

PARTIAL-GILT POETRY.

Let's strive to be the best; the Gods, we know it,
Pillars, and men, hate an indifferent poet.

CCXXIX.

FEAR GETS FORCE.

Despair takes heart, when there's no hope to speed;
The coward then takes arms, and does the deed.

CCXXX.

NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim
If favour or occasion help not him.

CCXXXI.

THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH.

Praise, they that will, times past ; I joy to see
Myself now live ; this age best pleaseth me.

CCXXXII.

BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

In this misfortune kings do most excel,
To hear the worst from men when they do well.

CCXXXIII.

CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

Give house-room to the best ; 'tis never known,
Virtue and pleasure both to dwell in one.

CCXXXIV.

BAD MAY BE BETTER.

Man may at first transgress, but next do well ;
Vice doth in some but lodge a while, not dwell.

CCXXXV.

RULES FOR OUR REACH.

Men must have bounds how far to walk ; for we
Are made far worse by lawless liberty.

CCXXXVI.

MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.

'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are
That are most modest ere they come to war.

s but a dog-like madness in D...
r to delight in wounds and murderings.

CCXXXVIII.

CLOTHES ARE CONSPIRATORS.

hough from without no foes at all we fear;
We shall be wounded by the clothes we wear.

CCXXXIX.

FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

Faith is a thing that's four-square; let it fall
This way or that, it not declines at all.

CCXL.

FAIR AFTER FOUL.

Tears quickly dry; griefs will in time decay
A clear will come after a cloudy day.

CCXLI.

PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

Men are suspicious, prone to discontent;
Subjects still loath the present government.

CCXLII.

PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

the eye for each offence

CCXLIV.

STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVEREIGNTY.

Let kings and rulers learn this line from me ;
Where power is weak, unsafe is majesty.

CCXLV.

SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

He that will live of all cares disposess'd,
Must shun the bad, aye, and suspect the best.

CCXLVI.

CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

Care keeps the conquest ; 'tis no less renown
To keep a city, than to win a town.

CCXLVII.

SEEK AND FIND.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt ;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

CCXLVIII.

MULTITUDE.

We trust not to the multitude in war,
But to the stout, and those that skilful are.

CCXLIX.

RAPINE BRINGS RUIN.

What's got by justice, is establish'd sure ;
No kingdoms got by rapine long endure.

CCL.

THE FIRST MARS OR MAKES.

In all our high designments, 'twill appear,
The first event breeds confidence or fear.

take advice; though
ndom, sometimes hit most happily.

CCLII.

PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

at cities seldom rest; if there be none
vade from far, they'll find worse foes at ho

CCLIII.

MODERATION.

moderation on thy passions wait;
o loves too much, too much the lov'd will

CCLIV.

CAUTION IN COUNCIL.

Know when to speak; for many times it be
Danger, to give the best advice to kings.

CCLV.

PARDONS.

Those ends in war the best contentment t
Whose peace is made up with a pardonin

CCLVI.

CCLVIII.

THE MEAN.

'Tis much among the filthy to be clean ;
Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.

CCLIX.

LAWS.

Who violates the customs, hurts the health,
Not of one man, but all the commonwealth.

CCLX.

STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

Studies themselves will languish and decay,
When either price or praise is ta'en away.

CCLXI.

CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

Conformity gives comeliness to things,
And equal shares exclude all murmurings.

CCLXII.

THINGS MORTAL STILL MUTABLE.

Things are uncertain, and the more we get,
The more on icy pavements we are set.

CCLXIII.

GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

To an old sore a long cure must go on ;
Great faults require great satisfaction.

CCLXIV.

FEAR.

Man must do well out of a good intent,
Not for the servile fear of punishment.

CCLXV.

OBEDIENCE IN SUBJECTS.

The gods to kings the judgment give to sway;
The subjects only glory to obey.

CCLXVI.

MORE POTENT, LESS PECCANT.

He that may sin sins least; leave to transgress
Enfeebles much the seeds of wickedness.

CCLXVII.

CROSSES.

Though good things answer many good intents,
Crosses do still bring forth the best events.

CCLXVIII.

MISERIES.

Though hourly comforts from the gods we see,
No life is yet life-proof from misery.

CCLXIX.

THE HAND AND TONGUE.

Two parts of us successively command;
The tongue in peace, but then in war the hand.

CCLXX.

THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE.

Let kings command, and do the best they may,
The saucy subjects still will bear the sway.

CCLXXI.

MONEY GETS THE MASTERY.

Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'ercome
When no force else can get the masterdom.

CCLXXII.

IS SENSIBLE OF SUFFERING.

Wise man all pressures can sustain ;
 Still is sensible of pain.

CCLXXIII.

SOFT MUSIC.

How touch of music most doth wound
 The soul, when it doth rather sigh than sound.

CCLXXIV.

PRESENCE AND ABSENCE.

When what is lov'd is present, love doth spring ;
 But being absent, love lies languishing.

CCLXXV.

BRIBES AND GIFTS GET ALL.

Dead falls the cause, if once the hand be mute ;
 But let that speak, the client gets the suit.

CCLXXVI.

VIRTUE.

Each must in Virtue strive for to excel ,
 That man lives twice, that lives the first life well.

CCLXXVII.

PREVISION, OR PROVISION.

That prince takes soon enough the victor's room,
 Who first provides, not to be overcome.

CCLXXVIII.

CASUALTIES.

Good things, that come of course, far less do please
 Than those which come by sweet contingencies.

REVERENCE

the income must be our expense;
misfortune must be had in reverence.

CCLXXX.

DEVOTION MAKES THE DEITY.

forms a Godhead out of gold or stone,
is not a God, but he that prays to one.

CCLXXXI.

AMBITION.

man, Ambition is the common'st thing;
one by nature loves to be a king.

CCLXXXII.

ZEAL REQUIRED IN LOVE.

do my best to win whene'er I woo;
that man loves not who is not zealous too.

CCLXXXIII.

THE DEFINITION OF BEAUTY.

auty no other thing is than a beam
the middle and extre

CCLXXXVI.

PENSES EXHAUST.

ifty, not a needy fate;
aid often, waste a vast estate.

CCLXXVII.

WORROWS SUCCEED.

past, another care we have,
ceeds a woe; as wave a wave.

CCLXXXVIII.

DREAMS.

e all by day; by night we're hurl'd
, each one into a sev'ral world.

CCLXXXIX.

TREASON.

s of treason choke up as they spring,
the crime that gives it cherishing.

CCXC.

TWO THINGS ODIOUS.

a thousand things, are disallow'd,
rich man, and a poor man proud.

CCXCI.

) BASHFULNESS IN BEGGING.

ine ends, lay bashfulness aside;
s to ask, doth teach to be deny'd.

CCXCII.

NEGLECT.

ens Nature; Care will make a face;
d beauty perisheth apace.

LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

like; each creature loves his kind
ls proceed still from a bashful mind.

CCXCIV.

THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFUL.

do most, does least; the bravest will
y there, where they have power to kill.

CCXCV.

TWILIGHT.

ight is no other thing, we say,
ht now gone, and yet not sprung the day.

CCXCVI.

COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

discomfort in the world to fall,
the great crack not crushes one, but all.

CCXCVII.

SMART.

iven verk us with their fall,

CCC.

MERITS MAKE THE MAN.

Our honours and our commendations be
Due to the merits, not authority.

CCCL.

GOLD BEFORE GOODNESS.

How rich a man is, all desire to know,
But none enquires if good he be, or no.

CCCL.

REFLETION.

Physicians say, repletion springs
More from the sweet than sour things.

CCCLIII.

DANGERS WAIT ON KINGS.

As oft as night is banish'd by the morn,
So oft we'll think we see a King new born.

CCCLIV.

EVENT OF THINGS NOT IN OUR POWER.

By time and counsel, do the best we can,
Th' event is never in the power of man.

CCCLV.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT KINGS AND SUBJECTS.

twixt kings and subjects there's this mighty odds,
Subjects are taught by men ; kings by the gods.

CCCLVI.

SAFETY ON THE SHORE.

What though the sea be calm ? Trust to the shore :
Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc'd
before.

In the hope of ease
Let's endure one martyrdom.

CCCVIII.

THE EYES.

'Tis a known principle in war,
The eyes be first that conquer'd are.

CCXCIX.

SINGLE LIFE MOST SECURE.

Suspicion, discontent, and strife,
Come in for dowry with a wife.

CCCX.

BASHFULNESS.

Of all our parts, the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness.

CCCXI.

FEW FORTUNATE.

Many we are, and yet but few possess
Those fields of everlasting happiness.

CCCXII.

SUPREME FORTUNE FALLS SOONEST.

While leanest beasts in pastures feed,

COCXIV.

DISTRUST.

Whatever men for loyalty pretend,
'Tis wisdom's part to doubt a faithful friend.

CCCXV.

PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

Where pleasures rule a kingdom, never there
Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

CCCXVI.

EXCESS.

Excess is sluttish; keep the mean; for why?
Virtue's clean concave is sobriety.

CCCXVII.

RECOMPENSE.

Who plants an olive, but to eat the oil?
Reward, we know, is the chief end of toil.

CCCXVIII.

THE WILL MAKES THE WORK, OR CONSENT MAKES
THE CURE.

No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill
Is half way cured, if the party will.

CCCXIX.

SAUCE FOR SORROWS.

Although our suffering meet with no relief,
An equal mind is the best sauce for grief.

CCCXX.

NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

When fear admits no hope of safety, then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

CCCXXI.

GENTLENESS.

That prince must govern with a gentle hand,
Who will have love comply with his command.

CCCXXII.

ON LOVE.

That love 'twixt men does ever longest last,
Where war and peace the dice by turns do cast.

CCCXXIII.

THE SOUL IS THE SALT.

The body's salt the soul is; which when gone,
The flesh soon sucks in putrefaction.

CCCXXIV.

FLATTERY.

What is't that wastes a prince? example shows
'Tis flattery spends a king more than his foes.

CCCXXV.

UPON KINGS.

Kings must be dauntless; subjects will contemn
Those who want hearts, and wear a diadem.

CCCXXVI.

A KING AND NO KING.

That prince who may do nothing but what's just,
Rules but by leave, and takes his crown on trust.

CCCXXVII.

PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

All are not ill plots that do sometimes fail,
Nor those false vows which oft times don't prevail.

CCCXVIII.

FOOLISHNESS.

In's Tusc'lanes, Tully doth confess,
No plague there's like to foolishness.

CCCXXIX.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Truth by her own simplicity is known;
Falsehood by varnish and vermilion.

CCCXXX.

ON LOVE.

Love's of itself too sweet; the best of all
Is, when love's honey has a dash of gall.

CCCXXXI.

ABSTINENCE.

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue, abstinence.

CCCXXXII.

WAR.

If kings and kingdoms once distracted be,
The sword of war must try the sovereignty.

CCCXXXIII.

THE VOICE AND VIOL.

Rare is the voice itself, but when we sing
To the lute or viol, then 'tis ravishing.

CCCXXXIV.

OBEDIENCE.

No man so well a kingdom rules, as he
Who hath himself obeyed the sovereignty.

HESPERIDES.

CCCXXXV.

AFTER AUTUMN, WINTER.

Die, ere long, I'm sure I shall ;
After leaves the tree must fall.

CCCXXXVI.

A GOOD DEATH.

For truth I may this sentence tell,
No man dies ill that liveth well.

CCCXXXVII.

SINCERITY.

Wash clean the vessel, lest ye sour
Whatever liquor in ye pour.

CCCXXXVIII.

DIEY

If wholesome diet can re-cure a man,
What need of physyc or physician ?

CCCXXXIX.

SPEAK IN SEASON.

When times are troubled, then forbear ; but speak
When a clear day out of a cloud does break.

CCCXL.

THE END.

If well thou hast begun, go on fore-right ;
It is the end that crowns us, not the fight.

CCCXLI.

THE END.

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend ;
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.



ENCOMIASTIC VERSES.

CXCXLII.

TO HIS MUSE.

Go woo young Charles no more to look,
Than but to read this in my book ;
How Herrick begs if that he can-
Not like the Muse, to love the man,
Who by the shepherds sung long since,
The star-led birth of Charles the Prince.

ENCOMIASTIC VERSES.

CCCXLIII.

THE POET'S GOOD WISHES FOR THE
 MOST HOPEFUL AND HANDSOME PRINCE,
 THE DUKE OF YORK.

May his pretty dukeship grow
 Like t' a rose of Jericho ;
 Sweeter far than ever yet
 Show'rs or sunshines could beget.
 May the graces and the hours
 Strew his hopes, and him with flowers ;
 And so dress him up with love,
 As to be the chick of Jove.
 May the thrice-three-sisters sing
 Him the sovereign of their spring ;
 And entitle none to be
 Prince of Helicon but he.
 May his soft foot, where it treads,
 Gardens thence produce and meads ;
 And those meadows full be set
 With the rose and the violet.
 May his ample name be known
 To the last succession ;
 And his actions high be told
 Through the world, but writ in gold.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

...e a lord, an earl, nay more, a man,
...rites sweet numbers well as any can;
...why then are not these verses hurl'd,
...Sibyls' leaves, throughout the ample world'
...is a jewel, if it be not set
...n by a ring, or some rich carcanet ?
...being so, then the beholders cry,
...see a gem, as rare as Bælus' eye.
...en public praise does run upon the stone,
...f a most rich, a rare, a precious one.
...t pose your jewels then unto the view,
...hat we may praise them, or themselves prize yo
...irtue conceal'd, with Horace you'll confess,
...differs not much from drowsy slothfulness.

CCCXLV.

UPON M. BEN JONSON.

After the rare arch-poet Jonson died,
The sock grew loathsome, and the buskins pride,
...her with the stage's glory, stood
...d nitied widowhood.

of hands, or shout, or praises proof
 & the playhouse sides, or cleave her roof.
 he scene was, and that monstrous sin
 and arrant ignorance came in ;
 norance as theirs was, who once hiss'd
 unequall'd play, the Alchymist ;
 ie upon 'em ! Lastly, too, all wit
 utter darkness did, and still will sit
 eeping the luckless age out, till that she
 er resurrection has again with thee.

CCCXLVI.

ANOTHER.

Thou had'st the wreath before, now take the tree ;
 That henceforth none be laurel crown'd but thee.

CCCXLVII.

TO THE LADY MARY VILLARS, GOVERNESS TO
 THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA.

When I of Villars do but hear the name,
 It calls to mind that mighty Buckingham,
 Who was your brave exalted uncle here,
 Binding the whole of fortune to his sphere ;
 Who spurn'd at envy, and could bring, with ease,
 An end to all his stately purposes.
 For his love then, whose sacred reliques show
 Their resurrection and their growth in you ;
 And for my sake, who ever did prefer
 You above all those sweets of Westminster ;
 Permit my book to have a free access
 To kiss your hand, most dainty governess.

f hands, or shout, or praises proof
 : the playhouse sides, or cleave her roof.
 e scene was, and that monstrous sin
 nd arrant ignorance came in ;
 rance as theirs was, who once hiss'd
 equall'd play, the Alchymist ;
 on 'em ! Lastly, too, all wit
 larkness did, and still will sit
 the luckless age out, till that she
 rection has again with thee.

CCCXLVI.

ANOTHER.

'st the wreath before, now take the tree ;
 beforeth none be laurel crown'd but thee.

CCCXLVII.

: LADY MARY VILLARS, GOVERNESS TO
 THE PRINCESS HENRIETTA.

I of Villars do but hear the name,
 to mind that mighty Buckingham,
 as your brave exalted uncle here,
 g the whole of fortune to his sphere ;
 burn'd at envy, and could bring, with ease,
 l to all his stately purposes.
 : love then, whose sacred reliques show
 resurrection and their growth in you ;
 r my sake, who ever did prefer
 ove all those sweets of Westminster ;
 my book to have a free access
 : your hand, most dainty governess.

CCCXLVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE PHILIP, EARL OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY.

How dull and dead are books, that cannot show
A Prince of Pembroke, and that Pembroke you!
You, who are high born, and a lord no less
Free by your fate, than fortune's mightiness,
The paper gild, and laureat the pen.
Nor suffer you the poets to sit cold,
But warm their wits, and turn their lines to
Others there be, who righteously will swear
Those smooth-pac'd numbers, amble ever
And these brave measures go a stately tr
Love those like these; regard, reward
But you, my lord, are one whose hand
Goes with your mouth, or does outrun
Paying before you praise, and cock
Give both the gold and garland unt

CCCXLIX.

TO THE HIGH AND NOBLE PRINCE OF WALES,
AND EARL OF PEMBROKE.

CCCL.

TO THE QUEEN.

ss of youth, and lady of the spring,
 it to be the consort to a king,
 as'd to rest you in this sacred grove,
 with myrtles, whose each leaf drops love.
 a sweet-faced wood-nymph here is seen,
 ich chaste order you are now the Queen.
 ss their homage when they come and strew
 walks with flowers, and give their crowns to you.
 levy throne, with lily-work possess,
 be both princess here, and poetess.

CCCLI.

TO THE KING.

If when these lyrics, Cæsar, you shall hear
 And that Apollo shall so touch your ear,
 As for to make this, that, or any one
 Number, your own, by free adoption;
 That verse, of all the verses here, shall be
 The heir to this great realm of poetry.

CCCLII.

 TO HIS NEPHEW, TO BE PROSPEROUS IN HIS
 ART OF PAINTING.

On, as thou hast begun, brave youth, and get
 The palm from Urbin, Titian, Tintaret,
 Brugel, and Coxu, and the works outdo
 Of Holbein, and that mighty Ruben too.
 So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,
 No, not the glory of the word, Vandike.

CCCLIII.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, SIR EDWARD FISH,
KNIGHT BARONET.

Since for thy dull deserts, with all the rest
Of these chaste spirits, that are here possess'd
Of life eternal, time has made thee one
For growth in this my rich plantation ;
Live here ; but know 'twas virtue, and not chance,
That gave thee this so high inheritance.
Keep it forever ; grounded with the good,
Who hold fast here an endless lively food.

CCCLIV.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS
SHAPCOTT, LAWYER.

I've paid thee what I promis'd ; that's not all ;
Besides, I give thee here a verse that shall,
When hence thy circum-mortal part is gone,
Arch-like, hold up, thy name's inscription.
Brave men can't die ; whose candid actions are
Writ in the poet's endless calendar :
Whose vellum and whose volume is the sky,
And the pure stars the praising poetry.

Farewell.

CCCLV.

TO MISTRESS MARY WILLAND.

One more by thee, love, and desert have sent
T' enspangle this expansive firmament.
O flame of beauty ! come, appear, appear
A Virgin taper, ever shining here.

CCCLVI.

THE RIGHT GRACIOUS PRINCE, LODWICK,
DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

Those three brave brothers, fall'n i' the war,
(without glory) noble sir, you are,
Of all concussions, left the stem
Of forth generations like to them.
What may be done, if, sir, you can beget
In their substance, not in counterfeit.
Essences as those three brothers, known
And by their own production.
From, from Fame's white trumpet, this I'll tell,
By their everlasting chronicle,
Since first Bellona us'd a shield,
Those three brave brothers fell in Mars's field.
Were those three Horatii Rome did boast;
'Tis where these three Horatii we have lost.
Cordelion had that age long since,
The three, which three you make up four, brave
Prince.

CCCLVII.

TO HIS KINSMAN, SIR THOS. SOAME.

Seeing thee, Soame, I see a goodly man,
And in that good a great patrician;
Next to which two, among the city powers
And thrones, thy self one of those senators;
Not wearing purple only for the show,
As many conscripts of the city do,
But for true service, worthy of that gown,
The golden chain, too, and the civic crown.

WORTHY FRIEND, —

thy graces forth, brave man, and
thyne own auspicious destinies;
the search and proof till thou canst find
those ends, to which thou wast design'd.
genius, and thy gilding star,
thee prosperous in thy ways thus far;
they leave thee, till they both have shown
the world a prime and public one.
when thou see'st thine age all turn'd to gold
er what thy Herrick thee foretold,
the holy threshold of thine house,
d good luck to thyself and spouse.
be mindful, when thou art grown great,
ow'r's high rear'd dread most the lightning
reat;
as the humble cottages not fear
leaving bolt of Jove the thunderer.

CCCLIX.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR WILLIAM SOAME

I can but name thee, and methinks I call
All that have been, or are canonical
and bounty, to come near and see

CCCLX.

HARINE BRADSHAW, THE LOVELY,
OWNED HIM WITH LAUREL.

ads has spent her many hours,
ing several sorts of flowers,
ers garlands; and to set
here many a coronet.
encircled here, not one
of coronation;
mistress, came and interwove
ever young as love,
rown'd her; she must, of due,
a crown of life to you.

CCCLXI.

L FRIEND, MASTER JOHN CROFTS,
BEARER TO THE KING.

courtesies to me,
y Crofts, to send to thee
ave this only one
muneration.
vell'd all this realm throughout,
ome few immortals out,
this my spacious sphere,
asting shining here;
hee in mine orb, a star
both bright and singular,
ill tell the world thou art,
, yet satisfied in part;
sing too great a sum
'll pay't i'th' world to come.

CCCLXII.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. PENELOPE WHEELER.

Next is your lot, fair, to be number'd one
 Here, in my book's canonization ;
 Late you come in, but you a saint shall be,
 In chief, in this poetic liturgy.

CCCLXIII.

ANOTHER UPON HER.

First, for your shape, the curious cannot show
 Any one part that's dissonant in you ;
 And 'gainst your chaste behaviour there's no plea
 Since you are known to be Penelope.
 Thus fair and clean you are, although there be
 A mighty strife 'twixt form and chastity.

CCCLXIV.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, WISE, AND ARCH
ANTIQUARY, M. JOHN SELDEN.

I who have favor'd many, come to be
 Grac'd, now at last, or glorified by thee.
 Lo, I, the lyric prophet, who have set
 On many a head the Delphic coronet,
 Come unto thee for laurel, having spent
 My wreaths on those who little gave or lent.
 Give me the Daphne, that the world may know it,
 Whom they neglected thou hast crown'd a poet.
 A city here of heroes I have made,
 Upon the rock, whose firm foundation laid,
 Shall never shrink ; where making thine abode,
 Live thou a Selden, that's a demi-god.

CCCLXV.

THE PATRON OF POETS, M. END. PORTER.

here be patrons ; patrons like to thee,
 e Porter ! Poets ne'er will wanting be.
 us, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
 ee, thou man of men ! who here do'st give
 only subject-matter for our wit,
 likewise oil of maintenance to it.
 hich, before thy threshold, we'll lay down
 thyrse for sceptre, and our bays for crown.
 to say truth, all garlands are thy due ;
 laurel, myrtle, oak, and ivy too.

CCCLXVI.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD, EARL
OF DORSET.

write to you, my lord, who are
 own self a public theatre ;
 ng, see the while, ways, walks of wit,
 : a righteous judgment upon it ;
 ed I care, though some dislike me should,
 : says, what Herrick writes is good ?
 / ye're learn'd i' th' Muses, and no less
 ate-sanctions, deep, or bottomless ;
 nile can make a poet, and your glance
 bad poems out of countenance ;
 n author needs no other bays
 ration, than your only praise ;
 ne mischief greater than your frown,
 his numbers, and to blast his crown.
 the life immortal. He ensures
 e's long life, who strives to set up yours.

CCCLXVII.

TO THE KING, TO CURE THE EVIL.

To find that tree of life, whose fruits did feed,
 And leaves did heal, all sick of human seed ;
 To find Bethesda, and an angel there,
 Stirring the waters, I am come ; and here
 At last I find, after my much to do,
 The tree, Bethesda, and the angel too ;
 And all in your blest hand, which has the powers
 Of all those suppling healing herbs and flowers.
 To that soft charm, that spell, that magic bough,
 That high enchantment I betake me now ;
 And to that hand, the branch of Heaven's fair tree,
 I kneel for help ; O lay that hand on me,
 Adored Cæsar ! and my faith is such,
 I shall be healed, if that my King but touch.
 The evil is not yours ; my sorrow sings,
 Mine is the evil, but the cure the King's.

CCCLXVIII.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR RICHARD STONE.

To this white temple of my heroes, here
 Beset with stately figures everywhere,
 Of such rare saintships, who did here consume
 Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume ;
 Come thou, brave man ! and bring with thee a Stone
 Unto thine own edification.
 High are these statues here, besides no less
 Strong than the heavens for everlastingness ;
 Where build aloft, and being fix'd by these
 Set up thine own eternal images.

CCCLXIX.

TO THE MOST VIRTUOUS MISTRESS POT, WHO
MANY TIMES ENTERTAINED HIM.

When I through all my many poems look,
And see yourself to beautify my book ;
Methinks that only lustre doth appear
A light fulfilling all the region here ;
Gild still with flames this firmament, and be
A lamp eternal to my poetry ;
Which, if it now, or shall hereafter shine,
'Twas by your splendour, lady, not by mine.
The oil was yours, and that I owe for yet ;
He pays the half who does confess the debt.

CCCLXX.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESS ELIZABETH
HERRICK.

Sweet virgin, that I do not set
The pillars up of weeping jet,
Or mournful marble, let thy shade
Not wrathful seem, or fright the maid,
Who hither at her wonted hours
Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
No, know, blest maid, when there's not one
Remainder left of brass or stone,
Thy living epitaph shall be,
Though lost in them, yet found in me.
Dear, in thy bed of roses, then,
Till this world shall dissolve as men,
Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
Drawing thy curtains round ; Good night.

TO DOCTOR ALABASTE

thou less esteem'd that I have plac'd,
greatest mine honour'd, thee almost the last;
great possessions many lead the way
in who is the triumph of the day,
these have done to thee, who art the one,
only glory of a million;
whom the spirit of the gods does dwell,
bring thy soul, by which thou dost foretell,
when this or that vast dynasty must fall
down to a fillit more imperial;
When this or that horn shall be broke, and wher
Others shall spring up in their place again;
When times and seasons, and all years must lie
Drown'd in the sea of wild eternity:
When the Black Doom's-day book, as yet un
Shall by the mighty Angel be reveal'd;
And when the trumpet which thou late hast
Shall call to judgment; tell us when the so
Of this or that great April day shall be,
And next the Gospel, we will credit thee.
In time, like earth-worms we will crawl
at those things that thou do

CCCLXXIII.

TO HIS WORTHY KINSMAN, MR. STEPHEN SOAME.

Nor is my number full, till I inscribe
 Thee, sprightly Soame, one of my righteous tribe ;
 A tribe of one lip, leven, and of one
 Civil behaviour and religion ;
 A stock of saints, where ev'ry one doth wear
 A stole of white, and canonized here ;
 Among which holies be thou ever known,
 Brave kinsman, mark'd out with the whiter stone,
 Which seals thy glory, since I do prefer
 Thee here in my eternal calender.

CCCLXXIV.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN MINCE.

For civil, clean, and circumcised wit,
 And for the comely carriage of it,
 Thou art the man, the only man best known,
 Mark'd for the true wit of a million ;
 From whom we'll reckon wit came in, but since
 The calculation of thy birth, brave Mince.

CCCLXXV.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND SIR THOMAS HEALE.

Stand by the magic of my powerful rhymes,
 'Gainst all the indignation of the times ;
 Age shall not wrong thee, or one jot abate
 Of thy both great and everlasting fate :
 While others perish, here's thy life decreed,
 Because begot of my immortal seed.

CCCLXXVI.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN,
 MASTER EDWARD NORRIS,
 CLERK OF THE SIGNET TO HIS MAJESTY.

For one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts ;
 For one to whom espous'd are all the arts ;
 Long have I sought for ; but could never see
 Them all concenter'd in one man, but thee.
 Thus thou that man art, whom the Fates conspir'd
 To make but one, and that's thyself, admir'd.

CCCLXXVII.

TO PRINCE CHARLES, UPON HIS COMING TO EXETER.

What Fate decreed, Time now has made us see
 A renovation of the west by thee :
 That preternatural fever, which did threat
 Death to our country, now hath lost his heat ;
 And calms succeeding, we perceive no more
 Th' unequal pulse to beat, as heretofore.
 Something there yet remains for thee to do ;
 Then reach those ends that thou was destin'd to ;
 Go on with Sylla's fortune ; let thy fate
 Make thee like him, this, that way fortunate ;
 Apollo's image side with thee to bless
 Thy war, discreetly made, with white success :
 Meantime thy prophets watch by watch shall pray,
 While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the
 day.

That done, our smooth-pac'd poems all shall be
 Sung in the high doxology of thee :
 Then maids shall strew thee, and thy curls from them
 Receive, with songs, a flowery diadem.

CCCLXXVIII.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS COMING WITH HIS ARMY
INTO THE WEST.

Welcome, most welcome to our vows and us,
Most great and universal Genius !
The drooping west, which hitherto has stood
As one, in long-lamented widowhood,
Looks like a bride now, or a bed of flowers,
Newly refresh'd both by the sun and showers ;
War, which before was horrid, now appears
Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers !
A deal of courage in each bosom springs
By your access, O you the best of Kings !
Ride on with all white omens, so that where
Your standard's up, we fix a conquest there.

CCCLXXIX.

TO THE KING.

Give way, give way ; now, now my Charles shines
here,
A public light, in this immensive sphere ;
Some stars were fix'd before, but these are dim,
Compar'd, in this my ample orb, to him.
Draw in your feeble fires, while that he
Appears but in his meaner majesty ;
Where, if such glory flashes from his name,
Which is his shade, who can abide his flame !
Princes, and such like public lights as these,
Must not be look'd on but at distances ;
For, if we gaze on these brave lamps too near,
Our eyes they'll blind, or if not blind, they'll blear.

CCCLXXX.

TO HIS DEAR VALENTINE, MRS. MARGARET FALCON-
BRIDGE.

Now is your turn, my dearest to be set
A gem in this eternal coronet ;
'Twas rich before, but since your name is down,
It sparkles now like Ariadne's crown.
Blaze by this sphere for ever : or this do,
Let me and it shine evermore by you.

CCCLXXXI.

TO HIS HONOURABLE FRIEND, M. JOHN WEARE,
COUNSELLOR.

Did I or love, or could I others draw
To the indulgence of the rugged law ;
The first foundation of that zeal should be
By reading all her paragraphs in thee,
Who dost so fitly with the laws unite,
As if you two were one hermaphrodite ;
Nor courts thou her because she's well attended
With wealth, but for those ends she was intended ;
Which were, and still her offices are known,
Law is to give to ev'ry one his own ;
To shore the feeble up against the strong,
To shield the stranger and the poor from wrong :
This was the founder's grave and good intent,
To keep the outcast in his tenement ;
To free the orphan from that wolf-like man,
Who is his butcher more than guardian ;
To dry the widow's tears, and stop her swoons,
By pouring balm and oil into her wounds ;

This was the old way, and 'tis yet thy course
 To keep those pious principles in force.
 Modest I will be, but one word I'll say,
 Like to a sound that's vanishing away,
 Sooner the inside of thy hand shall grow
 Hisped and hairy, ere thy palm shall know
 A postern-bribe took, or a forked fee
 To fetter justice, when she might be free.
 Eggs I'll not shave; but yet, brave man, if I
 Was destin'd forth to golden sovereignty;
 A prince I'd be, that I might thee prefer
 To be my counsel both and chancellor.

CCCLXXXII.

TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER M. ELIZABETH
 FINCH.

Handsome you are, and proper you will be,
 Despite of all your infortunity;
 Live long and lovely, but yet grow no less
 In that your own prefix'd comeliness;
 Spend on that stock, and when your life must fall,
 Leave others beauty to set up withal.

CCCLXXXIII.

TO THE HONOURED MASTER ENDYMION PORTER.

When to thy porch I come, and, ravish'd, see
 The state of poets there attending thee;
 Those bards, and I, all in a chorus sing,
 "We are thy prophets, Porter; thou our king."

CCCLXXXIV.

TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOR OF EXETER.

Stand forth, brave man, since Fate has made thee here
 The Hector over aged Exeter ;
 Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
 Like a poor lady lost in widowhood :
 But fears not now to see her safety sold,
 As other towns and cities were, for gold,
 By those ignoble births, which shame the stem
 That gave progermination unto them ;
 Whose restless ghosts shall hear their children sing,
 Our sires betrayed their country and their king.
 True, if this city seven times rounded was
 With rock, and seven times circumflank'd with brass,
 Yet, if thou wert not, Berkley, loyal proof,
 The senators down tumbling with the roof,
 Would into prais'd but pitied, ruins fall,
 Leaving no show where stood the capital.
 But thou are just and itchless, and dost please
 Thy genius with two strength'ning buttresses,
 Faith, and affection ; which will never slip
 To weaken this thy great Dictatorship.

CCCLXXXV.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

When after many lustres thou shalt be
 Wrap'd up in sere-cloth with thine ancestry ;
 When of thy ragg'd escutcheons shall be seen
 So little left, as if they ne'er had been ;
 Thou shalt thy name have, and thy fame's best trust,
 Here with the generation of my just.

CCCLXXXVI.

UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE MUSICIAN.

Should I not put on blacks, when each one here
 Comes with his cypress, and devotes a tear?
 Should I not grieve, my Lawes, when every lute,
 Viol, and voice is, by thy loss, struck mute?
 Thy loss, brave man! whose numbers have been hurl'd,
 And no less prais'd than spread throughout the world:
 Some have thee call'd Amphion; some of us
 Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus;
 Some this, some that, but all in this agree,
 Music had both her birth and death with thee.

CCCLXXXVII.

TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND
MR. CHARLES COTTON.

For brave comportment, wit without offence,
 Words fully flowing, yet of influence,
 Thou art that man of men, the man alone
 Worthy the public admiration;
 Who with thine own eyes read'st what we do write,
 And giv'st our numbers euphony and weight;
 Tell'st when a verse springs high, how understood
 To be, or not, born of the royal blood:
 What state above, what symmetry below,
 Lines have, or should have, thou the best can show;
 For which, my Charles, it is my pride to be,
 Not so much known, as to be lov'd of thee;
 Long may I live so, and my wreath of bays
 Be less another's laurel than thy praise.

ONARD WILLAN, B--
hort, and having quickly hurl'd
about, live thou throughout the world,
a man for all scenes; unto whom,
hard to others, nothing's troublesome:
write the comic, tragic strain, and fall
these to pen the pleasing pastoral:
di'st at all heights; prose and verse runs't
rough;
st here a fault, and mend'st the trespass too;
which I might extol thee, but speak less,
ause thyself art coming to the press;
l then should I in praising thee be slow,
sterity will pay thee what I owe.

CCCLXXXIX.

O HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. JOHN HALL, ST
OF GRAY'S-INN.

Tell me, young man, or did the Muses bring
The less to taste, than to drink up their spring
That none hereafter should be thought, or be
A poet, or a poet-like, but thee?
What was thy birth, thy star that makes th
years, a prime and public one?
red, or the whence
fluence

CCCXC.

HIS BROTHER, NICHOLAS HERRICK.

ers have with cheapness seen, and ease,
 h'd maps, by the help of compasses ;
 n volumes, and those books withal
 ge narrations, incanonical,
 st beheld those seas and countries far ;
 'st to us what once they were and are ;
 with bold truth thou canst now relate
 gdom's fortune, and that empire's fate ;
 lk to us of Sharon, where a spring
 s have an endless flourishing ;
 n, Sinai, Nebo, and with them,
 e known to us the New Jerusalem ;
 Mount of Olives, Calvary, and where
 and hast seen, thy Saviour's sepulchre :
 that the man that will but lay his ears,
 inapostate, to the thing he hears,
 all by his hearing quickly come to see
 e truth of travels less in books than thee.

CCCXCI.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, MASTER
 MICHAEL OULSWORTH.

Nor think that thou in this my book art worst,
 Because not plac'd here with the midst, or first ;
 Since fame that sides with these, or goes before
 Those that must live with thee for evermore ;
 That fame, and fame's rear'd pillar, thou shalt see
 In the next sheet, brave man, to follow thee :
 Fix on that column then, and never fall,
 Held up by fame's eternal pedestal.

COOL OR PEARL OF PUTNEY,
ALL SINGULAR MANNERS, MRS. FORI-

r I was myself, or else did see
myself that glorious hierarchy;
ether those, in orders rare, or these
up one state of sixty Venuses;
nether fairies, syrens, nymphs they were,
uses, on their mountain sitting there;
some enchanted place, I do not know;
Sharon, where eternal roses grow;

his I am sure, I ravish'd stood, as one
onfus'd in utter admiration.
methought I saw them stir, and gently move,
And look as all were capable of love;

Inspir'd by th' sun-beams after dews and show
There did I see the reverend Rectress stand,
Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of har
'Those spirits rais'd, and with like precepts t
As with a magic, laid them all again:
A happy realm! when no compulsive law,
of it, but love keeps all in awe,
mistress of your hearts, at
niesty, . . . see

CCCXCIII.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMPTON
COURT. SET AND SUNG.

Welcome, Great Cæsar ! welcome now you are,
As dearest peace after destructive war ;
Welcome as slumbers, or as beds of ease,
After our long and peevish sicknesses.
O pomp of glory ! Welcome now, and come
To repossess once more your long'd-for home ;
A thousand altars smoke, a thousand thighs
Of beeves here ready stand for sacrifice :
Enter and prosper, while our eyes do wait
For an ascendant thoroughly auspicious ;
Under which sign we may the former stone
Lay of our safeties new foundation.
That done, O Cæsar ! live, and be to us
Our Fate, our Fortune, and our Genius ;
To whose free knees we may our temples tie,
As to a still protecting Deity :
That should you stir, we, and our altars too,
May, Great Augustus, go along with you.
Chor. Long live the King ; and to accomplish this,
We'll from our own add far more years to his.

CCCXCIV.

TO HIS KINSMAN, M. THO. HERRICK, WHO DESIRED
TO BE IN HIS BOOK.

Welcome to this my college, and, though late
Thou'st got a place here, standing candidate ;
It matters not, since thou art chosen one
Here of my great and good foundation.

CCCXCV.

ULTIMUS HEROUM ; OR,
TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT
HON HENRY, MARQUIS OF DORCHESTER.

And as, time past, when Cato the severe,
Entered the circumspacious theatre,
In reverence of his person, every one
Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone ;
E'en so my numbers will astonish'd be,
If but look'd on ; struck dead, if scan'd by thee.

CCCXCVI.

TO HIS MUSE. ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

Tell that brave man, fain thou would'st have access
To kiss his hands ; but that for fearfulness,
Or else, because th'art like a modest bride,
Ready to blush to death should he but chide.

CCCXCVII.

TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT COMPOSE
OF HIS LYRICS.

Touch but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotiere ;
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
I hear in thee the rare Lanieri to sing,
Or curious Wilson ; tell me, canst thou be
Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three ;
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause ;
Yet their three praises praise but one, that's Lawes.

CCCCVIII.

TO SIR GEORGE PARRY, DOCTOR OF THE CIVIL LAW.

I have my laurel chaplet on my head,
If 'mongst these many numbers to be read,
But one by you be hug'd and cherished.

Peruse my measures thoroughly, and where
Your judgment finds a guilty poem, there
Be you a judge, but not a judge severe.

The mean pass by, or over; none contemn;
The good applaud; the peccant less condemn,
Since absolution you can give to them.

Stand forth, brave man, here to the public sight,
And in my book now claim a two-fold-right;
The first as Doctor, and the last as Knight.

CCCCCIX.

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND, M. JO. HARMAR,
PHYSICIAN TO THE COLLEGE OF
WESTMINSTER.

When first I find those numbers thou do'st write,
To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite;
Next, when I see thee tow'ring in the sky,
In an expansion no less large than high;
Then in that compass, sailing here and there,
And with circumgyration everywhere;
Following with love and active heat thy game,
And then at last to truss the epigran;

I must confess, distinction none I see
 Between Domitian's Martial then and thee
 But this I know, should Jupiter again
 Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men;
 The Roman language, full and superfine,
 If Jove would speak, he would accept of thine.

CCCC.

TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, MASTER JOHN
 WINGFIELD.

For being comely, consonant, and free
 To most of men, but most of all to me;
 For so decreeing, that thy clothes' expense
 Keeps still within a just circumference;
 Then for contriving so to load thy board,
 As that the messes ne'r o'r'laid the Lord;
 Next, for ordaining that thy words not swell
 To any one unsober syllable;
 These I could praise thee for beyond another,
 Wert thou a Wingfield only, not a brother.

CCCCL.

TO THE HANDSOME MRS. GRACE POTTER.

As is your name, so is your comely face
 Touch'd everywhere with such diffused grace,
 As that in all that admirable round,
 There is not one least solecism found;
 And as that part, so every portion else
 Keeps line for line with beauty's parallels.

CCCCII.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, M. JO. WICKS.

Since shed or cottage I have none,
I sing the more, that thou hast one ;
To whose glad threshold, and free door
I may a poet come, though poor,
And eat with thee a savory bit,
Paying but common thanks for it :
Yet should I chance, my Wicks, to see
An over leaven look in thee,
To sour the bread, and turn the beer
To an exalted vinegar ;
Or should'st thou prize me as a dish
Of thrice-boil'd worts, or third days fish,
I'd rather hungry go and come,
Than to thy house be burdensome ;
Yet, in my depth of grief, I'd be
One that should drop his beads for thee.

CCCCIII.

O THE KING, UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.

is day is yours, Great Charles ! and in this war
ur fate and ours alike victorious are.
her white stole, now victory does rest,
spher'd with palm on your triumphant crest ;
:tune is now your captive ; other kings
ld but her hands ; you hold both hands and wings.

CCCCIV.

TO HIS FRIEND MASTER J. JINCKS.

Love, love me now, because I place
Thee here among my righteous race;
The bastard slips may droop and die,
Wanting both root and earth, but thy
Immortal self shall boldly trust
To live for ever with my Just.

CCCCV.

TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN CORNWALL.

Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that
Which we, and times to come, shall wonder at:
Lift up thy sword; next, suffer it to fall,
And by that one blow set an end to all.

CCCCVI.

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, M. SUSANNAH HERRICK.

The person crowns the place; your lot doth fall
Last, yet to be with these a principal:
How ere it fortun'd, know, for truth, I meant
You a fore-leader in this testament.

CCCCVII.

TO THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

When my date's done, and my grey age must die;
Nurse up, great lord, this my posterity;
Weak though it be, long may it grow, and stand,
Shor'd up by you, brave Earl of Westmoreland.

MORAL AND PATHETIC.

CCCCVIII.

A PSALM, OR HYMN TO THE GRACES.

Glory be to the Graces,
That do in public places,
Drive thence what ere encumbers
The list'ning to my numbers!

Honour be to the Graces,
Who do w th sweet embraces,
Show they are well contented
With what I have invented!

Worship be to the Graces,
Who do from sour faces,
And lungs that would infect me,
For evermore protect me!

MORAL AND PATHETIC.

CCCCIX.

TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

Oh look'd I back unto the times hence flown,
 To praise those muses, and dislike our own;
 Or did I walk those Pean gardens through,
 To kick the flow'rs, and scorn their odours too;
 Might, and justly, be reputed here
 One nicely mad, or peevishly severe;
 But by Apollo! as I worship wit,
 Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it,
 So, I confess, 'tis somewhat to do well
 In our high art, although we can't excel,
 Like you; or dare the buskins to unloose
 Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian muse.
 But since I'm call'd rare Denham, to be gone,
 Take from thy Herrick this conclusion;
 'Tis dignity in others, if they be
 Crown'd poets, yet live princes under thee;
 The while their wreaths and purple robes do shine,
 Less by their own gems than those beams of thine.

CCCCX.

TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER WILLIAM
HERRICK.

Life of my life, take not so soon thy flight,
But stay the time till we have bade good night.
Thou hast both wind and tide with thee ; thy way
As soon dispatch'd is by the night as day.
Let us not then so rudely henceforth go
Till we have wept, kiss'd, sigh'd, shook hands, or so.
There's pain in parting, and a kind of hell
When once true lovers take their last farewell.
What? shall we two our endless leaves take here
Without a sad look, or a solemn tear ?
He knows not love that hath not this truth proved,
Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.
Pay we our vows and go, yet when we part,
Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
Into thy loving hands ; for I'll keep none
To warm my breast, when thou my pulse art gone :
No, here I'll last, and walk, a harmless shade,
About this urn, wherein thy dust is laid,
To guard it so as nothing here shall be
Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

CCCCXI.

TO MISTRESS DOROTHY PARSONS.

If thou ask me, dear, wherefore
I do write of thee no more ;
I must answer, sweet thy part
Less is here than in my heart.

CCCCXII.

UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

O! Times most bad,
Without the scope
Of hope
Of better to be had!

Where shall I go,
Or whither run,
To shun
This public overthrow?

No places are,
This I am sure,
Secure
In this our wasting war.

Some storms we've past;
Yet we must all
Down fall,
And perish at the last.

CCCCXIII.

ON HIMSELF.

I will no longer kiss,
I can no longer stay;
The way of all flesh is,
That I must go this day:
Since longer I can't live,
My frolic youths, adieu:
My lamp to you I'll give,
And all my troubles too.

OCCCKIV.

UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. ELIZAB. HERRICK.

First, for effusions due unto the dead,
 My solemn vows have here accomplished ;
 Next, how I love thee, that my grief must tell,
 Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Dear, farewell !

CCCCXV.

UPON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S IMPRISONMENT.

Never was day so over-sick with show'rs,
 But that it had some intermitting hours.
 Never was night so tedious, but it knew
 The last watch out, and saw the dawning too.
 Never was dungeon so obscurely deep,
 Wherein or light or day did never peep.
 Never did moon so ebb, or seas so wane,
 But they left hope-seed to fill up again.
 So you, my lord, though you have now your stay,
 Your night, your prison, and your ebb ; you may
 Spring up afresh, when all these mists are spent,
 And star-like, once more gild our firmament.
 Let but that mighty Cæsar speak, and then
 All bolts, all bars, all gates shall cleave, as when
 That earthquake shook the house, and gave the stout
 Apostles way, unshackled, to go out.
 This, as I wish for, so I hope to see ;
 Though you, my lord, have been unkind to me :
 To wound my heart, and never to apply,
 When you had power, the meanest remedy.
 Well, though my grief by you was gall'd the more,
 Yet I bring balm and oil to heal your sore.

CCCCXVI.

TO ANTHEA.

If, dear Anthea, my hard fate it be
 To live some few sad hours after thee ;
 Thy sacred corse with odours I will burn,
 And with my laurel crown thy golden urn.
 Then holding up there such religious things,
 As were, time past, thy holy fillitings :
 Near to thy reverend pitcher I will fall
 Down dead with grief, and end my woes withall ;
 So three in one small plot of ground shall lay,
 Anthea, Herrick, and his poetry.

CCCCXVII.

DEAN-BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON, BY WHICH
 SOMETIMES HE LIVED.

Dean-bourn, farewell ; I never look to see
 Dean, or thy warty incivility ;
 Thy rocky bottom, that doth tear thy streams,
 And make them frantic e'en to all extremes,
 To my content, I never should behold,
 Were thy streams silver, or thy rocks all gold.
 Rocky thou art ; and rocky we discover
 Thy men, and rocky are thy ways all over.
 O men, O manners ; now, and ever known
 To be a rocky generation ;
 A people currish, churlish as the seas,
 And rude almost as rudest savages,
 With whom I did, and may re-sojourn when
 Rocks turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

CCCCXVIII.

TO SIR CLIPSBY CREW.

Since to the country first I came,
 I have lost my former flame ;
 And, methinks, I not inherit,
 As I did, my ravish'd spirit.
 If I write a verse or two,
 'Tis with very much ado ;
 In regard I want that wine
 Which should conjure up a line.
 Yet, though now of muse bereft,
 I have still the manners left
 For to thank you, noble sir,
 For those gifts you do confer
 Upon him, who only can
 Be in prose a grateful man.

CCCCXIX.

TO THE KING AND QUEEN, UPON THEIR UNHAPPY
DISTANCES.

Woe, woe to them, who by a ball of strife,
 Do, and have parted here a man and wife ;
 CHARLES, the best husband, while MARIA strives
 To be, and is, the very best of wives ;
 Like streams, you are divorc'd, but 'twill come when
 These eyes of mine shall see you mix again.
 Thus speaks the Oak here, C. and M. shall meet,
 Treading on amber with their silver feet ;
 Nor will't be long ere this accomplish'd be ;
 The words found true, C. M. remember me.

CCCCXX.

THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

Dull to myself, and almost dead to these,
 My many fresh and fragrant mistresses ;
 Lost to all music now, since everything
 Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing ;
 Sick is the land to th' heart ; and doth endure
 More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.
 But if that golden age would come again,
 And Charles here rule, as he before did reign :
 If smooth and unperplex'd the seasons were,
 As when the sweet Maria lived here ;
 I should delight to have my curls half drown'd
 In Syrian dews, and head with roses crown'd :
 And once more yet, ere I am laid out dead,
 Knock at a star with my exalted head.

CCCXXI.

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESS.

That flow of gallants which approach
 To kiss thy hand from out the coach ;
 That fleet of lackeys which do run
 Before thy swift postilion ;
 Those strong hoof'd mules, which we behold
 Rein'd in with purple, pearl, and gold,
 And shod with silver, prove to be
 The drawers of the axeltree ;
 Thy wife, thy children, and the state
 Of Persian looms and antique plate :
 All these, and more, shall then afford
 No joy to thee, their sickly lord.

CCCCXXII.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON.

When I a verse shall make,
 Know I have pray'd thee,
 For old religion's sake,
 Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me
 When I, thy Herrick,
 Honouring thee, on my knee
 Offer my Lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
 And a new altar;
 And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
 Writ in my psalter.

CCCCXXIII.

TO HIS TOMB-MAKER.

Go I must; when I am gone,
 Write but this upon my stone;
 Chaste I liv'd, without a wife,
 That's the story of my life.
 Strewings need none, every flower
 Is in this word, bachelor.

CCCCXXIV.

THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE.

I cannot pipe as I was wont to do,
 Broke is my reed, hoarse is my singing too;
 My wearied oat I'll hang upon the tree,
 And give it to the Sylvan deity.

CCCCXXV.

TO HIS VERSES.

What will ye, my poor orphans, do,
 When I must leave the world and you ;
 Who'll give ye then a shelt'ring shed,
 Or credit ye, when I am dead ?
 Who'll let ye by their fire sit,
 Although ye have a stock of wit,
 Already coin'd to pay for it ?
 I cannot tell ; unless there be
 Some race of old humanity
 Left, of the large heart and long hand,
 Alive, as noble Westmoreland,
 Or gallant Newark ; which brave two
 May fost'ring fathers be to you.
 If not, expect to be no less
 Ill used than babes left fatherless.

CCCCXXVI.

TO MY DEAREST SISTER, M. MERCY HERRICK.

Whene'er I go, or whatsoe'er befals
 Me in mine age, or foreign funerals,
 This blessing I will leave thee ere I go,
 Prosper thy basket, and therein thy dough ;
 Feed on the paste of filberts, or else knead
 And bake the flour of amber for thy bread ;
 Balm may thy tears drop, and thy springs run oil,
 And everlasting harvest crown thy soil !
 These I but wish for ; but thyself shall see
 The blessing fall in mellow times on thee.

CCCCXXVII.

TO HIS CLOSET GODS.

When I go hence, ye closet gods, I fear
 Never again to have ingression here ;
 Where I have had, whatever things could be
 Pleasant and precious to my muse and me.
 Besides rare sweets, I had a book which none
 Could read the intext but myself alone ;
 About the cover of this book there went
 A curious comely clean compartlement ;
 And in the midst, to grace it more, was set
 A blushing pretty peeping rubelet ;
 But now 'tis closed ; and being shut and seal'd,
 Be it, O be it never more reveal'd !
 Keep here still, closet gods, 'fore whom I've set
 Oblations oft of sweetest marmelet.

CCCCXXVIII.

TO HIS FRIEND, ON THE UNTUNEABLE TIMES.

Play I could once ; but, gentle friend, you see
 My harp hung up here on the willow tree.
 Sing I could once ; and bravely, too, inspire,
 With luscious numbers, my melodious lyre,
 Draw, I could once, although not stocks or stones,
 Amphion-like men made of flesh and bones.
 Whether I would ; but, ah ! I know not how
 I feel in this my transmutation now.
 Grief, my dear friend, has first my harp unstrung,
 Wither'd my hand, and palsy-struck my tongue.

CCCCXXIX.

HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR.

Only a little more
I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute
That I must stay,
Or linger in it,
And then I must away.

O Time, that cut'st down all!
And scarce leav'st here
Memorial
Of any men that were.

How many lie forgot
In vaults beneath;
And piece-meal rot
Without a fame in death?

Behold this living stone
I rear for me,
Ne'er to be thrown
Down, envious Time, by thee.

Pillars let some set up,
If so they please,
Here is my hope,
And my Pyramid.

CCCCXXX.

SAFETY TO LOOK TO ONE'S SELF.

For my neighbour, I'll not know
 Whether high he builds or no ;
 Only this I'll look upon,
 Firm be my foundation.
 Sound or unsound let it be,
 'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.
 He who to the ground does fall,
 Has not whence to sink at all.

CCCCXXXI.

NO SHIPWRECK OF VIRTUE. TO A FRIEND.

Thou sail'st with others in this Argos here,
 Nor wreck or bulging thou hast cause to fear ;
 But trust to this, my noble passenger,
 Who swims with Virtue, he shall still be sure,
 Ulysses-like, all tempests to endure,
 And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

CCCCXXXII.

THE CURSE. A SONG.

Go, perjured man ; and if thou e'er return
 To see the small remainders in mine urn ;
 When thou shalt laugh at my religious dust,
 And ask, where's now the colour, form, and trust
 Of woman's beauty ? and with hand more rude
 Rife the flowers which the virgins strew'd ;
 Know, I have pray'd to Fury, that some wind
 May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

CCCCXXXIII.

FOUR THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE.

Health is the first good lent to men;
 A gentle disposition then:
 Next, to be rich by no bye-ways;
 Lastly, with friends t' enjoy our days.

CCCCXXXIV.

TO HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS.

Rise, household-gods, and let us go,
 But whither, I myself not know.
 First, let us dwell on rudest seas;
 Next, with severest savages;
 Last, let us make our best abode,
 Where human foot has yet ne'er trod;
 Search worlds of ice, and rather there
 Dwell, than in loathed Devonshire.

CCCCXXXV.

GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSEL.

In all thy need, be thou possess'd
 Still with a well-prepared breast;
 Nor let thy shackles make thee sad;
 Thou canst but have what others had.
 And this for comfort thou must know,
 Times that are ill won't still be so:
 Clouds will not ever pour down rain;
 A sullen day will clear again.
 First peals of thunder we must hear,
 Then lutes and harps shall strike the ear.

CCCCXXXVI.

TO JULIA.

The saint-bell calls ; and Julia, I must read
 The proper lessons for the saints now dead ;
 To grace which service, Julia, there shall be
 One holy collect said or sung for thee.
 Dead when thou art, dear Julia, thou shalt have
 A trental sung by virgins o'er thy grave ;
 Meantime we two will sing the dirge of these,
 Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

CCCCXXXVII.

TO HIS MAID PREW.

These summer birds did with thy master stay
 The times of warmth, but then they flew away,
 Leaving the poet, being now grown old,
 Expos'd to all the coming winter's cold.
 But thou, kind Prew, did'st with my fates abide,
 As well the winter's as the summer's tide ;
 For which thy love, live with thy master here,
 Not one, but all the seasons of the year.

CCCCXXXVIII.

TO ELECTRA.

Let not thy tombstone e'er be laid by me ;
 Nor let my hearse be wept upon by thee ;
 But let that instant when thou dy'st be known,
 The minute of mine expiration ;
 One knell be rung for both, and let one grave
 To hold us two an endless honour have.

CCCCXXXIX.

HIS ALMS.

Here, here I live,
And somewhat give
Of what I have
To those who crave.
Little or much,
My Alms is such ;
But if my deal
Of oil and meal
Shall fuller grow,
More I'll bestow.
Mean time, be it
E'en but a bit,
Or else a crumb,
The scrip hath some.

CCCCXL.

THE PLUNDER.

I am of all bereft,
Save but some few beans left,
Whereof, at last, to make
For me and mine a cake ;
Which eaten, they and I
Will say our grace, and die.

CCCCXLI.

UPON HIS EYE-SIGHT FAILING HIM

I begin to wane in sight ;
Shortly I shall bid good night ;
Then no gazing more about,
When the tapers once are out.

CCCCXLII.

A HYMN TO CLIPSEBY CREW.

'Twas not love's dart,
Or any blow
Of want, or foe,
Did wound my heart
With an eternal smart.

But only you,
My sometimes known
Companion,
My dearest Crew,
That me unkindly slew.

May your fault die,
And have no name
In books of fame :
Or let it lie
Forgotten now as I.

We parted are
And now no more,
As heretofore
By jocund Larr,
Shall be familiar.

But though we sever,
My Crew shall see
That I will be
Here faithless never,
But love my Clipseby ever.

CCCCXLIII.

SONG UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT VALIANT
LORD BERNARD STUART.

Ye, hence, profane ; soft silence let us have,
We this Trental sing about thy grave.

Had wolves or tigers seen but thee,
They would have show'd civility ;
And in compassion of thy years,
Wash'd those thy purple wounds with tears.
But since th'art slain, and in thy fall
The drooping kingdom suffers all.

Thor. This we will do ; we'll daily come
And offer tears upon thy tomb ;
And if that they will not suffice,
Thou shalt have souls for sacrifice.
In thy peace, while we with spice perfume thee,
Cedar wash thee, that no times consume thee.

Live, live thou dost, and shalt, for why ?
Souls do not with their bodies die ;
Gnoble offsprings, they may fall
Into the flames of funeral :
When as the chosen seed shall spring
Fresh, and forever flourishing.

And times to come shall, weeping, read thy
glory,
In these marble stones, than in thy story.

CCCCXLIV.

UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE.

Thus I
 Pass by,
 And die,
 As one
 Unknown
 And gone :
 I'm made
 A shade,
 And laid
 I'th grave,
 There have
 My cave :
 Where tell
 I dwell,
 Farewell.

CCCCXLV.

UPON HIMSELF.

Come, leave this loathed country-life, and then
 Grow up to be a Roman citizen.
 Those mites of time, which yet remain unspent,
 Waste thou in that most civil government.
 Get their compartment, and the gliding tongue
 Of those mild men thou art to live among ;
 Then being seated in that smoother sphere,
 Decree thy everlasting topic there ;
 And to the farm-house ne'er return at all,
 Though granges do not love thee, cities shall.

CCCCXLVI.

LEPROSY IN CLOTHES.

When flowing garments I behold,
Inspir'd with purple, pearl, and gold ;
I think no other, but I see
In them a glorious leprosy,
That does infect, and make the rent
More mortal in the vestiment,
As flowery vestures do descry
The wearer's rich immodesty ;
So plain and simple clothes do show
Where virtue walks, not those that flow.

CCCCXLVII.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESS SUSANNA
HERRICK.

When I consider, dearest, thou dost stay
But here awhile, to languish and decay ;
Like to these garden glories, which here be
The flow'ry sweet resemblances of thee :
With grief of heart, methinks, I thus do cry,
Would thou had'st ne'er been born, or might'st not
die.

CCCCXLVIII.

THE RAINBOW.

Look how the rainbow doth appear
But in one only hemisphere ;
So likewise after our decease,
No more is seen the arch of peace.
That cov'nant's here, the under-bow,
That nothing shoots, but war and woe.

CCCCLIX.

THE DREAM.

By dream, I saw one of the three
 Sisters of Fate appear to me.
 Close by my bed's side she did stand,
 Showing me there a firebrand :
 She told me, too, as that did spend,
 So drew my life unto an end.
 Three-quarters were consum'd of it ;
 Only remain'd a little bit,
 Which will be burnt up by and by ;
 Then Julia, weep, for I must die.

CCCL.

THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A man prepar'd against all ills to come,
 That dares to dread the fire of martyrdom ;
 That sleeps at home, and sailing there at ease,
 Fears not the fierce sedition of the seas ;
 That's counter-proof against the farm's mishaps,
 Undreadful too of courtly thunderclaps ;
 That wears one face, like heaven, and never shows
 A change, when fortune either comes or goes ;
 That keeps his own strong guard, in the despite
 Of what can hurt by day, or harm by night ;
 That takes and re-delivers every stroke
 Of chance, as made up all of rock and oak ;
 That sighs at other's death, smiles at his own
 Most dire and horrid crucifixion.
 Who for true glory suffers thus, we grant
 Him to be here our Christian militant.

CCCCLI.

S LACHRYMÆ, OR MIRTH TURNED TO MOURNING.

Call me no more,
 As heretofore,
 The music of a feast;
 Since now, alas,
 The mirth that was
 In me, is dead or ceas'd.

Before I went
 To banishment
 Into the loathed West,
 I could rehearse
 A lyric verse,
 And speak it with the best.

But time, ah me!
 Has laid, I see,
 My organ fast asleep:
 And turn'd my voice
 Into the noise
 Of those that sit and weep.

CCCCLII.

ON HIMSELF.

Ask me why I do not sing
 To the tension of the string,
 As I did not long ago,
 When my numbers full did flow?
 Grief, ah me! hath struck my lute,
 And my tongue at one time mute.

CCCCLIII.

TO THE YEW AND THE CYPRESS TO GRACE HIS
FUNERAL.

Both you two have
Relation to the grave;
And where
The funeral-trump sounds, you are there.

I shall be made
Ere long a fleeting shade;
Pray come,
And do some honour to my tomb.

Do not deny
My last request, for I
Will be
Thankful to you, or friends, for me.

CCCCLIV.

ON HIMSELF.

A wearied pilgrim I have wandered here,
Twice five-and-twenty, bate me but one year;
Long I have lasted in this world, 'tis true,
But yet those years that I have liv'd, but few.
Who by his grey hairs doth his lustres tell,
Lives not those years, but he that lives them well
One man has reach'd his sixty years, but he
Of all those three-score has not liv'd half three:
He lives who lives to virtue; men who cast
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

CCCCLV.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

A master of a house, as I have read,
Must be the first man up, and last in bed ;
With the sun rising he must walk his grounds ;
See this, view that, and all the other bounds ;
Shut every gate, mend every hedge that's torn,
Either with old, or plant therein new thorn ;
Tread o'er his glebe, but with such care, that where
He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

CCCCLVI.

ON HIMSELF.

If that my fate has now fulfill'd my year,
And so soon stopp'd my longer living here ;
What was't, ye gods, a dying man to save,
But while he met with his paternal grave ;
Though while we living 'bout the world do roam,
We love to rest in peaceful urns at home,
Where we may snug and close together lie,
By the dead bones of our dear ancestry.

CCCCLVII.

PURPOSES.

No wrath of men, or rage of seas
Can shake a just man's purposes ;
No threats of tyrants, or the grim
Visage of them can alter him ;
But what he doth at first intend,
That he holds firmly to the end.

CCCLVIII.

HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL; OR FAIR AFTER
FOUL WEATHER.

What though the heaven be low'ring now,
And look with a contracted brow?
We shall discover, by and by,
A repurgation of the sky;
And when those clouds away are driven,
Then will appear a cheerful heaven.

CCCLIX.

CHANGE COMMON TO ALL.

All things subject are to Fate;
Whom this morn sees most fortunate
The ev'ning sees in poor estate.

CCCLX.

COMFORT TO A LADY UPON THE DEATH OF HER
HUSBAND.

Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrow's rain;
Since clouds dispers'd, suns gild the air again.
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boil;
But turn soon after calm, as balm or oil.
Winds have their time to rage, but when they cease,
The leafy trees nod in a still-born peace.
Your storm is over; Lady, now appear
Like to the peeping spring-time of the year.
Off then with grave-clothes, put fresh colours on;
And flow, and flame, in your vermillion.
Upon your cheek sat icicles awhile;
Now let the rose reign like a queen, and smile.

CCCCLXI.

HIS WISH TO PRIVACY.

Give me a cell
To dwell,
Where no foot hath
A path ;
There will I spend,
And end
My wearied years
In tears.

CCCCLXII.

TO BIANCHA.

Ah Biancha ! now I see
It is noon, and past, with me ;
In a while it will strike one,
Then, Biancha, I am gone.
Some effusions let me have
Offer'd on my holy grave ;
Then, Biancha, let me rest
With my face towards the east.

CCCCLXIII.

CONTENT, NOT CATES.

'Tis not the food, but the content
That makes the table's merriment.
Where trouble serves the board, we eat
The platters there as soon as meat.
A little pipkin with a bit
Of mutton, or of veal in it,
Set on my table, trouble-free,
More than a feast contenteth me.

CCCCLXIV.

AN HYMN TO THE MUSES

Honour to you who sit
Near to the well of wit,
And drink your fill of it!

Glory and worship be
To you, sweet maids, thrice three,
Who still inspire me;

And teach me how to sing,
Unto the lyric string,
My measures ravishing!

Then while I sing your praise,
My priesthood crown with bays,
Green to the end of days!

CCCCLXV.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH

Though clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
A cock
I have to sing how day draws on:
I have
A maid, my Prew, by good luck sent,
To save
That little, Fates me gave or lent:
A hen
I keep, which, creaking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay:

A goose
 I have, which, with a jealous care,
 Lets loose
 Her tongue, to tell what danger's near :
 A lamb
 I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
 Whose dam
 An orphan left him lately dead :
 A cat
 I keep, that plays about my house,
 Grown fat
 With eating many a miching mouse :
 To these
 A Tracy* I do keep, whereby
 I please
 The more my rural privacy :
 Which are
 But toys, to give my heart some ease.
 Where care
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

*His spaniel.

CCCCLXVI.

TO FORTUNE.

Tumble me down, and I will sit
 Upon my ruins, smiling yet ;
 Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
 Patient to my necessity ;
 Laugh at my scraps of clothes, and shun
 Me as a fear'd infection ;
 Yet scare-crow like I'll walk, as one
 Neglecting thy derision.

CCCLXVII.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE

'Tis not every day that I
 Fitted am to prophesy;
 No, but when the spirit fills
 The fantastic pannicles,
 Full of fire, then I write
 As the Godhead doth indite.
 Thus enrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
 Like the Sibyl's, through the world
 Look how next the holy fire
 Either slakes, or doth retire;
 So the fancy cools, till when
 That brave spirit comes again.

CCCLXVIII.

HIS RETURN TO LONDON.

From the dull confines of the drooping west,
 To see the day spring from the pregnant east,
 Ravish'd in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly
 To thee, blest place of my nativity!
 Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
 With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
 O fruitful genius! that bestowest here
 An everlasting plenty year by year;
 O place! O people! manners! fram'd to please
 All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
 I am a free-born Roman; suffer then
 That I amongst you live a citizen.
 London my home is; though by hard fate sent
 Into a long and irksome banishment;

Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
 O native country, repossess'd by thee!
 For rather than I'll to the west return,
 I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
 Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
 Give thou my sacred reliques burial.

CCCCLXIX.

THE INVITATION.

To sup with you you did me home invite,
 And mad'st a promise that my appetite
 Should meet and tire, on such luscious meat,
 The like no Heliogabalus did eat;
 And richer wine would'st give to me, thy guest,
 Than Roman Sylla pour'd out at his feast.
 I came, 'tis true, and look'd for fowl of price,
 The bastard Phœnix, bird of Paradise;
 And for no less than aromatic wine
 Of maiden-blush, commix'd with jessamine.
 Clean was the hearth, the mantle larded jet,
 Which wanting Lar and smoke, hung weeping wet;
 At last, i'th noon of winter, did appear
 A ragg'd sous'd neat's foot with sick vinegar;
 And in a burnish'd flagonet, stood by
 Beer small as comfort, dead as charity:
 At which amaz'd, and pond'ring on the food,
 How cold it was, and how it chill'd my blood;
 I curs'd the master, and I damn'd the souse,
 And swore I'd got the ague of the house.
 Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
 I'll bring a fever, since thou keep'st no fire.

CCCLXX.

PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

You see this gentle stream that glides,
 Shov'd on by quick succeeding tides ;
 Try if this sober stream you can
 Follow to th' wilder ocean ;
 And see, if there it keeps unspent
 In that congesting element :
 Next, from that world of waters, then
 By pores and caverns back again
 Induc'd that inadulterate same
 Stream to the spring from whence it came :
 This with a wonder when ye do,
 As easy, and else easier too,
 Then may ye recollect the grains
 Of my particular remains,
 After a thousand lustres hurl'd,
 By ruffling winds, about the world.

CCCCLXXI.

TO SILVIA.

No more, my Silvia, do I mean to pray
 For those good days that ne'er will come away :
 I want belief ; O, gentle Silvia, be
 The patient saint, and send up vows for me.

CCCCLXXII.

FELICITY KNOWS NO FENCE.

Of both our fortunes, good and bad, we find
 Prosperity more searching of the mind :
 Felicity flies o'er the wall and fence,
 While misery keeps in with patience.

MORAL AND PATHETIC.

CCCCLXXIII.

THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

The Gods require the thighs
Of beeves for sacrifice ;
Which roasted, we the steam
Must sacrifice to them ;
Who, though they do not eat,
Yet love the smell of meat.

CCCCLXXIV.

THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

Our household gods our parents be,
And manners good require, that we
The first fruits give to them, who gave
Us hands to get what here we have.

CCCCLXXV.

LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

This is the height of justice, that to do
Thyself, which thou put'st other men unto.
As great men lead, the meaner follow on,
Or to the good or evil action.

CCCCLXXVI.

ALL THINGS DECAY AND DIE.

All things decay with time: The forest sees
The growth and downfall of her aged trees ;
That timber tall, which three-score lustres stood
The proud dictator of the state-like wood ;
[mean the sovereign of all plants, the oak
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

CCCLXXVII.

A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLY
SENT TO A LADY.

A little saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine ;
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil ;
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head ;
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearch best fits my little fire,
A little chapel fits a little choir ;
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float ;
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell you,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

CCCLXXVIII.

HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

You ask me what I do, and how I live ?
And, noble friend, this answer I must give :
Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,
O'er which you'll walk when I am laid beneath.

CCCCXXIX.

CHEERFULNESS IN CHARITY ; OR THE
SWEET SACRIFICE.

'Tis not a thousand bullocks' thighs,
Can please those heavenly deities ;
If the vower don't express
In his offering, cheerfulness.

CCCLXXX.

ON HIMSELF.

I'll sing no more, nor will I longer write
Of that sweet lady, or that gallant knight ;
I'll sing no more of frosts, snows, dews, and showers ;
No more of groves, meads, springs, and wreaths of
flowers ;
I'll write no more, nor will I tell or sing
Of Cupid, and his witty coz'ning ;
I'll sing no more of death, or shall the grave
No more my dirges and my trentals have.

CCCLXXXI.

LIFE IS THE BODY'S LIGHT.

Life is the body's light ; which once declining,
Those crimson clouds i' th' cheeks and lips leave
shining ;
Those counter-changed tabbies in the air,
The sun once set, all of one colour are ;
So, when death comes, fresh tinctures lose their
place
And dismal darkness then doth smutch the face.

CCCLXXXII.

HAPPINESS TO HOSPITALITY, OR A HEARTY WISH
TO GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING.

First, may the hand of bounty bring
 Into the daily offering
 Of full provision such a store,
 Till that the cook cries, Bring no more :
 Upon your hogsheads never fall
 A drought of wine, ale, beer, at all ;
 But, like full clouds, may they from thence
 Diffuse their mighty influence.
 Next, let the lord and lady here
 Enjoy a christening year by year ;
 And this good blessing back them still,
 T' have boys and girls too, as they will ;
 Then from the porch may many a bride
 Unto the holy temple ride,
 And thence return, short prayers said,
 A wife most richly married.
 Last, may the bride and bridegroom be
 Untouch'd by cold sterility ;
 But in their springing blood so play,
 As that in lustres few they may,
 By laughing too, and laying down,
 People a city or a town.

CCCLXXXIII.

HASTE HURTFUL.

Haste is unhappy : what we rashly do
 Is both unlucky, aye, and foolish too :
 Where war with rashness is attempted, there
 The soldiers leave the field with equal fear.

CCCCLXXXIV.

THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DISCOURSE BETWIXT
HIMSELF AND JULIA.

Herr. Come and let's in solemn wise
Both address to sacrifice ;
Old religion first commands
That we wash our hearts and hands.
Is the beast exempt from stain,
Altar clean, no fire profane ?
Are the garlands, is the nard
Ready here ? *Jul.* All well prepar'd,
With the wine that must be shed,
'Twixt the horns, upon the head
Of the holy beast we bring
For our trespass-offering.

Herr. All is well: now, next to these,
Put we on pure surplices ;
And with chaplets crown'd, we'll roast
With perfumes the holocaust ;
And, while we the gods invoke,
Read acceptance by the smoke.

CCCCLXXXV.

TO HIS FRIEND, TO AVOID CONTENTION OF WORDS.

Words beget anger ; anger brings forth blows ;
Blows make of dearest friends immortal foes ;
For which prevention, Society, let there be
Betwixt us two no more logomachy.
Far better 'twere for either to be mute,
Than for to murder friendship by dispute.

HESPERIDES.

CCCCLXXXVI.

THE TRANSMUTATION.

Immortal clothing I put on,
So soon as, Julia, I am gone
To mine eternal mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to human sight,
Cloth'd all with incorrupted light;
But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set
In thy refulgent thronelet,
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit?

CCCCCLXXXVII.

JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION.

Put on thy holy fillitings, and so
To th' temple with the sober midwife go:
Attended thus, in a most solemn wise,
By those who serve the child-bed mysteries,
Burn first thine incense; next, when as thou see'st
The candid stole thrown o'er the pious priest,
With reverend curtsies come, and to him bring
Thy free, and not decurted offering.
All rites well ended, with fair auspice come,
As to the breaking of a bride-cake, home;
Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee
Provide a second epithalamie.
She who keeps chastely to her husband's side
Is not for one, but every night his bride;
And stealing still with love and fear to bed,
Brings him not one but many a maidenhead.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

TO THE PASSENGER.

If I lie unburied, sir,
 These, my reliques, pray inter;
 'Tis religious part to see
 Stones or turfs to cover me.
 One word more I had to say,
 But it skills not; go your way;
 He that waits a burial room,
 For a stone, has Heaven his tomb.

CCCCLXXXIX.

P U R G A T O R Y.

Readers, we entreat ye pray
 For the soul of Lucia;
 That in little time she be
 From her Purgatory free:
 In th' interim she desires
 That your tears may cool her fires.

CCCCXC.

HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

Dearest of thousands, now the time draws near,
 That with my lines my life must full-stop here;
 Cut off thy hairs, and let thy tears be shed
 Over my turf, when I am buried.
 Then for effusions, let none wanting be,
 Or other rites that do belong to me;
 As love shall help thee, when thou do'st go hence
 Unto thy everlasting residence.

CCCCXCI.

POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

Here I myself might likewise die,
 And utterly forgotten lie,
 But that eternal poetry,
 Repullulation gives me here,
 Unto the thirtieth thousand year,
 When all now dead shall re-appear.

CCCCXCII.

TO ANTHEA.

Anthea, I am going hence
 With some small stock of innocence;
 But yet those blessed gates I see
 Withstanding entrance unto me:
 To pray for me do thou begin,
 The porter then will let me in.

CCCCXCIII.

THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

Thou hast made many houses for the dead;
 When my lot calls me to be buried,
 For love or pity, prithee let there be
 I'th' churchyard made one tenement for me.

CCCCXCIV.

CROSSES.

Our crosses are no other than the rods,
 And our diseases vultures of the gods;
 Each grief we feel, that likewise is a kite
 Sent forth by them, our flesh to eat or bite.

CCCCXCV.

THE HONEY-COMB.

If thou hast found an honey-comb,
 Eat thou not all, but taste on some ;
 For if thou eatest to excess,
 That sweetness turns to loathsomeness :
 Taste it to temper ; then 'twill be
 Marrow and manna unto thee.

CCCCXCVI.

OUT OF TIME OR TUNE.

We blame, nay, we despise her pains,
 That wets her garden when it rains ;
 But when the drought has dried the knot,
 Then let her use the watering-pot :
 We pray for showers, at our need,
 To drench, but not to drown our seed.

CCCCXCVII.

R E V E N G E .

Man's disposition is for to requite
 An injury before a benefit ;
 Thanksgiving is a burden and a pain ;
 Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gain.

CCCCXCVIII.

SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

Fortune rend thee? Bear with thy hard fate ;
 Harsh instructions ne'er are delicate.
 Does she frown? Still countermand her threats ;
 She best loves those children that she beats.

CCCCXCIX.

TO JULIA.

Help me, Julia, for to pray,
 Matins sing, or matins say;
 This I know, the fiend will fly
 Far away, if thou beest by:
 Bring the holy water hither;
 Let us wash and pray together;
 When our beads are thus united,
 Then the foe will fly affrighted.

D.

CRUTCHES.

Thou seest me, Lucia, this year droop;
 Three zodiacs fill'd more, I shall stoop;
 Let crutches then provided be,
 To shore up my debility:
 Then, while thou laugh'st, I'll sighing cry,
 A ruin underpropt am I:
 Down will I then my beadsman's gown,
 And when so feeble I am grown,
 As my weak shoulders cannot bear
 The burden of a grasshopper;
 Yet with the bench of aged sires,
 When I and they keep tearfully fires,
 With my weak voice I'll sing, or say
 Some odes I made of Lucia;
 Then will I heave my wither'd hand
 To Jove the mighty, for to stand
 Thy faithful friend, and to pour down
 Upon them many a benizon.

DI.

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS
FATHER.

That for seven lustres I did never come
To do the rites to thy religious tomb ;
That neither hair was cut, or true tears shed
By me, o'er thee, as justments to the dead ;
Forgive, forgive me ; since I did not know
Whether thy bones had here their rest or no.
But now 'tis known, behold, behold I bring
Unto thy ghost, th' effused offering :
And look, what smallage, night-shade, cypress, yew,
Unto the shades have been, or now are due,
Here I devote ; and something more than so ;
I come to pay a debt of birth I own.
Thou gav'st me life, but mortal ; for that one
Favour I'll make full satisfaction ;
For my life mortal, rise from out thy hearse,
And take a life immortal from my verse.

DII.

TO ANTHEA.

Now is the time when all the lights wax dim ;
And thou, Anthea, must withdraw from him
Who was thy servant : Dearest, bury me
Under that holy-oak, or gospel-tree ;
Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st think upon
Me, when thou yearly go'st procession ;
Or, for mine honour, lay me in that tomb
In which thy sacred reliques shall have room :
For my embalming, sweetest, there will be
No spices wanting when I'm laid by thee.

HESPERIDES.

DIII.

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON.

More discontents I never had,
Since I was born, than here ;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devon-shire.
Yet, justly too, I must confess,
I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the press,
Than were I loath'd so much.

DIV.

TO PERILLA.

Oh, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee ?
Age calls me hence, and my grey hairs bid come
And haste away to mine eternal home :
'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
That I must give thee the supremest kiss :
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
Part of the cream from that religious spring,
With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet ;
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs, when thou didst im-
plore
The gods' protection but the night before ;
Follow me weeping to my turf, and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear ;
Then lastly, let some weekly strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me !
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

DV.

GOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

What needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints
In endless mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth ;
She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears ;
Nor does she mind,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind :
But chang'd above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy love.
Forbear, therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

DVI.

HIS DESIRE.

Give me a man that is not dull,
When all the world with rifts is full ;

But unamaz'd dares clearly sing,
 When as the roof's a tottering ;
 And though it falls, continues still
 Tickling the Cittern with his quill.

DVII.

TO PERENNA.

I a dirge will pen for thee ;
 Thou a trental make for me ;
 That the monks and friars together,
 Here may sing the rest of either :
 Next, I'm sure, the nuns will have
 Candlemas to grace the grave.

DVIII.

CONFORMITY.

Conformity was ever known
 A foe to dissolution ;
 Nor can we that a ruin call,
 Whose crack gives crushing unto all.

DIX.

HIS CAVALIER.

Give me that man that dares bestride
 The active sea-horse, and with pride,
 Through that huge field of waters ride :
 Who with his looks too, can appease
 The ruffling winds and raging seas,
 In mids't of all their outrages.
 This, this a virtuous man can do,
 Sail against rocks, and split them too ;
 Aye, and a world of pikes pass through.

DX.

TO LAURELS.

A funeral stone
Or verse, I covet none ;
But only crave
Of you, that I may have
A sacred laurel springing from my grave ;
Which being seen,
Blest with perpetual green,
May grow to be
Not so much call'd a tree,
As the eternal monument of me:

DXI.

TO PERENNA, A MISTRESS.

Dear Perenna, prithee come,
And with smallage dress my tomb ;
Add a cypress sprig thereto
With a tear, and so adieu.

DXII.

THE PLAUDIT, OR END OF LIFE.

It after rude and boisterous seas,
My wearied pinnace here finds ease ;
If so it be I've gain'd the shore ;
With safety of a faithful oar ;
If having run my barque on ground,
Ye see the aged vessel crown'd ;
What's to be done ? but on the sands
Ye dance and sing, and now clap hands.
The first act's doubtful, but we say,
It is the last commends the play.

DXIII.

UPON MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF
AMARILLIS.

Sweet Amarillis, by a spring's
Soft and soul-melting murmurings,
Slept; and thus sleeping, thither flew
A Robin-red breast; who at view,
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and moss to cover her:
But while he, perking, there did pry
About the arch of either eye,
The lid began to let out day,
At which poor Robin flew away;
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd,
He chirpt for joy, to see himself deceiv'd.

DXIV.

HIS WISH.

It is sufficient if we pray
To Jove, who gives and takes away;
Let him the land and living find;
Let me alone to fit the mind.

DXV.

TO ROBIN RED-BREAST.

Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be
With leaves and moss-work for to cover me;
And while the wood-nymphs my cold corse inter.
Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister.
For epitaph, in foliage, next write this:
Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is!

DXVI.

FAIR SHOWS DECEIVE.

Smooth was the sea, and seem'd to call
To pretty girls to play withall ;
Who paddling there, the sea soon frown'd,
And on a sudden both were drown'd.
What credit can we give to seas,
Who, kissing, kill such saints as these ?

DXVII.

THE BEGGAR.

Shall I a daily beggar be,
For love's sake asking alms of thee ?
Still shall I crave, and never get
A hope of my desired bit ?
Ah, cruel maids ! I'll go my way ;
Whereas, perchance, my fortunes may
Find out a threshold or a door,
That may far sooner speed the poor :
Where thrice we knock, and none will hear.
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

DXVIII.

HIS CHANGE.

My many cares, and much distress,
Has made me like a wilderness ;
Or, discompos'd, I'm like a rude,
And all confused multitude ;
Out of my comely manners worn,
And as in means, in mind all torn.

DXIX.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

Good morrow to the day so fair ;
 Good morning, sir, to you ;
 Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
 Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morning to this primrose too ;
 Good morrow to each maid ;
 That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,
 Wherein my love is laid.

Ah ! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
 Alack, and well-a-day !
 For pity, sir, find out that bee,
 Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave ;
 I'll seek him in your eyes ;
 Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
 I'th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there :- I know, ere this,
 The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;
 But I will go, or send a kiss
 By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,
 He knows well who do love him ;
 And who with green turfs rear his head,
 And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home; but 'tis decreed,
That I shall never find him.

DXX.

A VOW TO MARS.

Store of courage to me grant,
Now I'm turn'd a combatant;
Help me, so that I my shield,
Fighting lose not in the field.
That's the greatest shame of all,
That in warfare can befall.
Do but this, and there shall be
Offer'd up a wolf for thee.

DXXI.

UPON MAN.

Man is compos'd here of a twofold part;
The first of nature, and the next of art;
Art presupposes nature; nature she
Prepares the way for man's docility.

DXXII.

EVEN-SONG.

Begin with *Jove*; then is the work half done,
And runs most smoothly when 'tis well begun.
Jove's is the first and last; the morn's his due
The midst is thine, but *Jove's* the evening too,
As sure a matins does to him belong,
So sure he lays claim to the even-song.

HESPERIDES.

DXXIII.

LIBERTY.

Those ills that mortal men enquire,
 So long are capable of cure,
 As they of freedom may be sure :
 But that deny'd ; a grief, though small,
 Shakes the whole roof, or ruins all.

DXXIV.

NO WANT WHERE THERE'S LITTLE.

To bread and water none is poor ;
 And having these, what need of more ?
 Though much from out the cess be spent,
 Nature with little is content.

DXXV.

CLEMENCY.

For punishment in war, it will suffice,
 If the chief author of the faction dies ;
 Let but few smart, but strike a fear through all ;
 Where the fault springs, there let the judgment fall.

DXXVI.

PRAY AND PROSPER.

First offer incense, then thy field and meads
 Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.
 The spangling dew dredg'd o'er the grass shall be
 Turn'd all to meal and manna there for thee.
 Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil,
 Shall run as rivers all throughout thy soil ;
 Would'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mould ?
 Pray nce, twice pray, and turn thy ground to gold.

DXXVII.

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN, HER SICKNESS.

Prue, my dearest maid, is sick,
Almost to be lunatic :
Æsculapius ! come and bring
Means for her recovering ;
And a gallant cock shall be
Offer'd up by her to thee.

DXXVIII.

UPON JULIA'S ALMS.

See how the poor do waiting stand
For the expansion of thy hand.
A wafer doled by thee will swell
Thousands to feed by miracle.

DXXIX.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

When I departed am, ring thou my knell,
Thou pitiful and pretty Philomel ;
And when I'm laid out for a corse, then be
Thou sexton, Red-breast, for to cover me.

DXXX.

TO JULIA IN THE TEMPLE.

Besides us two, i' th' Temple here's not one
To make up now a congregation,
Let's to the altar of perfumes then go,
And say short prayers : and when we have done so,
Then we shall see, how in a little space
Saints will come in to fill each pew and place.

DXXXI.

MATINS, OR MORNING PRAYER.

When with the virgin morning thou do'st rise,
 Crossing thyself, come thus to sacrifice ;
 First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring
 Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing.
 Next to the altar humbly kneel, and thence
 Give up thy soul in clouds of frankincense.
 Thy golden censors fill'd with odours sweet,
 Thall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

DXXXII.

LITTLENESS NO CAUSE OF LEANNESS.

One feeds on lard, and yet is lean ;
 And I, but feasting with a bean,
 Grow fat and smooth : The reason is,
 Jove prospers my meat more than his.

DXXXIII.

THE COMING OF GOOD-LUCK.

So good-luck came, and on my roof did light,
 Like noiseless snow, or as the dew of night ;
 Not all at once, but gently, as the trees
 Are, by the sun-beams, tickled by degrees.

DXXXIV.

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS FINGER.

One of the five straight branches of my hand
 Is lopt already : and the rest but stand
 Expecting when to fall ; which soon will be :
 First dies the leaf, the bough next, next the tree.

DXXXV.

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.

Here, here I live with what my board
 Can with the smallest cost afford ;
 Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
 They will content my Prew and me :
 Or pea or bean, or wort or beet,
 Whatever comes, content makes sweet.
 Here we rejoice, because no rent
 We pay for our poor tenement ;
 Wherein we rest, and never fear
 The landlord or the usurer.
 The quarter-day does ne'er affright
 Our peaceful slumbers in the night ;
 We eat our own, and batten more,
 Because we feed on no man's score ;
 But pity those whose flanks grow great,
 Swell'd with the lard of other's meat.
 We bless our fortunes when we see
 Our own beloved privacy ;
 And like our living, where w'are known
 To very few or else to none.

DXXXVI.

ON HIMSELF.

e work is done ; young men and maidens set
 on my curls the myrtle coronet,
 ash'd with sweet ointments ; thus at last I come
 suffer in the muses' martyrdom ;
 with this comfort, if my blood be shed,
 e muses will wear black, when I am dead.

HESPERIDES.

DXXXVII.

HIS WINDING-SHEET.

Come thou, who art the wine and wit
Of all I've writ ;
The grace, the glory, and the best
Piece of the rest ;
Thou art of what I did intend
The all, and end ;
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee my sheet ;
Come then, and be to my chaste side
Both bed and bride.
We two, as reliques left, will have
One rest, one grave ;
And, hugging close, we will not fear
Lust entering here ;
Where all desires are dead or cold,
As is the mould ;
And all affections are forgot,
Or troubled not.
Here, here the slaves and pris'ners be
From shackles free ;
And weeping widows, long opprest,
Do here find rest.
The wronged client ends his laws
Here, and his cause ;
Here those long suits of Chancery lie
Quiet, or die ;
And all Star-chamber bills do cease,
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no court for our request,
Where all are best ;

All wise, all equal, and all just
 Alike i'th' dust.
 Nor need we here to fear the frown
 Of court or crown ;
 Where fortune bears no sway o'er things,
 There all are kings.
 In this securer place we'll keep,
 As lull'd asleep ;
 Or for a little time we'll lie,
 As robes laid by,
 To be another day re-worn,
 Turn'd but not torn ;
 Or like old testaments engross'd,
 Lock'd up, not lost ;
 And for a while lie here conceal'd,
 To be reveal'd
 Next, at that great Platonic year,
 And then meet here.

DXXXVIII.

THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

After thy labour, take thine ease
 Here with the sweet Pierides.
 But if so be that men will not
 Give thee the laurel crown for lot,
 Be yet assur'd thou shalt have one
 Not subject to corruption.

DXXXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

Some parts may perish, die thou cans't not all ;
The most of thee shall 'scape the funeral.

DXL.

TO THE LADY CREW, UPON THE DEATH OF HER
CHILD.

Why, Madam, will ye longer weep,
When as your baby's lull'd asleep?
And, pretty child, feels now no more
Those pains it lately felt before.
All now is silent; groans are fled;
Your child lies still, yet is not dead:
But rather like a flower hid here,
To spring again another year.

DXLI.

HIS WISH.

Fat be my hind; unlearned be my wife;
Peaceful my night; my day devoid of strife:
To these a comely offspring I deaire,
Singing about my everlasting fire.

DXLII.

A MEAN IN OUR MEANS.

Though frankincense the deities require,
We must not give all to the hallowed fire.
Such be our gifts, and such be our expense.
As for ourselves to leave some frankincense.

DXLIII.

ON HIMSELF.

I'll write no more of love, but now repent
Of all those times that I in it have spent.
I'll write no more of life, but wish 'twas ended,
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

DXLIV.

TO SPRINGS AND FOUNTAINS.

I heard ye could cool heat ; and came
 With hope you would allay the same ;
 Thrice I have wash'd, but feel no cold,
 Nor find that true which was foretold,
 Methinks, like mine, your pulses beat,
 And labour with unequal heat ;
 Cure, cure yourselves, for I descry
 Ye boil with love as well as I.

DXLV.

THE WATCH.

Man is a watch, wound up at first, but never
 Wound up again ; once down, he's down for ever ;
 The watch once down, all motions then do cease :
 The man's pulse stopt, all passions sleep in peace.

DXLVI.

REST REFRESHES.

Lay by the good a while ; a resting field
 Will after ease, a richer harvest yield ;
 Trees this year bear ; next, they their wealth withhold ;
 Continual reaping makes a land wax old.

DXLVII.

THE END OF HIS WORK.

Part of the work remains, one part is past
 And here my ship rides, having anchor cast.

DXLVIII.

TO CROWN IT.

My wearied bark, O let it now be crown'd!
The haven reach'd to which I first was bound,

DXLIX.

HIS PILLAR OF FAME.

Fame's pillar here at last we set,
Out-during marble, brass, or jet;
Charm'd, and enchanted so,
As to withstand the blow
Nor shall the seas,
Of overthrow:
Or outrages
Of storms, o'erbear
What we uprear:
Tho' kingdoms fall;
This pillar never shall
Decline, or waste at all;
But stand for ever by his own
Firm, and well-fix'd foundation.

To his Book's end, this last line he'd have plac'd:
Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste.

INDEX TO VOL. I.

A bachelor I will	9
A crystal vial Cupid brought	8
A golden fly once shewed to me	16
A gyges ring they bear about them still	19
A sweet disorder in the dress	5
A willow garland thou didst send	11
About the sweet bag of the bee	17
Ah, Ben	15
Ah, cruel love, must I endure	10
Ah, me! I love; give him your hand to kiss	13
Ah, my Anthea! must my heart still break?	5
Alas! I can't, for tell me how	14
Am I despised, because you say	6
Among the myrtles as I walk'd	7
Among thy fancies tell me this	8
And, cruel maid, because I see	6
And must we part, because, some say	7
Angry if Irene be	12
Anthea laugh'd, and fearing lest excess	14
Anthea bade me tie her shoe	9
As Julia once a slumbering lay	18
As lately I a garland bound	4
As shews the air, when with a rainbow grac'd	5
Ask me why I send you here	7
A way with silks, away with lawn	13
<i>Bacchus</i> , let me drink no more	16
<i>Be bold</i> , my book, nor be abashed, or fear	3
<i>Be not</i> proud, but now incline	3
<i>Be the</i> mistress of my choice	3

INDEX.

Before the press scarce one could see	85
Begin to charm, and as thou strok'st mine ears	158
Bianca, let	79
Bid me to live, and I will live	68
Bind me but to thee with thine hair	184
Blessings in abundance came	198
Born I was to be old	189
Born I was to meet with age	163
Breathe, Julia, breathe, and I'll protest	113
Bring me my rose-buds, drawer, come	167
Brisk methinks I am and fine	164
Burn or drown me, choos' ye whether	116
By the next kindling of the day	59
By those soft tods of wool	121
Charm me asleep, and melt me so	168
Charms that call down the moon out of her sphere	167
Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe (I cry)	44
Choose me your valentine	90
Clear are her eyes	129
Come, come away	83
Come sit we under yonder tree	76
Come thou not near those men who are like bread	35
Come, Anthea, know thou this	89
Come, bring your sampler, and with art	96
Come then, and like two doves with silver wings	176
Cupid, as he lay among	191
Cynthus, pluck ye by the ear	64
Dear, though to part it be a hell	92
Dew sat on Julia's hair	103
Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me	192
Drink wine, and live here blitheful while ye may	171
Drink up	168
Droop, droop no more, or hang the head	46
Drowning, drowning I espy	139

INDEX.

thing time-past so known, so dear . . .	182
ty bowl	156
crystal; thus, and thus	184
ugh I be grey	74
ress, pretty pilfering bee	99
arms, and hang thine head	47
who never know	166
never care	89
ning, Julia, do but this	185
Julia threw a lace	100
nce these were	136
ilvia ran away	118
le to your home	
ding hand of mine	42
buds while ye may	74
and give me meat	157
ss	47
od that satisfies a guest	167
treams, and bear	131
, and interwove	58
with this parting kiss	148
my book, though late	33
in an art	29
ove a girl	152
for use or show	40
r I this day	64
sight	142
, with much delight	112
t love must be	53
ly live; and eat	154
s, and I'll teach	124
me ! now I call	84
ow-worm lend thee	46
.	129
her bring	183

INDEX.

How love came in I do not know	50
How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art	95
How can I choose but love, and follow her	114
How fierce was I, when I did see	128
How am I ravish'd, when I do but see	134
How long, Perenna, wilt thou see	108
I am holy while I stand	1
I am sieve-like, and can hold	135
I am zealous; prithee pray	155
I ask'd thee oft what poets thou hast read	38
I brake thy bracelet 'gainst my will	122
I bring ye love. <i>Quest.</i> What will love do?	106
I burn, I burn, and beg of you	97
I call, I call; who do ye call?	116
I cannot love as I have lov'd before	169
I could but see thee yesterday	63
I could never love indeed	119
I could wish you all who love	100
I dare not ask a kiss	64
I dislik'd but even now	138
I do love, I know not what	115
I do not love, nor can it be	135
I dreamed we both were on a bed	55
I dreamt the roses one time went	51
I fear no earthly powers	162
I freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwells	91
I have lost, and lately, these	85
I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold	190
I held love's head while it did ache	109
I lately fried, but now behold	117
I must	170
I play'd with love as with the fire	125
I press'd my Julia's lips, and in the kiss	136
I saw a cherry weep, and why	81
I saw a fly, within a bead	167
I saw about her spotless wrist	108

INDEX.

ks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers	26
use, Iacchus	163
.	63
t, that I must see thee lie	34
'st the piece thou light'st on first	38
lea's breast	61
you your bridegroom kiss	196
nce	51
ause I'll give	36
thee; and thou no more shalt bear	91
ve; O, let me lie	132
ove bad me go	113
ings do not thou rehearse	39
ent pearls, of jet	83
ow what love will do	145
hese sometimes were	118
.	69
nce to die	37
oice engender with the string	190
l my Mistress be	114
rm, let me be fully fed	139
'e if I not love	142
he printing press run fast:	36
d while we may	194
e our time	190
Iymen, if agreed thou art	117
aste; use pleasures while we may;	157
ke time and play	164
h late, at last, my Silvia, wed:	50
e, my book, come forth at last	33
guish, violets look ill	144
h me, and thou shalt see	158
opho's lip, and you will swear	134
elf, believe me, on a day	87
me to a silent grove	121

INDEX.

; it best likes me	129	0. Jealousy, that
e thou shalt, when others die	40	0. You the virgin
k a gift	118	Oh, Jupiter! sho
oke	111	ffer thy gift: t
; and whoe'er we see	144	oft have I hear
my finger but did spare	103	Old wives have
, and must endure	72	One ask'd me
, as I do hear	113	One night in t
gets; then never be	83	One silent nig
gypsy, lately came	123	Orpheus he w
eggar came to me	107	Pardon my tr
ower of blossoms came	101	Permit me J
aven, and a loving kiss	43	Phœbus, wh
rcle, that doth restless move	133	Play Phœbu
	147	Ponder my
	50	Put on you
all me I am old	31	Rare are t'
ce away, and let one be	58	Reach wit
a heaven, and make me there	165	Roses at f
ht I saw, as I did dream in bed	41	Roses, yc
ht last night love in an anger came	30	Sappho.
Neptune, may it please	120	Sea-borr
es, like clouds, were drizzling rain	86	Seest th
hite than whitest lilies far	147	See'st t
thou queen of heaven, care-charming spell	78	See'st t
arest love, since thou wilt go	78	See an
thful friend, if you can see	130	Shall
ead doth ache	145	She b
ucia in the dew did go	124	She r
oul would one day go and seek	141	Sick
ght are all women; I say no	100	Sitti
fault in women, to refuse	67	So
unday and midnight shall at once be seen	105	So
t all thy flushing suns are set	102	So
w, if you love me, tell me	100	So
w is the time for mirth	100	So
w, now's the time, so oft by truth	100	So

INDEX.

, that art	52
virgins nine	31
! should I speak ill	143
!; but, first the law commands	186
heard both youths and virgins say	120
ave often told how they	171
is where the roses grew	43
in the year, my dearest beauties, come	194
light, of late	172
went, as poets tell	193
trespass, Silvia; I confess	146
Julia, now to go away	99
hen that I a verse	29
is, on thy lute	171
words, if so that any be	31
silks; and piece by piece	93
er cheeks, Susanna, which do show	129
your whiter hands to me	189
it were white	57
can never die	148
ill choose to go	53
idess, let me be	42
hat cloud, as silver clear?	134
that cloud that rides in state?	179
those diamonds which she wears?	112
see, and if thou chance t' espy	37
o Love, and t ^e l ^l	65
iver sat, and sitting there	193
son her cheeks, and weeping so	193
sea, sickly is the spring	82
e as one forsook	175
did not sing, or touch your lute	145
so sweet, so silvery is thy voice	54
ams meet, <i>so springs with gladder smile</i>	180
<i>mornings, when the sun</i>	130

INDEX.

looks Anthea, when in bed she lies	73	Three love
smell those odours that do rise	110	Thrice ha
some ask'd me where the rubies grew	90	Thy azur
Some salve to every sore we may apply	81	Thy soot
Some would know	96	Ths eve
Spring with the lark, most comely bride, and meet	207	To fetel
Stately Goddess, do thou please	44	To gar'
Stay while ye will, or go	86	To me
Sweet are my Julia's lips, and clean	141	To m
Sweet Bridget blush'd, and therewithal	81	Trus'
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes	80	Twa
Sweet Oenone, do but say	70	Und
Sweet Western wind, whose luck it is	25	Upo
Take mine advice, and go not near	137	Nir
Tell, if thou canst, and truly, whence doth come	45	Va
Tell me, what needs these rich deceits	140	W
That love last long, let it thy first care be	70	W
That hour-glass which there you see	36	W
The bound, almost, now of my book I see	143	W
The only comfort of my life	144	W
Then did I live when did see	146	W
These fresh beauties we can prove	114	W
These springs were maidens once that lov'd.	123	W
This day, my Julia, thou must make	96	W
Th'ast dared too far, but, Fury now forbear	35	W
Thou art a plant, sprung up to wither never	63	W
Thou art to all lost love the best	127	W
Thou gav'st me leave to kiss.	29	W
Thou mighty lord and master of the lyre	186	W
Thou know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turn	38	W
Thou say'st my lines are hard	135	W
Thou say'st I'm dull if edgeless so I be.	146	W
Thou say'st thou lov'st me Sappho; I say no;	197	W
Thou sent'st to me a true-love knot; but I	12	W
Thou, thou, that bear'st the sway		W
Though I cannot give thee fires		W

INDEX.

orking were	125
much graced, to have	65
ehold	61
esire	30
.	123
Lucia went	178
who went	90
sent	94
stimes must rise	192
her desp'rate fears	136
do	108
.	105
as more clear	49
cept, and from those showers	98
wn were these	194
ot bring	141
.	106
.	133
ne forth like public day	27
ntenance, till we bless	197
it now	105
drink his sack	178
is it in the	45
e	60
this, as some approve	159
en have got	37
.	85
n far	208
ulia goes	126
g was drown'd	97
is made me blind	93
spread	116
ne, I felt that smart	131
'er, I can't espy	91
rt shall hear	94

INDEX.

When I love, as some have told	37
When Julia blushes, she does show	100
When Julia chid, I stood as mute the while	90
When my off'ring next I make	160
When out of bed my love doth spring	130
When some shall say, fair once my Silvia was	140
When thou dost play and sweetly sing	120
When that day comes, whose evening says I'm gone	80
Whene'er my heart love's warmth but entertains	90
While, Lydia, I was loved of thee	170
While thou did'st keep thy candour undefiled	30
While Fate permits us, let's be merry	100
While the milder fates consent	150
White as Zenobia's teeth, the which the girls	130
Whither dost thou hurry me	140
Whither, say, whither shall I fly	80
Whither, mad maiden wilt thou roam	100
Who read'st this book that I have writ	
Whom should I fear to write to if I can	
Why dost thou wound and break my heart	
Why do not all fresh maids appear	
Why so slowly do you move	
Why I tie about thy wrist	
Will ye hear what I can say	
Would I see lawn, clear as the heaven, and thin	
Would I woo, and would I win	
Would ye oil of blossoms get	
Ye silent shades, whose each tree here	
You are a tulip seen to-day	
You have beheld a smiling rose	
You say I love not, 'cause I do not play	
You say to me-wards your affection's strong.	
You say you're sweet, how should we know	
Young I was, but now am old	

INDEX TO VOL. II.

A funeral stone	22
A little saint best fits a little shrine	21
A man prepared against a' ill to come	20
A master of a house as I have read	20
A wanton and lascivious eye	12
A wearied pilgrim I have wandered here	20
Adversity hurts none but only such	12
After the feast, my Shapcot, see	7
After the rare arch-poet Jonson died	15
After thy labours, take thine ease	23
Against diseases here the strongest fence	14
Ah, Bianca, now I see	20
Ah, Lycidas, come tell me why	5
Ah! my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see	22
Ah, Posthumous! our years hence fly	4
All are not ill plots that do sometimes fail	14
All has been plundered from me but my wit	12
All things are open to these two events	12
All things decay with time. The forest sees	21
All things subject are to fate	20
Although our suffering meets with no relief	14
And as, time past, when Cato the severe	17
Anthea, I am going hence	21
Art quickens Nature, Care will make a face	13
As gilly-flowers do but stay	10
As is your name, so is your comely face	17
As oft as night is banish'd by the morn	14
As thou deserv'st, be proud; then gladly let	12
As weary pilgrims once possess'd	10
Ask me what hunger is, and I'll reply	14
Ask me why I do not sing	22

INDEX.

At Draw-gloves we'll play	11	Dead f
At my homely country-seat	6	Dean-
Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt	13	Dear
Bad are all surfeits; but physicians call	120	Dear
Bad are the times. <i>Sil.</i> And worse than they are we	6	Desy
Be not dismayed, though crosses cast thee down	120	Did
Beauty's no other but a lovely grace	120	Die
Beauty no other thing is than a beam	126	Dis
Begin with Jove; then is the work half done	220	Do
Besides us two, i' th' temple, here's not one	221	Do
Both you two have	200	D
Break off delay, since we but read of one	117	E
Bright tulips, we do know	56	I
Bring the holy crust of bread	97	I
But born, and like a short delight	110	
By dream, I saw one of the three	200	
By so much, virtue is the less	123	
By the weakest means things mighty are o'erthrown	115	
By time and counsel, do the best we can	141	
Call me no more	201	
Care keeps the conquest; 'tis no less renown	153	
Charon! O gentle Charon! let me woo thee	63	
Come, and let's in solemn wise	215	
Come, blitheful neat-herds, let us lay	30	
Come, bring with a noise,	68	
Come, guard this night the Christmas-pie	97	
Come down, and dance ye in the toil	9	
Come, leave this loathed country-life, and then	17	
Come thou, who art the wine and wit	2	
Come, sons of summer; by whose toil		
Come with the spring-time forth, fair maid; and be		
Command the roof, great Genius, and from thence		
Conformity gives comeliness to things		
Conformity was ever known		
Conquer we shall, but we must first contend		
Consider sorrows, how they are aright		

INDEX.

gin'st; that done, go on	124
, if once the hand be mute	137
ill; I never look to see	185
ice come	225
ls, now the time draws nigh	217
when there's no hope to speed	130
uld I others draw	166
ire I shall	146
it we that discord call	123
hee? Bear with thy hard fate	219
y and bays	90
mary and so	92
les; on with thine intent	134
sk, long drown'd with sorrow's rain	204
almost dead to these	187
e strive for to excel	137
e now, and ever were	129
loaf and the pie	92
nd we likely see	124
keep the mean; for why	143
rip cross and pile; the fair	126
eepest to see	60
itiful tree	55
and but e'en now the skies	59
!'s four-square; let it fall	132
last we set	238
learned be my wife	236
fts of silver, and o'ercome	136
h mellow showers	64
lue unto the dead	184
the curious cannot show	158
ls of bounty bring	214
then thy field and meads	230
and now the fields appear	65
onfess	33

INDEX.

For all our works a recompense is sure	119
For all thy many courtesies to me	157
For being comely, consonant, and free	176
For brave comportment, wit without offence	160
For civil, clean, and circumcised wit	163
For my neighbour, I'll not know	193
For one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts	164
For punishment in war, it will suffice	230
Fortune no higher project can devise	177
Fortune's a blind profuser of her own	111
For truth I may this sentence tell	146
Fresh strowings allow	87
From noise of scare-fires rest ye free	160
From the dull confines of the drooping west	206
Get up, get up, for shame, the blooming morn.	22
Give house-room to the best, 'tis never known	151
Give me a cell	206
Give me a man that is not dull	223
Give me that man that dares bestride	234
Give want her welcome, if she comes; we find	114
Give way, give way, ye gates, and win	89
Give way, give way; now now, my Charles shines here	165
Glory be to the Graces	190
Glory no other thing is, Tully says	116
Go I must, when I am gone	188
Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that	178
Go, perjurd man; and if thou e'er return	192
Go woo young Charles no more to look	148
Goddess of youth, and lady of the spring	153
Gone she is a long, long way	160
Good day, Mirtillo. <i>Mirt.</i> And to you no less	47
Good-morrow to the day so fair	233
Good things, that come of course, far less do please	127
Great cities seldom rest; if there be none	134
Great men by small means oft are overthrown	127
Grow for two ends, it matters not at all	117

INDEX.

Handsome you are, and proper you will be	167
Hang up hooks and shears to scare	97
Hard are the two first stairs unto a crown	130
Hast thou attempted greatness? then go on	123
Hast thou begun an act? ne'er thou give o'er	118
Haste is unhappy: what we rashly do	214
He that may sin, sins least; leave to transgress	136
He that will live, of all cares disposess'd	133
He who commends the vanquish'd, speaks the power	127
He who has suffer'd shipwreck, fears to sail	113
He who wears blacks, and mourns not for the dead	140
Health is no other, as the learned hold	125
Health is the first good lent to men	193
Help me, Julia, for to pray	220
Hence a blessed soul is fled	108
Hence, hence, profane; soft silence let us have	197
Here a pretty baby lies	106
Here a solemn fast we keep	109
Here, here I live with what my board	232
Here, here I live	195
Here I myself might likewise die	218
Here lies a virgin, and as sweet	103
Here lies Jonson, with the rest	109
Here she lies, a pretty bud	109
Here she lies, in bed of spice	105
Here we are all by day, by night we're hurl'd	139
Holy-rood, come forth and shield	99
Holy water come and bring	93
Honour to you who sit	206
How dull and dead are books	152
How rich a man is, all desire to know	141
I a dirge will pen for thee	224
I am of all bereft	193
I begin to wane in sight	195
I can but name thee, and methinks I call	156
I cannot pipe as I was wont to do	188

INDEX.

I cannot suffer; and in this, my part	129
I have my laurel chaplet on my head	175
I heard ye could cool heat; and came	237
I make no haste to have my numbers read	114
I send, I send here my supremest kiss	33
I who have favor'd many, come to be	158
I will be short, and having quickly hurl'd	170
I will no longer kiss	183
I'll do my best to win whene'er I woo	138
I'll sing no more, nor will I longer write	213
I'll to thee a simnel bring	100
I'll write no more of love, but now repent	236
I've paid thee what I promis'd; that's not all	154
If accusation only can draw blood	127
If after rude and boisterous seas	225
If dear Anthea, my hard fate it be	185
If I lie unburied, sir	217
If I dare to write you, my lord, who are	159
If kings and kingdoms once distracted be	145
If little labour, little are our gains	124
If men can say that beauty dies	110
If Nature do deny	115
If so be a toad be laid	88
If that my fate has now fulfill'd my year	203
If thou ask me, dear, wherefore	182
If thou hast found an honeycomb	219
If well the dice run, let's applaud the cast	114
If well thou hast begun, go on fore-right	146
If when these lyrics, Cæsar, you shall hear	153
If wholesome diet can re-cure a man	146
If ye fear to be affrighted	98
If ye will with Mab find grace	69
Immortal clothing I put on	216
Imparity doth ever discord bring	121
In all our high designments, 'twill appear	133
In all thy need be thou possess'd	193
In battles what disasters fall	121

INDEX.

perate cases, all, or most are known	123
y meetings there a man may be	129
'usc'lanes, Tully doth confess	145
n, Ambition is the common'st thing	138
hope of ease to come	142
morning when ye rise	97
ngs a moderation keep	125
is little urn is laid	104
is little vault she lies	106
is misfortune kings do most excel	131
ne of life I grac'd you with my verse	66
ys to greatness, think on this	117
is a life, to break thy sleep	20
sufficient if we pray	223
as, and still my care is	86
re may afford us thousands of reliefs.	129
Kindle the Christmas brand, and then	91
Kings must be dauntless; subjects will contemn	144
Kings must not oft be seen by public eyes	118
Kings must not only cherish up the good	124
Kings must not use the axe for each offence	132
Kissing and bussing differ both in this	126
Knew'st thou one month wo'd take thy life away	116
Know when to speak; for many times it brings	134
Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be.	226
Lay by the good awhile; a resting field	237
Learn this of me, where'er thy lot doth fall	128
Let all chaste matrons, when they chance to see	16
Let kings and rulers learn this line from me	133
Let kings command, and do the best they may	156
Let me sleep this night away	109
Let moderation on thy passions wait	134
Let not thy tombstone e'er be laid by me	194
Let the superstitious wife	95
Let there be patrons, patrons like to thee	159

INDEX.

Let's live with that small pittance that we have	115
Let's strive to be the best; the Gods, we know it	130
Life is the body's light; which once declining	215
Life of my life, take not so soon thy flight	183
Like to the income must be our expense	130
Like will to like; each creature loves his kind	140
Little you are; for woman's sake be proud	113
Live with a thrifty, not a needy fate	130
Look how the rainbow doth appear	199
Lost to the world; lost to myself; alone	110
Loth to depart, but yet at last each one	99
Love and the Graces evermore doth wait	124
Love is a circle, and an endless sphere	122
Love is a kind of war; hence those who fear	119
Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent	118
Love, love me now, because I place	178
Love's of itself too sweet, the best of all	145
Love on a day, wise poets tell	37
Maids nays are nothing, they are shy	117
Man is a watch, wound up at first, but never	237
Man is compos'd here of a twofold part	229
Man knows where first he ships himself; but he	130
Man may at first transgress, but next do well	141
Man may want land to live in; but for all	121
Man must do well out of a good intent	135
Man's disposition is for to requite	219
Many we are, and yet but few possess	142
May his pretty dukeship grow	140
Men are not born kings, but are men renown'd	115
Men are suspicious, prone to discontent	173
Men must have bounds how far to walk; for we	121
Milk still your fountains and your springs; for why	123
More discontents I never had	223
My many cares, and much distress	227
My Muse in meads has spent her many hours	157
My wearied bark, O let it now be crown'd	138

INDEX.

Need is no vice at all, though here it be	126
Nero commanded, but withdrew his eyes	125
Never my book's perfection did appear	152
Never was day so over-sick with showers	184
Next is your lot, fair, to be number'd one	158
No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill	143
No man comes late unto that place, from whence	115
No man so well a kingdom rules, as he	145
No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim	131
No more, my Silvia, do I mean to pray	210
No more shall I since I am driven hence	63
No news of navies burnt at sea	58
No wrath of men, or rage of seas	203
None goes to warfare, but with this intent	138
Nor art thou less esteem'd, that I have plac'd	162
Nor is my number full, till I inscribe	163
Nor think that thou in this my book art worst	171
Nothing can be more loathsome, than to see	113
Nothing comes free cost here; Jove will not let	130
Nothing hard or harsh can prove	126
Nothing is new; we walk where others went	129
Now is the time when all the lights wax dim	221
Now is your turn, my dearest, to be set	168
Now, now the mirth comes	94
Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see	107
O! Times most bad	183
Of all our parts, the eyes express	142
Of all those three brave brothers fall'n i' the war	155
Of both our fortunes good and bad we find	210
Oft bend the bow, and thou with ease shalt do	117
Oh look'd I back unto the times hence flown	181
On, as thou hast begun, brave youth, and get	153
On with thy work, though thou be'st hardly press'd	150
One ear tingles; some there be	97
One feeds on lard, and yet is lean	212
One more by thee, love, and desert have sent	254

INDEX.

One of the five straight branches of my hand	235
Only a little more	191
Other men's sins we ever bear in mind	134
Our crosses are no other than the rods	210
Our honours and our commendations be	141
Our household gods our parents be	211
Our mortal parts may wrapt in sere-cloths lie	127
Out of the world he must who once comes in	123
Part of the work remains, one part is past	237
Partly work and partly play	95
Physicians fight not against men, but these	115
Physicians say, repletion springs	141
Play I could once; but, gentle friend, you see	190
Please your grace, from out your store	81
Praise, they that will, times past; I joy to see	131
Preposterous is that government, and rude	128
Preposterous is that order, when we run	116
Prue, my dearest maid is sick	231
Put on thy holy fillings, and so	216
Putrefaction is the end	123
Rare is the voice itself, but when we sing	145
Rare temples thou hast seen I know	70
Readers, we entreat ye pray	217
Read thou my lines, my Sweetnaham, if there be	163
Reproach we may the living, not the dead	114
Rise, household-gods, and let us go	193
Sadly I walk'd within the field	92
See how the poor do waiting stand	231
Seeing thee, Soame, I see a goodly man	153
Shall I a daily beggar be	277
Shame is a bad attendant to a state	126
Shapcot! to thee the fairy state	75
Should I not put on blacks, when each one here	169
Shut not so soon: the dull-ey'd night	21
Since for thy full deserts, with all the rest	154

INDEX.

d or cottage I have none	177
he country first I came	186
as the sea, and seem'd to call	227
ick came, and on my roof did light	232
ts may perish, die thou canst not all	235
lived amongst many, less	126
rmless shade, thy nightly hours	105
the magic of my powerful rhymes	163
th, brave man, since Fate has made thee here	164
th thy graces forth, brave man, and rise	156
advice; though counsels, when they fly	13
ar gains our chief respect is had	128
ourage to me grant	229
justly given, yerk us with their fall	140
hemselves will languish and decay	135
g, discontent, and strife	142
marillis, by a spring's	226
untry life, to such unknown	35
rgin, that I do not set	161
ost prevail; with tears too thou may'st move	120
ickly dry; griefs will in time decay	132
young man, or did the Muses bring	170
brave man, fain thou would'st have access	174
w of gallants which approach	187
seven lustres, I did never come	221
ppiness does still the longest thrive	121
e 'twixt men does ever longest last	144
rn which saw me made a bride	101
nce must govern with a gentle hand	14
nce takes soon enough the victor's room	137
nce who may do nothing	14
nces may possess a surer seat	121
y is the soul's poor-house, or home	115
y's salt the soul is; which when gone	14
ions of the great ones call	121
s require the thighs	14

INDEX.

The gods to kings the judgment give to sway	136
The hag is astride	63
The May-pole is up	96
The mellow touch of music most doth wound	137
The person crowns the place; your lot doth fall	173
The readiness of doing doth express	123
The rose was sick, and smiling died	64
The saint-bell calls; and, Julia, I must read	194
The seeds of treason choke up as they spring	136
The twilight is no other thing we say	140
The work is done; young men and maidens set	233
These summer-birds did with thy master stay	194
Things are uncertain, and the more we get	135
This axiom I have often heard	118
This day is yours, great Charles! and in this war	177
This I'll tell ye by the way	96
This is my comfort; when she's most unkind	140
This is the height of justice, that to do	211
This stone can tell the story of my life	166
Those ends in war the best contentment bring	134
Those ills that mortal men endure	230
Those possessions short-liv'd are	116
Thou hadst the wreath before, now take the tree	151
Thou hast made many houses for the dead	218
Thou sail'st with others in this Argos here	182
Thou seest me, Lucia, this year droop	220
Though a wise man all pressure can sustain	137
Though by well-warding many blows we've past	118
Though clock	296
Though frankincense the deities require	236
Though from without no foes at all we fear	132
Though good things answer many good intents	136
Though hourly comforts from the Gods we see	136
Though long it be, years may repay the debt	115
Thrice, and above blest, my soul's half art thou	25
Thousands each day pass by, which we	117
Thus I	186

INDEX.

Till I shall come again, let this suffice	49
Time is the bound of things ; where'er we go	124
'Tis a known principle in war	142
'Tis but a dog-like madness in bad kings	132
'Tis liberty to serve one lord ; but he	120
'Tis much among the filthy to be clean	135
'Tis never, or but seldom known	125
'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall	140
'Tis not a thousand bullocks' thighs	213
'Tis not every day that I	208
'Tis not the food but the content	205
'Tis not the walls, or purple, that defends	116
'Tis said as Cupid danc'd among	45
'Tis still observ'd, that fame ne'er sings	116
'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are	131
'Tis the chirurgeon's praise, and height of art	122
'Tis worse than barbarous cruelty to show	128
To an old sore a long cure must go on	135
To bread and water none is poor	230
To conquer'd men, some comfort 'tis to fall	138
To find that tree of life, whose fruits did feed	160
To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside	139
To mortal men great loads allotted be	116
To print our poems, the propulsive cause	112
To sup with you you did me home invite	207
this white temple of my heroes, here	160
uch but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear	174
ead, sirs, as lightly as you can	104
uth by her own simplicity is known	145
uth is best found out by the time and eyes	120
umble me down, and I will sit	207
was Cæsar's saying ; kings no less conquerors are	122
was not love's dart	196
vflight no other thing is, poets say	21
vixt kings and subjects there's this mighty odds	41
vixt truth and error there's this difference known	134
re, of a thousand things, are disallow'd	139

INDEX.

Two parts of us successively command	138	V
Two things do make society stand	139	V
Virgins promis'd when I dy'd	160	V
Want is a softer wax that takes thereon	139	V
Wantons we are; and though our words be such	144	V
Wash clean the vessel, lest ye sour	140	V
Wassail the trees, that they may bear	96	V
We blame, nay, we despise her pains	229	V
We credit most our sight; one eye doth please	130	V
We pray 'gainst war, yet we enjoy no peace	121	V
We trust not to the multitude in war	126	V
We two are last in hell; what may we fear	97	V
Weep for the dead, for they have lost this light	110	V
Welcome, great Cæsar, welcome now you are	173	V
Welcome, maids of honour	65	V
Welcome, most welcome, to our vows and us	168	V
Welcome to this my college, and, though late	173	V
Were I to give thee Baptism, I would choose	18	V
Were there not a matter known	129	V
What can I do in poetry	94	V
What Fate decreed, Time now has made us see	164	V
What is't that wastes a prince? example shows	144	V
What needs complaints	223	V
What now we like, anon we disapprove	127	V
What others have with cheapness seen, and ease	171	V
What though the heaven be lowering now	204	V
What, though the sea be calm? Trust to the shore	141	V
What times of sweetness this fair day foreshows	69	V
What will ye, my poor orphans, do	129	V
What wisdom, learning, wit, or worth	104	V
What's got by justice is establish'd sure	133	V
Whatever men for loyalty pretend	143	V
When a daffodil I see	5	V
When all birds else do of their music fail	117	V
When after many lustres thou shalt see	160	V
When fear admits no hope of safety, then	143	V

INDEX.

nd these numbers thou do'st write	175
garments I behold	199
e shall make	188
er, dearest, thou dost stay	199
ed am, ring thou my knell	231
ice, ye closet gods, I fear	189
ars do but hear the name	151
h all my many poems look	161
ill power have to sway, we see	114
's done, and my grey age must die	178
ast, another care we have	139
ain much by the present cost	146
e troubled, then forbear; but speak	146
orch I come, and ravish'd see	167
ov'd is present, long doth spring	137
virgin morning thou do'st rise	232
e want, love teacheth to indite	119
or whatsoever befalls	189
ins, there dread thy first desire	119
as rule a kingdom, never there	143
myself, or else did see	172
seats in pastures feed	142
ye be; yet lilies, know	53
ransgression doth repent	123
e for fear of human need	119
odhead out of gold or stone	138
ost, does least; the bravest will	140
olive, but to eat the oil	143
rives the lazar from his door	125
ie customs, hurts the health	135
onour noble numbers, when	121
le cannot be content	114
p, sweet babes? can tears	57
will ye longer weep	236
covet much, when as we know	132
'is now call'd so	19
rue friend be	113

INDEX.

With blameless carriage I lived here	107
Woe, woe to them, who by a ball of strife	108
Women, although they ne'er so goodly make it	110
Words beget anger; anger brings forth blows	213
Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time	125
Ye have been fresh and green	
Ye may simper, blush, and smile	45
Ye pretty housewives, would ye know	85
You are a lord, an earl, nay more, a man	100
You ask me what I do, and how I live	213
You see this gentle stream that glides	210

0
ca
De
26

BOHN'S MINIATURE CLASSICS.

*gantly printed in pocket size, with fine frontispieces,
bound in morocco cloth gilt.*

BAULD AND AIKIN'S EVENINGS AT ROME, comprising a great variety of amusing Instruction for Young Persons, complete. Frontispieces. 3s.

BARRIENNE'S MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON. Portrait of Napoleon and Frontispieces. 3s. 6d.

BYRON'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, with a Life and Notes by the Rev. T. SCOTT. With 25 fine full-sized woodcuts by Harvey, containing all in Southey's edition. 3s. 6d.

BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS, containing *The Giaour, Bride of Abydos, Corsair, Lara, Siege of Corinth, Parisina, Prisoner of Chillon, Manfred, Cain, Hours of Idleness, English Bards, &c. Curse of Minerva, Hebrew Melodies, The Dream, Lament of Tasso, Vision of Judgment, Miscellaneous and Suppressed Poems*, WITH LIFE BY H. LYTTON BULWER. Frontispieces. 3s. 6d.

BYRON'S DON JUAN, complete. Frontispiece. 2s. 6d.

BEVER'S LECTURES ON BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, and the Life and Times of Bunyan. Frontispiece. 2s. 6d.

BRIDGE'S SELECT POETICAL WORKS. 2s.

BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS, complete, with all the Copyright Poems, and a short Life by SOUTHEY. In one thick volume. Frontispieces by Harvey. 3s. 6d.

BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS, complete in 1 vol. Portrait and Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

CYCLOPEDIA OF MANNERS AND ETIQUETTE, comprising Chesterfield's Advice; and **THE YOUNG MAN'S OWN BOOK**, a Manual of Politeness, Intellectual Improvement, and Moral Deportment, Frontispieces. 2s.

- HEBER'S (Bp.) and MRS. HEMAN'S POETICAL WORKS
2s. 6d.
- HERRICK'S POETICAL WORKS, complete. Frontispiece &
Cattermole. 3s.
- JOE MILLER'S JEST BOOK, being a Collection of the most bri-
liant Bon Mots, Jests, and Anecdotes. Frontispieces. 3s.
- LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS, viz.—Voices of the
Night—Evangeline—Seaside and Fireside—Spanish Students—
Poetical Translations. Portrait and Frontispieces. 2s. 6d.
- LONGFELLOW'S PROSE WORKS, viz.—Ostre-Mer—Hyperion
—Kavanagh. 2s. 6d.
- MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS, complete, with Life by D.
STABBING. In one volume. Fine Frontispieces. 3s. 6d.
- NEW JOE MILLER, a Selection of Modern Jests, Witticism,
Droll Tales, &c. 2s. 6d.
- OSSIAN'S POEMS, translated by Macpherson, with Dissertation
concerning the Era and Poems of Ossian; and Dr. Blair's Critical
Dissertation. Frontispieces. 3s.
- POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD, complete, with Explanatory Notes and
Index, and an Essay on the Life, Writings, and Genius of Homer.
Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.
This is the only pocket edition with notes.
- SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS, containing, Lay of the Last Min-
strel, Marmion, Lady of the Lake, Don Roderick, R. B. Esq.,
Ballads, Lyrics and Songs, with Notes and a Life of the Author.
Portrait and Frontispieces. 3s. 6d.
- STURM'S REFLECTIONS on the Works of God, and on his Pro-
vidence throughout Nature, complete. Frontispieces. 3s.
- THOMSON'S SEASONS, with his Castle of Indolence. With 12 fine
woodcuts. 2s.
- VATHEK AND THE AMBER WITCH, 2 vols. In 1. 2s. 6d.

York Street, Covent Garden.







responder, or, works both human an
Widener Library 003096889



3 2044 086 754 686